PICTORIAL REVIEW

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At Last the Great Novel of Motion-Picture Life

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BY FRANCES MARION

YOU will find drama and comedy and deep pathos in this story of a beautiful girl who rose from poverty to the heights of stardom only to fall again because she put fame and passion above loyalty and honor and true love. You will like "Minnie Flynn" in spite of her faults. You will laugh with her. You will cry with her.

The author, Frances Marion, is one of the highest-paid scenario-writers in motion-pictures, having such successes as "Humoresque," "Abraham Lincoln," and "Potash & Perlmutter" to her credit.

For ten years she has lived in Hollywood and she knows the screen people and the screen world.

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Two Splendid Art Features for February

A reproduction of the celebrated painting "The First Thaw," by P. Monsted, and the fourth of a series of modern-day interpretations of the Ten Commandments by M. Leone Bracker. Both reproduced in beautiful colors. These full-page reproductions of world-famous paintings will continue indefinitely. Why not make sure of the entire series by subscribing now?

A Table of Contents for this issue will be found on the last page

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Happy New-Year!

An Editorial by Ida Clyde Clarke

WHAT is the world facing as the dawn of a new year breaks?

Forty-seven nations have formally committed themselves to a policy of arbitration in the settlement of international disagreements. Tho no representative of the United States sat in the Fifth Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva, America has long been advocating arbitration as a substitute for war, and the sentiment of the American people is overwhelmingly for world peace.

Do the forty-seven nations mean what they have said through their representatives at Geneva, and will they stand by the peace protocol they have signed? Are we in America going to follow the advice we have given other nations and practise the doctrines we have been preaching?

If the answer to these questions is "Yes," then we are nearer the ideal of permanent world peace than we have ever been before.

But if the nations of the earth have an honest intention to devote themselves henceforth to the business of making peace, why do they still hang out their sign "The Business of War Carried On Here?" Why do they continue to flaunt their symbols of war and fling on every passing breeze their boasts of increased power to destroy?

Talk of peace in high places, signs of war everywhere! A happy New-year indeed for the world unless these signs fail! For while the diplomats at Geneva matched their wits to get a peace on paper, the military men of all nations went straight on with their preparation for "the next war." And what "progress" they have made in the fine art of wholesale murdering!

Listen to Major-General E. D. Swinton, a British expert. He says: "We must envisage new forms of warfare and as far as possible expend energy, time, and money in encouraging our inventors and our scientists to study the waging of war on a *wholesale scale* instead of thinking so much about methods which kill a few individuals only at a time."

And no critic could possibly find fault with the way in which the scientists and inventors have done their work. Several of the great nations could now announce, "Wholesale Murder Done Here" and be well within the bounds of truth. Oh, yes, the fine art of murdering by wholesale has now reached the highest point of perfection, Nothing is left to be desired. We have mastered with exquisite skill the technique of killing!

Experts in all nations are agreed that the next war will treat civilians the same as soldiers, and we are lightly told that cities like London, Paris, or New York could be easily and inexpensively devastated. A committee of these experts compose a special commission on chemical warfare of the League of Nations. They include Professors Cannon of Harvard, Zanetti of Columbia, Mayer of Paris, Angel of Florence, Pfeiffer of Breslau, Bordet of Brussels, Madsen of Copenhagen, and Paterno of Rome. And this is what they said in their latest report:

"While there is no conceivable limit to the power, efficacy, and variety of chemical warfare, the principal chemicals already used are tear-gas, which blinds temporarily; sneeze-gas, which causes uncontrollable sneezing, intolerable headaches, and fits of suffocation; mustard-gas, which blisters the skin, eats away the mucous membranes, and penetrates the earth and clothing and is dangerous for days; asphyxiating-gas, which kills by hemorrhage of the lungs; and syncopetoxic gas, which kills by instant paralysis. All of these gases are fatal if highly concentrated, and even in cases that are not fatal, if the lungs are affected the bad effects are lifelong.

"Furthermore, the possibility is seriously considered of dropping disease-germs in glass globes on cities from aircraft, and Professor Cannon thinks that whole harvests could be ravaged by similarly scattering parasites."

We have the cheerful information that "all of these chemicals are easy to produce, and factories can be turned from peace to war overnight." Happy New-year!

Donald McGregor, formerly a Captain in the United States Army, tells us that the poison-gases that have been developed by the United States army are the most deadly in the world. "They have been worked out," he says, "by the foremost chemists in the nation, scientists in the fore rank, who have gone at the matter cold-bloodedly to develop the most deadly vapors in the world." Oh, yes, a very happy New-year indeed!

Brigadier-General Amos A. Fries, now Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service of our army, has vividly portrayed what might happen "in the next war." He pictures New York city at night with five million people sleeping peacefully. Above a million homes a squadron of fast-flying planes circles. At a word from the commander levers are tilted and thousands of pounds of deadly gas are released. Within three minutes the city is screaming with terror and pain! Those not blinded are burned! Fires start and there is no means of quenching them! Whole districts fall into blackened, seething ruins!

And there are bombs, too, that may be dropped from these aeroplanes—bombs filled with phosphorus, in the flames of which no human being could exist. Some of these bombs contain flares which, bursting on the way down from the sky, are scattered in such a way that everything they touch is ignited. The officers who devised these bombs proudly declare that "there is not a fire department in existence that could cope with them." It is claimed that one type of bomb explodes on striking the ground and is

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Pictorial Review's $5,000 Achievement Award

IN THE last issue announcement was made that the period for recommendations to Pictorial Review's $5,000 Achievement Award had ended, and that, in all probability, the winner would be announced in the January number.

The task of the judges, however, has been far from light. So many deserving names were submitted that it was impossible to make a final selection in time to have the announcement appear in January. We hope that the winner's name will be announced by the time the February issue appears.

The February Number

"THE RISE AND FALL OF MINNIE FLYNN," a remarkable new serial by Frances Marion, which, we predict, will make a sensation, begins next month. The great novel by Edith Wharton, "The Mother's Recompense," comes to a dramatic conclusion.

In addition there will be wonderful short stories by David Freedman, May Edginton, John Peter Toohey, and others; an absorbing article by Albert E. Wiggam; special articles that grip you, departments that help you, and the latest word in fashions.

And best of all there will be two beautiful art features in full color—"The First Thaw," by P. Mönsted, and another of M. Leone Bracker's pictures interpreting the Ten Commandments in terms of modern life.

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Here is a new Victor product
The Music Arts Library of Victor Records

Just as a certain amount of reading is part of everybody's life experience, so too there is a proportionate amount of music with which every man and woman wishes to be familiar. That is the keynote of the Music Arts Library of Victor Records, six volumes of which are now ready. The Music Arts Library of Victor Records serves a purpose which can be served so well in no other way. No one interested in music will want to miss seeing these books and hearing the records in them. The finest efforts of the world's greatest artists are represented—artists and music of the same high caliber as you see on this page.

PONSELLE
Victor Artist

The voice of Ponselle is a story. She sings; she more than sings: she transforms situations and events into glorious melody. This is the more striking in her Victor Records; in playing such records as those given below we feel her presence on the stage of our imaginations:

	Double-faced	
Aïda—Ritorna vincitor Aïda—O patria mia	6437	$2.00
Ernani—Ernani involami Forza del Destino—Pace, pace mio Dio	6440	2.00
Cradle Song (Brahms) Lullaby (Rossetti-Scott)	1002	1.50

RACHMANINOFF
Victor Artist

Rachmaninoff knows music; knows how to compose it, how to play it, and how it should be reproduced. It is significant that in the light of previous experience, he chose the Victor to reproduce his art. Of the thirty records listed, none perhaps give greater insight into the personality of the artist nor of his profound genius:

	Double-faced	
Prelude in G Major (Rachmaninoff) Prelude in G Minor (Rachmaninoff)	6261	$2.00
Prelude in C Sharp Minor (Rachmaninoff) Spinning Song	814	1.50
Polka de W. R. Troika en traineaux	6260	2.00

SCHUMANN-HEINK
Victor Artist

To know the work of an artist and to know it well is to appreciate doubly the Victor Records made by that artist. Mme. Schumann-Heink has been heard by so many American audiences that unless her Victor Records were indeed her other self the discrepancy would be noted, not by the few but by the many. The fact is that intonation, interpretation, phrasing, these things on Victor Records are Schumann-Heink herself as the following records serve to show:

	Double-faced	
Adeste Fidelis Nearer My God to Thee	829	$1.50
In the Sweet By and By Sometime We'll Understand	832	1.50
Old Folks at Home The Rosary	6277	2.00

Victrola No. 370
Mahogany, $275; electric, $315

Victrola No. 210
$110
Mahogany, oak or walnut

Victrola No. 405
Walnut, $250; electric, $290

Victrola No. S 405 (Special)
Walnut, $265; electric, $305
Specially designed to accommodate any radio receiving set

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG U S PAT OFF

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company—look for these Victor trade marks

TRADE MARK
Victrola
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Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

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"The water from our Green Mountains is quite hard, yet P and G Naphtha Soap makes a wonderful suds and washes clothes cleaner and quicker than any other laundry soap I have ever tried. For the past six years I have used the P and G White Naphtha continually—prior to that time I tried and tired of various other laundry soaps. It remained for P and G to solve my soap problem."

—Mrs. C. M. M.
Woodstock, Vt.

VERMONT *and* IOWA

—from green mountains to vast prairies, most women prefer this one remarkable soap

IF one were curious to know just what qualities and properties American women most desired in a laundry and household soap, it might at first sound a bit surprising to say, "Ask the women of Vermont and Iowa—they will give you the same intelligent answer."

Yet that is the case, in spite of the radically different conditions that prevail in these widely separated states. And here's about what you would hear:

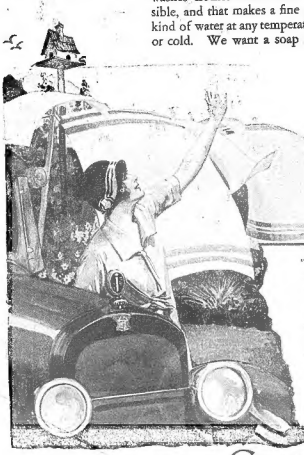
"We want a white soap—we think a white soap is likely to be a *better* soap. We want a soap that washes clothes clean with as little labor as possible, and that makes a fine suds in our particular kind of water at any temperature—hot, lukewarm, or cold. We want a soap that acts on the dirt and not on the fabrics or colors—a soap that is *safe*. Finally, we want a soap which loosens dirt so easily and rinses out so thoroughly that frequent boiling is unnecessary to prevent grayness and soap-odor in the clothes."

We know this would be the gist of their answer, not only because we have asked them ourselves, but because, in each state, P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the *largest-selling* laundry soap, and it has exactly the properties described above.

It is a remarkable fact, we think, that, in spite of the hundreds of soaps offered for laundry and household cleaning, P and G should nevertheless be by far the largest-selling soap in the whole country. It is a fact which should strongly recommend P and G to you, whatever soap you have been using and whether you do your own work or have help. And P and G is not only a fine soap for laundry work, but for all other household cleaning as well.

There is no mystery about the national supremacy of P and G—it is simply a better soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



"In my own home town of 2,000 population and in all the Iowa towns I have visited, P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the most popular laundry soap. The good people I have visited, and their friends too, all seem to use P and G and make the same good remarks about its even quality and the wonderful satisfaction it gives in any kind of water—under any condition. We use P and G at home and every place I go I find it. It gives one a homey feeling."

—Mrs. R. P., *Des Moines, Ia.*

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Glory Be! McGlathery

Rivers May Be Smart—But The Saints Are Smarter

By Theodore Dreiser

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

THE first morning that McGlathery saw the great river stretching westward from the point where the initial shaft had been sunk he was not impressed by it, or at least not favorably. It looked too gray and sullen, since he was viewing it through a driving, sleety rain. There were many ferry-boats and crafts of all kinds, large and small, steaming across its choppy bosom, and long, projecting piers, great and mysterious, and over and about all were clouds of gulls and the shriek of whistles and the clang of fog-bells—but McGlathery did not like water.

It took him back to the eleven wretched, seasicky days it had taken him to come from Ireland. But once freed from the mysteries of Ellis Island, he had at last felt dry land under his feet at the Battery and exclaimed: "Glory be, I'm shut av it!"

And he thought he was, for he was mortally afraid of water; but fate, alas! had not so decreed. Water in one form or another had always seemed to pursue him. In Ireland, County Clare, whence he hailed, he had been a ditcher, something remotely connected with water; and here in America, safely settled in Brooklyn, he had no sooner sought work than the best he could get was a job at draining a marsh, and a very boggy and pooly one at that.

Again, he was helping to dig a conduit, a great open sewer, when it was flooded by a cloudburst, a mighty afternoon rain-storm that drove all the workers forth like rats before a volume of water that threatened to drown them all.

Later still he and thirty others were cleaning out a two-compartment reservoir, old and stone-rotten, and just when half of it was empty the old dividing wall broke, and once more he barely escaped with his life by scrambling up a steep bank. It was then that the thought took root in his mind that water, any kind of water, was unfavorable to him. And yet here he was now, facing this great river on a gray November morning, and with the avowed intention of working on the tunnel which was about to be dug under it. Think of it!

It was all due to one Thomas Cavanaugh, a fellow churchman and his foreman these last three years, who had taken a fancy to him and told him that if he came to work on the tunnel and showed himself industrious and courageous it might lead to higher things—viz., brick-laying or plastering, in the guise of cement-molding, down in this very tunnel, or timbering, or better yet, steel-plate joining, which was a branch of the iron-workers' gild and was rewarded by no less a compensation than twelve dollars a day. Think of it!—twelve dollars a day!

Cavanaugh would be his foreman and would look after him. Of course it required time and patience. One had to begin at the bottom—the same being seventy-five feet under the Hudson River, where some very careful preliminary digging had to be done now.

McGlathery had surveyed his benefactor and superior with uncertain and yet ambitious eyes.

"Is it as ye tell me now?" he commented at one place. "Av course. Whaddaya think I'm taalkin' to ye about?"

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"Ye say, do ye? Well, belike it's a fine job. I dunno. Five dollars a day, ye say, to begin with?"

"Yis; five a day."

"Well, a man in my line couldn't get any 'more than that, eh? It wouldn't hurt me fer once, fer a little while anyway, hey?"

"It would be the makin' av ye."

"Well, I'll be wid ye. Yis, I'll be wid ye. It's not five I can git everywhere. When is it ye'll be wantin' me?"

The foreman, a Gargantuan figure in yellow jeans and high rubber boots smeared with mud, eyed him amiably, the while McGlathery eyed his superior with a kind of reverence and awe, such a reverence as he felt for no man, unless perchance it might be his parish priest (for he was a good Catholic) or the political backer of his district, through whom he had secured his job. These great men were the leading figures in his life.

AND so here he was on this November morning soon after the tunnel had been begun, and here was the river, and somewhere down below in this new shaft was Thomas Cavanaugh, to whom he had to report before he could go to work.

"Sure, it's no colleen's job," he observed to a fellow worker whom he found at the mouth of the shaft, starting down the ladder which stretched below toward an intermediate platform, below which again were another ladder and platform, and below that a yellow light. "Ye say Mr. Cavanaugh is below there?"

"He is," replied the stranger without looking up. "Ye'll find him inside the second lock. Are ye workin' here?"

"Yis."

"Come along, then."

He followed, with his pick and shovel over his shoulder, and carrying his rubber boots and a worn suit of overalls made into a bundle. He reached the bottom of the pit, the sides of which were boarded with huge oak planks sustained by cross-beams, and there, along with several others who were waiting until the air-pressure should be adjusted, he entered the lock. The small and yet massive chamber with its heavy iron door at either end, responding so slowly to pressure, impressed him. Here were only the flickering light made by a gasoline torch, and a whistling sound coming from somewhere.

"Ever work under air-pressure before, Paddy?" inquired a great, hulking iron-worker, looking him over with a genial leer.

"Air what?" asked McGlathery without the slightest glimmering of what was meant. But, not to be outdone by mere words, he answered: "No, I never did."

"Well, ye're under it now, two thousand pounds to the square foot. Don't ye feel it?"

He had been feeling an odd sensation about his ear-drums and throat, and now admitted it.

"Tis air, is it? 'Tis a quare feelin' I have."

All at once the hissing ceased.

"Yuh wanta look out fer that, new man," volunteered another, a slithery American. "Don't let 'em rush that stuff on yuh too fast. Yuh're likely to git the bends."

Denis, being ignorant as to the meaning of "bends," made no reply.

"D'yuh know what the bends is?" persisted the other.

"Naw," replied Denis awkwardly, feeling himself the center of a fire of curious observations and solicitation.

"Well, yuh will if yuh ever git 'em—haw! haw!" this from a waggish bricklayer. The group in the lock was large. "It comes from them letin' the pressure be put on or took off too fast. It twists yer muscles all up, an' does sumpin' to yer nerves. Yuh'll know it if yuh ever git it."

"'Member Eddie Slawder?" called another gaily. "He died of it over here in Bellevue after they started the Fourteenth Street end. Gee, yuh oughta heerd him holler! I went to see him."

Good news, indeed! Here was a danger not mentioned by Cavanaugh. In his dull way McGlathery was moved by it. Well, he was here now, and they were forcing open the door at the other side of the lock, and the air-pressure had not killed him yet. He went with the others through a neatly walled section of tunnel littered with beams and plates and bags of cement and piles of brick, and entered another lock like the first; and there, amid an intricate network of beams and braces and a flare of a half dozen great gasoline lamps which whistled noisily, and an overhanging mass of blackness that was nothing less than the earth under the great river above, was Cavanaugh, clad in a short red sweater and great rubber boots, with his old yellow-felt hat pulled jauntily over one ear.

He was talking to two other foremen and a man in good clothes—one of the mighties, no doubt an engineer. Ah, how remote to Denis were the gentlemen in smooth-fitting suits! He viewed them as he might creatures from another realm.

In this lock was a group of night-workers left over from the night before, ditchers, joiners, earth-carriers, and steel-plate riveters, all engaged in the rough and yet delicate task of forcing and safeguarding a passage under the river and now leaving for their day's sleep. The place was stuffy from the heat of the lamps, and dirty from the smear of the black muck that was over everything. Cavanaugh spied Denis as he made his way forward over the widely separated beams.

"So here ye are! These men are just after comin' out," and he waved a hand toward the forward end of the tunnel. "Git in there, Denis, an' dig out that corner beyond the post there. Jerry here'll help ye. Git the mud up on this platform so we kin git these j'ists in here."

McGlathery obeyed. Under the earthly roof, whose surface he could but dimly see at the extreme end of the tunnel beyond that wooden framework, he took his position. With a sturdy arm and a sturdy back and a sturdy foot and leg he pushed his spade into the thick mud and threw it up on the crude platform, where others shoveled it into a small car which was then trundled back over the rough boards to the lock and out. It was slow and dirty but not difficult work—so long as one did not think of the heavy river overhead with its great ships and choppy waves.

But Denis was much disturbed by the weight of this heavy volume of earth and water overhead; it really terrified him. Perhaps, after all, he had been overpersuaded by the lure of gold. Suppose it should break through, suppose the earth over his head should suddenly drop and bury him—that dim black earth overhead, as heavy and as thick as this he was cutting now with his spade?

"Come, come, Denis; don't be standin' there lookin' at the roof. It's not goin' to hurt ye. Ye're not down here to be lookin' at'ther the roof. I'll be doin' that. Just ye tend to yer shovelin'." It was the voice of Cavanaugh, near at hand. Know, O reader, that the business of tunneling is one of the most

"WHY SHOULD *HE* BE SO FEARFUL? WHERE ELSE COULD HE MAKE FIVE DOLLARS A DAY?"

hazardous and dramatic of all those included in the field of labor. Under-water tunneling consists, in these latter days, at least, of sinking huge shafts at either side of a river or channel, perhaps one hundred feet within the shore-line, to a depth of, say, thirty feet below the water-level, and from these two points tunneling outward under the bottom of the river until the two ends meet near the middle. The exact contact and precise joining of these outer ends is considered one of the true tests of skilful engineering.

McGlathery understood this but dimly, and it did not cheer him any.

The safety of the workers depended on the introduction at either end, just at the base of the shafts and then at about every hundred feet or so as the tunnel progressed outward, of huge cylindrical chambers, or locks (air-locks), of iron, fifteen feet in diameter and closed at each end by massive doors swinging inward toward the shore-line, so that the powerful pressure of air constantly forced outward by huge engines from the shore could not force them open.

It was only by the same delicate system which causes water-locks to open and close that they could be opened at all. That is, workmen coming down into the shaft and wishing to pass into the head of the tunnel beyond the lock would first have to enter one of these locks, which would then be gradually filled with air compressed up to the same pressure as that maintained in the main portion of the tunnel farther in. Once this pressure had been reached, they could easily open the inward swinging doors and pass into the tunnel proper. The pressure in the lock, according to who had last used it, would be either that of the section of the tunnel toward the shore or the section of tunnel toward the center of the river.

At first bell-cords, later telephones, and then electric signals controlled this lowering or raising of the air-pressure in the locks so that either of the doors could be opened. If the pressure in the lock was different from that in your section and you could not open the door (as you could not), you pulled the cord or pushed the button so many times, according to your position, and the air was adjusted to the section of the tunnel in which you stood, and the door could be opened. Once in this next section, the air was raised or lowered, according to your signal, and you could go on to the next.

TO DENIS, after he had worked here a few days, the digging of this tunnel seemed safe enough. It moved at the rate of eight, sometimes ten, feet a day; but there were days and days when, owing to the need of shoring and timbering and plate-setting, or the encountering of rock in front which had to be drilled away, the men with picks and shovels had to be given over or set to helping the joiners in erecting those cross-beams and supports which made the walls safe. It was so that Denis learned much about joining, and even drilling.

But in spite of the increased pay this matter of working under the river was a constant source of fear to him. The earth in which he worked was so uncertain; one day it would be hard black mud, another day it would be soft, another silt or sand, according as the tunnel sloped farther under the bed. And sometimes great masses of it fell, not enough to make a hole in the bed of the river, but enough to break the back or bury in the mud any one upon whom it chanced to fall; but usually it was broken by the beams overhead.

One day, some seven months after he had begun this work and his skill had increased to such an extent that he was considered one of the most competent workers in his limited field, the unexpected happened. He was working about the base of two new supports that had just been put in place when he noticed that the earth seemed wetter than usual, sticky and watery and hard to manage. One of the gasoline lamps was hanging close by, and by its light he thought that the ceiling looked silvery gray and beady. He spoke of it to Cavanaugh, who stood close by.

"Yis," he agreed, staring upward, "'tis wet. Mebbe the air-pumps is not workin' right. I'll just make sure," and he sent for the engineer.

But it was the shaft superintendent himself who appeared.

"Everything's all right up there," he said. "Two thousand pounds to the square foot. I'll put on a little more, if ye say so."

"Ye'd better," said Cavanaugh. "The roof's not actin' right. An' if ye see Mr. Henderson send 'im down."

McGlathery and the others, nervous at first but now reassured, worked on. But the earth under their feet became sloppy and some of the silvery frosting on the roof began to drop and even to trickle, and then a mass of sloppy mud fell.

"Back, men!" It was the voice of Cavanaugh; but already the men, always keenly alive to the danger of the situation, had scampered away. Just then an ominous creak from one of the beams overhead gave warning that a catastrophe was imminent, and a pell-mell rush for the lock some sixty feet away ensued. Tools were dropped, and the men fell and stumbled over the beams and between, pushing one another out of the way as they ran, McGlathery a fair second to none.

"Open the door! Open the door!" was the cry as they reached the lock, for the engineer had just entered from the other side. "Open the door!" But that could not be done so quickly.

"Great God, it's comin' down!" cried some one in a

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"'I'LL SHOOT DOWN THE FIRST MAN THAT TRIES TO SHUT THE DOOR BEFORE ME AN' KELLY ARE IN,' HE BAWLED"

panicky voice as three lights in the distance were extinguished.

McGlathery was sweating a cold sweat. Five dollars a day, indeed! He should have known enough to stay away from water. It was always bad luck to him.

"What's the trouble here?" called the engineer as he pushed open the door.

"Git out of the way!"

"Fer God's sake let us in!"

"Shut the door!" cried those who had reached the other lock and would be safe if only the door were closed.

"No! Wait! Cavanaugh's outside!" yelled another —not McGlathery, you may be sure; he was cowering in a corner.

"To —— with Cavanaugh! Shut the door!" This from a lumpish iron-worker savage with fear.

At this point McGlathery awoke to a sense of duty. True, it was rather weak, but had not Cavanaugh given him this and other jobs? Still, Cavanaugh had persuaded him to come down here, and he shouldn't have done it. But even in his great fear he had manhood enough to feel that it was not right to shut Cavanaugh out. But what could he do? He was but one. Even as he was prodding himself into some action some of the men sprang forward to shut the door, when they faced a gleaming revolver held in the steady hand of Cavanaugh himself.

"I'll shoot down the first man that tries to shut the door before me an' Kelly are in," he bawled, the while he was pulling up this same Kelly from the mud and slime. He fairly threw him into the lock, leaped in himself, and quietly helped to close the door.

McGLATHERY stood aghast at this show of courage. To stop to help another man in the face of such danger! Cavanaugh was even a better man than he had thought. But why had he persuaded him to come down here when he knew he was afraid of water? And now see what had happened. As they cowered in this safe lock they could hear the crushing of timber and the grinding of brick outside, which told them that where a few moments before had been beams and steel and a prospective passageway for men were now darkness and the might of the river, as it had been since the beginning.

McGlathery awoke to the conviction, first, that he was a great coward, and, second, that tunnel-digging was no job for him.

"'Tis the last," he commented as he climbed safely out with the others after a distressing wait of ten minutes in the lock. "Begob, I thought we was all lost. 'Twas a close shave, an' I'll go no more below. I've had enough." He was thinking of a small bank-account which he had saved, and of a colleen in Brooklyn who was about to marry him. "No more!"

But there was no immediate danger of work being offered. The cave-in had cost the contractors thousands and taught them that mere air-pressure and bracing as heretofore followed were not sufficient for tunneling. A new system would have to be devised. Work on both halves of the tunnel was suspended for about a year and a half, during which time McGlathery had married and had had a son born to him. His six hundred dollars had long since diminished to almost nothing; the difference between two and five dollars a day is considerable.

He had not gone near his old foreman in all this time, being somehow ashamed of himself, and so had not fared so well. Hitherto Cavanaugh had kept him fairly well employed, but now there were weeks when he had no work at all, others when he had to work for one-fifty a day. He had a sneaking feeling that if he had shown a little more courage at the time of the cave-in or had even gone to see his old foreman afterward, he might be working now for good pay. Alas, he had not done so, and he felt ashamed to go now. In spite of his marital happiness, poverty began to press him. And then two more children, twins, came.

During this time Henderson, the engineer, had devised a new system of tunneling, which came to be known as the "pilot-tunnel." This was an iron tube five feet in diameter which was carried forward on a line with the axis of the tunnel into the ground ahead. When it was driven in far enough to be completely concealed by the earth about, the earth within was removed. A man could then enter this tube and dig the earth away from in front of it with a pick; another could follow and haul it out with a barrow. It was used exactly as a hub is used in a wagon-wheel: beams like spokes were radiated from its sides as a center, and the surrounding earth sustained by heavy iron plates. It was on this plan that the old company had decided to start the work again.

Denis, sitting in his doorway one evening thumbing his way through a newspaper which he could barely read, was able to make this out. Mr. Henderson was to be in charge as before, and Thomas Cavanaugh would return as one of the foremen. Work would begin at once. McGlathery stared thoughtfully at the sky. If Cavanaugh would only take him back!

To be sure, he had come near to losing his life, but he was still alive and so were all the others. Why should *he* be so fearful, if Cavanaugh could take such chances? Where else could he make five dollars a day? But that haunting feeling that the sea and all of its arms were against him and would sooner or later do him a great injury, kill him perhaps! He had a recurring sensation of being drawn up or down into water and of being submerged in ooze and choking slowly.

But five dollars a day as against one-fifty or two, or none at all, and an assured future as a tunnel-worker, a "sand-hog," as such men as himself were called, was a disturbing and luring thought. After all, he had no trade. He was not a union man. The money he had saved was gone, and he had a wife and three children. His wife agreed with him that tunneling was too dangerous—but after all, the difference that five instead of two a day would mean to them was in the minds of both. After a long period of hesitation he decided that he had better return. After all, nothing had happened to him that other time. He meditated.

A PROMINENT element in McGlathery's nature was superstition. While he believed in the inimical nature of water to him, he also believed in the power of the saints to help or hinder. In the Church of St. Columba of South Brooklyn, where he and his wife were faithful attendants, was a plaster saint of this same name, a co-worker with St. Patrick in Ireland, I believe, who in McGlathery's native town of Kilrush, County Clare, on the water's edge of Shannon, had for centuries now been highly esteemed as having some merit in protecting people at sea or in adventures connected with water. This was due, perhaps, to the fact that Kilrush was directly on the water and required a saint of that kind.

At any rate, before setting out for America McGlathery had made a novena before this saint, craving of him a safe-conduct in crossing the sea, as well as prosperity once he had arrived in America. Well, he had crossed-in safety and prospered well enough, he thought. At least he had not been killed in the tunnel.

And so one day, after much thought, Denis was to be seen on bended knees before this saint, two blessed candles burning before him in the rack, a half-dollar deposited in the box labeled "St. Columba's Orphans," asking the saint whether, if he returned to this underground work, seeing that necessity was driving him, he would be so kind

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The Red Peril

In Which Jonesy Takes a Fling at Preserving the Nation and Blotting Out the Curse of Radicalism Among the Younger Generation

By John Peter Toohey

Illustrations by Clarence Rowe

"HE FELL IN A MESSY HEAP AT HER FEET. 'SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR PEEPING,' SHE GURGLED. 'WHAT DID YOU THINK YOU WERE GOING TO SEE?'"

WILBUR JONES was thoroughly enjoying his first contact with the world of affairs. The luncheon had been excellent, his father had been positively chatty, and he had been strangely uplifted by the speech of the distinguished visitor. He should have a place in this world, he said to himself as he stood in the midst of the chattering groups of business men who were discussing the problem dwelt upon by the speaker of the day, a small and insignificant place at first, perhaps, but nevertheless a place. There were duties which he owed to himself and to the community, ideals to which he must be faithful. There was work—work to be done.

A portly, ruddy-faced man approached and beamed vaguely at him out of black-rimmed eye-glasses. He hailed Wilbur's father.

"Hello, Jones," he remarked cheerily, shaking hands; "fine speech, wasn't it?"

"Very good indeed," replied Henry Jones. "Mr. Jackson, I'd like you to meet my son, Wilbur. This is his début at a Chamber of Commerce meeting."

Mr. Jackson professed to be profoundly impressed. He grabbed Wilbur's hand and shook it forcibly.

"Well, well," he said heartily. "Quite a young man—fine fellow. Didn't know you had anything as husky-looking as this running around the house. Enjoy yourself, Son?"

"I certainly did," replied Wilbur solemnly.

"Great speech, wasn't it?"

"It certainly was," responded Wilbur, still in the same solemn tone.

"I'm glad you liked it, glad you were impressed," said Mr. Jackson, dropping his joviality and becoming serious. "I wish more fathers had brought their sons here to-day. We've got to have the rising generation with us if we're going to stamp out this perilous and pernicious thing. And it's got to be stamped out! Don't you agree with me, young man?"

"Absolutely," said Wilbur impressively. "I was thinking—sitting there and listening to that speech—that—well, just as the speaker said—that a man owes it to the future of the community and to—to the preservation of the nation—he owes it to those and other things to help blot out this curse of radicalism."

"That's the way to talk," boomed Mr. Jackson, slapping him enthusiastically on the shoulder and letting his hand linger there for a moment as he continued. "We need young men like you in this fight—fine, clean young crusaders who stand for the best that is in American manhood. I hope to meet you again some time. You'd ought to be proud of this young fellow, Jones, proud."

He walked away to join a group on the other side of the room, and Wilbur's eyes followed him. He was entranced. His father's voice brought him out of his reverie. "Well, old scout," he said pleasantly, "you seem to have made a hit with the money powers."

"Money powers? Was that—was that Stanley Jackson, the financier?" asked Wilbur incredulously.

"I suppose maybe that's what they call 'em in New York. We call 'em plain bankers here."

"Why—why, he's the richest man in town, isn't he?"

"I guess probably he is. If you ever need a loan look him up. Maybe he might let you have it without any security—except a few United States bonds."

Henry Jones laughed loudly at his own joke. Wilbur didn't even smile. His father's crude sense of humor never had been more annoying. This was no laughing matter. Decidedly not. It was something for serious thought, for the *best* thought in the community, as the speaker had said. He tried to impress this upon his male parent as they walked down Taylor Street on the way to the office.

"I think every one—that is, every *thinking* person—should wake up to this thing," he said seriously, finding difficulty in keeping up with his father's rapid stride, "or the first thing we know we'll be in a terrible state over here, like Russia and those other countries where the reds have taken charge. Why, if we don't step in and suppress this thing we'll have revolution and destruction and—and—chaos!"

Henry Jones chuckled pleasantly.

"Don't get too excited about it this kind of weather, Son," he said. "I guess we'll be able to eat dinner for a few nights yet without any bombs coming in through the window."

"That's the attitude most people take," persisted Wilbur. "They're not alive to the danger in all this—why, it's just like that speaker said to-day—we're all living on the top of a volcano. If this radicalism isn't suppressed you can't tell what'll happen. I think that we owe it not only to our country and our free institutions and all that, but to our families, to get after these reds and show 'em that this is no place for their fool theories. I think a start should be made right away. There isn't a moment to lose."

"All right—all right—have it your own way. Go as far as you like. I haven't noticed any particular signs of revolution in our fair little city of Ashford, however. Have you?"

Wilbur's voice took on a tinge of condescension.

"You're blind like all the rest," he said. "Absolutely blind to what's going on right under your nose! Why, there was a fellow gave a talk the other night down in Mechanics' Hall—the *Gazette* had a piece about it—advocating recognition of Russia—wanting this country to shake hands with that bunch of murderers—and saying we should suppress the Senate and the Supreme Court and other—and other bulwarks of our Government. And there was a good-sized crowd there, too, and the paper said they applauded. Something's got to be done about it, just as Mr. Jackson said. He realizes the situation. He's a big man, he is."

Wilbur gave his head a sort of side-shake to

"'OUTSIDE,' SAID THE POLICE CHIEF SUCCINCTLY, JERKING HIS HEAD BACKWARD"

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emphasize his opinion of Ashford's leading financier. His father turned to enter the Simpson Building, where his office was located. He gave his son's arm a friendly grip.

"See you at dinner," he said. "I'm glad you're all worked up over something more important than a girl this time—something really intelligent and constructive."

There was just the faintest suggestion of a twinkle in his eye, but it was lost on Wilbur.

"I'm glad of your appreciation, Father," he said solemnly. "I'm glad I've made you realize the importance of this thing—that it *is* constructive and intelligent and patriotic. I hope that you will stand by those of us who are going to make an effort to do something to suppress this evil."

"Oh, certainly—certainly," replied Henry Jones, quickly turning and darting through the entrance. An inner compulsive urge to laugh prevented him from holding further discourse with his son.

THE young crusader carried his gospel to the locker-room at the country club a little later on in the afternoon, but met with slight encouragement there.

"What's the idea?" inquired one irreverent youth. "Tryin' to butt in as a third party candidate for President or something?"

"That's all right," replied Wilbur. "You can laugh now, but if things come tumbling down around your head, if the foundations of our Government give way, you'll wish you'd paid some attention to what these thinking men say."

Another youth, slipping into swimming-trunks, found inspiration for song in this remark. He chanted:

> He's a thinker,
> He's a thinker,
> He's a thinker in his own home town.

Wilbur confronted him hotly.

"You shut up!" he shouted. "You're just a poor blind fool."

Freddie Snyder straightened up, and the muscles of his tawny arms quivered spasmodically.

"Say," he retorted in a high-pitched voice, "where do you get that stuff? You say that again, and I'll knock you for a goal."

"You will not. I guess I can say what I want to anywhere, any time, any place. I guess it's somebody's duty to wake up this town and its people."

"Huh—I guess I don't need any wakin' up. I guess I'm not asleep or anything."

"You are, but you don't know it."

"Say, I guess if there's anybody goin' to be asleep around here it'll be you in about a minute or two."

"Aw, you can't do anything."

"I can't, eh? Say, don't you start makin' any bets on that. I'll show you whether I can or not."

"I guess I won't make any bets, all right. I guess nobody with any sense of decency or any self-respect would want to bet on a sure thing like that."

"Aw, fried mush!"

Obviously the discussion would never reach a focal point. Wilbur snorted and walked away. Freddie Snyder took up the chorus again, and a dozen others joined in with clamorous glee as the defender of American institutions stalked out into the corridor. "Dumb-bells—that's what they were—bone-headed dumb-bells, indifferent to everything but their own selfish pleasures! That was the curse of American life—indifference. What was it the luncheon speaker had said? Oh, yes—"We are not indifferent if some one seeks to pick our pockets or burglarize our homes, but when some one seeks to rob us of something more infinitely precious than our mere property—our very liberties themselves—then we sit supinely by and twiddle our fingers and do nothing." Well, there'd be no supine sitting so far as Wilbur was concerned. The ignorant and the unthinking might deride him, but he was determined to do his little bit toward preserving the integrity of American institutions.

He read in the paper that evening that the President was seriously considering granting pardons to a number of radicals who had been imprisoned during and immediately following the War for giving too free expression to their revolutionary political and economic views, and he used this as the theme for a violent outburst at dinner which slightly disturbed the peace and tranquillity which ordinarily brooded over the scene during meal-hours in the Jones household.

"I think it's an outrage," he said vehemently, after introducing the subject, "that there should even be any thought of showing leniency to these criminals. Why, it's positively terrible—that's what it is. Why, the first thing we know if they get out they'll be spreading their pernicious gospels and messages and things again, boring from within and everything, and why—something's got to be done about it."

His sister Anne looked at him in quiet amazement. This was something decidedly new.

"What's up now?" she asked, turning to the male head of the household, who was observing the proceedings with a tolerant smile.

"Where'd he get these notions?"

"He got converted at the Chamber of Commerce luncheon to-day," replied Henry Jones. "Fellow from New York made a speech. Viewed a lot of things with alarm and worked up quite a little excitement. It won't do him any harm if he becomes a public-spirited citizen for a little while. It's not a bad sign."

Anne tittered, but Wilbur ignored her, turning to his father.

"I'm glad you feel that way about it, Father," he said with impressive seriousness. "I knew you would after you'd had time to give the matter a little thought. As for certain people who don't understand the importance of such matters—well, as for them I just feel naturally sorry that they haven't awakened—well, what I mean is that they haven't awakened to the perils surrounding us on every side."

Anne laughed again. Mrs. Jones turned a reproving glance in her direction.

"I think it's just splendid," she said, "that the boy is feeling that he should have a sense of responsibility. I don't think it should be laughed at, at all. I don't know much about these matters myself, but I think all these anarchists and bolshevists would be better off in jail."

Wilbur smiled benignly at his mother and continued to ignore Anne, who made no further attempt to enter the conversation, tho the vague suggestion of a smile never left her face throughout the progress of the meal. After dinner Wilbur wrote, with considerable effort, a letter to Stanley Jackson suggesting that the Chamber of Commerce pass a resolution urging that no mercy be shown the political prisoners and felt that he had begun to contribute constructively to the solution of the complicated affairs of the nation.

"'GO AHEAD, YOU CAVEMAN!' SHE SHOUTED. 'STRIKE ME! I DARE YOU!'"

It was on the following day that he discovered "the red peril" in his own home. He had gone into Anne's room to return a book he had borrowed and his gaze accidentally fell on a typewritten letter which lay on her desk. The heading attracted his attention immediately: "Intercollegiate Socialist Society." Below he noticed "Dear Comrade Jones" and, seeing this, all delicacy about reading another person's correspondence vanished in the warm morning air. The letter read:

> We hope that you will do your part toward making our rally in Anderson's boat-house on Thursday afternoon next at three o'clock a great success, so that we may fittingly answer the propaganda which is being circulated by those opposed to us.
>
> There will be an address by Mr. Everett Standish of New York on "Beneficial Lessons to Be Drawn from Soviet Russia," and a general discussion of this and other pertinent themes.
>
> If you know of any other young radicals in the city who might be interested in our work please invite them to the meeting. We are reaching all the members of the national organization who are home for the Summer holidays, but there are undoubtedly other kindred spirits who would like to participate.
>
> THE COMMITTEE.

Wilbur read it over again carefully, slowly. The thing was too terrible to be grasped immediately. He sat down and tried to think. What should he do to save his sister from this criminal and dastard conspiracy against the foundations of government, against all that should be held dear and sacred by every citizen worthy of the name? His sister—poor, deluded Anne—taken in by the glib phrases of these enemies of the people, these revolutionary plotters—why, it was ghastly, horrible! He'd talk to her

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"'SAY,' HE RETORTED IN A HIGH-PITCHED VOICE, 'WHERE DO YOU GET THAT STUFF? YOU SAY THAT AGAIN AND I'LL KNOCK YOU FOR A GOAL'"

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A King *in the* Making

An Intimate and Authentic Life-Story of Edward, Seventeenth Prince of Wales

By Genevieve Parkhurst

Part Four—Concluding Instalment

In which the Prince strikes a new note in royalty. Walking freely among men, he becomes the world's most romantic and most popular figure

Portrait by Gerli

THIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF H.R.H. SHOWS HIM IN THE UNIFORM OF COLONEL OF THE WELSH GUARDS

THE world into which the Prince of Wales returned after the War was a strangely different one from that which he had gone out. The empires of Europe had fallen about their own ears; the kingdoms which stood were palsied with the fear of dissolution. England alone, altho torn in body, was secure in spirit. It is true that desolation had sunk deep in the hearts of her people: the upper and middle classes were depressed and restless; strikes rended her industrial districts; armies of the unemployed marched through the streets of her cities; and a sodden despair plunged the slums into outer darkness.

There were bitterness and disillusionment in the kingdom, but the bitterness and the disillusionment were of War and its aftermath and not of government. The only hint of revolution was in the minds of the alien agitators who, "because," as a London bobby informed me, it is "better for 'em to blow hoff than to blow hup," were permitted to vent their theories weekly from the wide-open rostrums in Hyde Park. As a mass the English people stood by, and with gallant souls took upon bent and weary shoulders the heaviest burden a nation has yet known—the integrity of European civilization. But the people *were* different because the times were different. And the service to which the Crown is pledged was different.

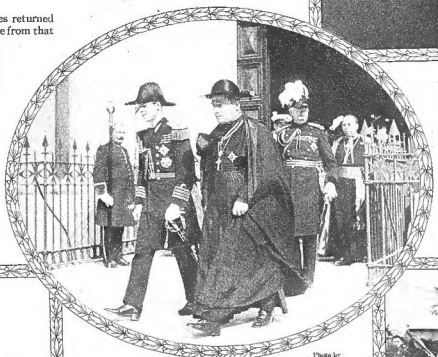

Photo by Central News

IN MALTA—THE ONE-TIME STRONGHOLD OF THE KNIGHTS HOSPITALERS—THE PRINCE LEAVING ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL WITH THE ARCHBISHOP

The merry ways of Mayfair, Piccadilly, Hampstead Heath, and Petticoat Lane now echoed with the heart-breaking march of thousands upon thousands of men without legs, without arms, and with sightless eyes. Their guileless song of far-gone holidays was transmuted into the sophisticated restless minor measures of escape. And an answering chord was struck in the heart of the lad who must some day be their King. Sophistication, restlessness, and a certain impatience with the effete formalities of conventions and castes found easy sowing in a nature so finely tilled to catch the seed of the people's wants.

His sense of duty, still uppermost, was not impaired. It was but turned to different account. He would serve, as all the Princes of Wales have been pledged to serve since the Black Prince at the battle of Crécy wrested the "Three Feathers" from the throne of Bohemia and bequeathed its

Photo by Central News

AT JODHPUR, INDIA, HIS LOVE OF OUTDOOR LIFE LED HIM TO TRY THE EXCITING BUT SOMETIMES DANGEROUS SPORT OF PIG-STICKING

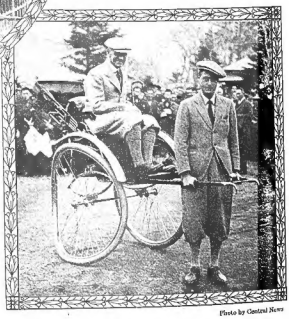

Photo by Central News

WHILE IN JAPAN HE TRIED HIS HAND AT JINRIKISHA RUNNING. ENERGY GOT THE BETTER OF TECHNIQUE AS THE BUCKLED WHEEL WILL TESTIFY

Heretofore his wistfulness had been intangible, of his essence, as it were, and without impulse. The shattering of his dream to follow the sea had quickened it, but his years at Oxford had allayed it, bestowing new ideals for his heart to work upon.

Now it sprang from the lambent source of knowledge. He had had full sight of the horror and the agony of war. He had had full sight, too, of the human soul at its best answering life at its worst. He had seen men near and dear to him torn and writhing and going down to a tortured death. He had come home to a London whose youth had grown old from suffering and disillusionment.

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legend "Ich Dien" (I serve) to all those who would follow in his name. But he would serve in his own way—according to his own conscience. It is a way which perhaps has caused cavil among the few who still cling to old tenets of conduct. It is a way, all must admit, which has won him a personal popularity far beyond that of any Prince in history's record.

In the months from the late Winter to the early Summer following the armistice, he found wide-enough scope for his restlessness and his untiring energy in doing what he could for the hundreds of thousands of wounded and dying ex-service men. His days were passed going about from hospital to hospital, nursing-home to nursing-home, private house to private house, doing what he could to cheer and to help those who had given so magnificently of their best that freedom might remain a living word. And he did cheer them and he did help them. It was a real day for them when the Prince, or "Wyles," or "H. R. H.," or "Is 'ighness," as they called him, was coming through the wards.

Neither cursory word nor fleeting nod and smile were of his method. His concern was a real and vivid thing. At every bedside he lingered long enough to speak personally with its occupant. Sometimes the sufferer was too far gone to talk, but a pressure of the hand and a smile went far. In such cases he questioned the nurses and attendants to find out if anything more could be done. He chatted with the convalescents and his ear was always ready to hear their stories. Most often he asked them for details, and if they showed signs of discontent he did what he could to make things better for them. He had made friends of many kinds and classes overseas, and his car was seen waiting outside of homes in all parts of London from the East End to the West End, from Brixton to St. James's, while the heir to the throne stopped in for a bedside chat.

Deputations of dissatisfied ex-service men sometimes sent word of their grievances. Many of these he saw personally, and whatever their story he looked into it, and, if it had reason, tried to see that their wrongs were righted. It is said that he sometimes went beyond his power and vexed the higher authorities with his persistence. In this regard I heard in London a story. As so many stories of him are, it may be but a legend, as I was unable to verify it. From what I know of him it sounds like him, so I tell it for what it is worth. A letter from a group of veterans was written with such sincerity of purpose that he sent for them to come to see him. He received them cordially and was so impressed by what they had to say that he wrote a letter to a member of the Cabinet requesting an investigation.

Now the Prince of Wales has nothing whatever to say or to do with government. He has no more royal right to suggest an investigation to the Cabinet than has the son of our President. Therefore, so the story goes, the Cabinet member being highly annoyed, took the letter to Buckingham Palace. The Prince was sent for and was told succinctly and concisely what a minus quantity his authority was, and was further advised to write no more letters to Cabinet Ministers, that even a King's right in such matters was limited. Whereupon the high-strung young man is said to have stalked to the door, exclaiming as he slammed it after him, "Well, if I'm ever King, I'll be a King."

Be that as it may, his manner and modes of thought and action had taken an individual and independent turn. He had seen much of many kinds of men, and his judgment of them was now ordered not by class but by quality of mind and heart. His companions were chosen not because they were highly born but because they were worth while. He might prefer the son of a tradesman to the son of a duke if the former were affable and amusing and the latter were not.

His pleasures he took with that eager desire to put war behind him, which was the instinct of all returning soldiers. And if sometimes he wandered outside the conservative precincts described by the court circle, it was something in his favor; the more democratic his gestures the more grace he found in the eyes of the people.

Since the establishment of the British Empire it has been the custom of the Princes of Wales to travel extensively throughout the domain, for the double purpose of becoming familiar with its various economic and social conditions and, at the same time, of making friends with their future subjects. King Edward and King George in the days before their accession made exhaustive tours through the English dependencies. The youth of the present Prince, however, marked a precedent in royal excursions, as both his father and grandfather were many years older than he when they started their official peregrinations.

But England had seen, with some astonishment, no doubt, how the lad with his shy but engaging ways had emerged suddenly from the background in which he had been kept before the War into a sudden and unheard-of popularity, and she was wise enough to realize his power as a messenger of good-will. In his four years overseas he had made close contact with the Canadians, who had given the empire such splendid and heroic service. And so when he expressed a wish to make an early visit to Canada it was easily granted by the King and his Cabinet.

On August 5, 1919, he sailed from Portsmouth on the battle-cruiser *H. M. S. Renown* for a four months' trip through British North America from coast to coast. Those who accompanied him as aids were Rear-Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, Chief of Staff; Lieutenant-Colonel E. W. M. Grigg, Military Secretary; Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bt., Private Secretary; Commander Dudley North, Captain Lord Claud Hamilton, and Captain the Honorable Piers Legh. The *Renown* was in command of Captain E. Taylor, R. N.

Late on August 12th the ship dropped anchor off Newfoundland in Conception Bay, and the next morning the Prince went ashore at St. John's. There are no more loyal Britishers than the Newfoundlanders. They had given freely of their sons at Beaumont-Hamel and at Gallipoli, and the entire population turned out to give him a welcome, which was a royal one indeed. From end to end of the island they came, young and old, rich and poor, and the tiny dominion rang with the sound of their greeting. Thus began for him what may well be called a triumphal tour.

Two days later he set his first foot on Canadian soil at St. John, New Brunswick, where a holiday had been declared. Official welcome was extended to him by the Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General of the Dominion.

Royal guests are not rare in Canada. King Edward made a tour of eastern Canada. From time to time Dukes and Princes of the royal blood have paid visits there. King Edward's brother, the Duke of Connaught, had been a recent Governor-General and as popular a one as it had known; but never had the people responded to any visitor as they did to this unassuming boy with his unconscious charm and winsome smile. From St. John on the east to Vancouver Island on the west they went wild at the sight of him.

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P. & A. Photo

AS A POLO-PLAYER HE CAN HOLD HIS OWN WITH THE BEST ON EITHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC

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H. R. H. LAUGHS AT SUPERSTITION AND THE NUMBER 13. STRANGE TO SAY, HE WAS SERIOUSLY INJURED DURING THIS RACE

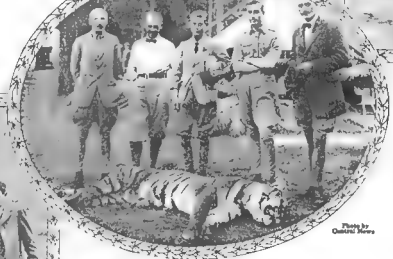
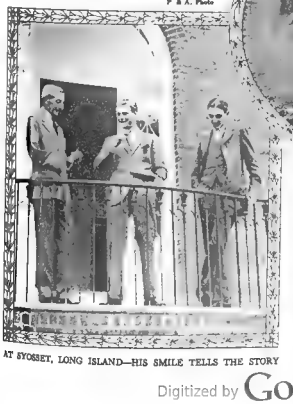


Photo by Oshima, Nepal

THE TERROR OF THE INDIAN JUNGLE FALLS BEFORE THE RIFLE OF THE LAND'S FUTURE EMPEROR IN THE FORESTS OF NEPAL



P. & A. Photo

AT SYOSSET, LONG ISLAND—HIS SMILE TELLS THE STORY

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A New Side to the Eternal Triangle—It Wouldn't Have Happened Twenty Years Ago

Sauce for the Goose

By Wilbur Daniel Steele

Illustrations by John LaGatta

THE mistral had stopped blowing. For days, slicing the skin with dust and whittling the nerves with its dry blades of cold, it had taken all the carnival spirit out of the Carnival; but now that it had died in time to leave Mardi Gras itself like a soft day of Spring, it seemed to have given all the other lost days back again, so deep was the sense of relief.

No one could talk of anything else. All down the Riviera they would be saying, "What luck!" Here in Cannes the boatmen sang as they repaired their decorations; so did the workmen in the branches of the plane-trees in the Allées, where the children helped them, handing up new lanterns for old, and gathering broken twigs and dead confetti into piles for the carters to take away; and everywhere, already, at three in the afternoon, home-made harlequins and pirates and devils were abroad.

In the Casino gardens the people at their coffee looked as happy as the natives. Now that that wind was gone, everything was nice. There were new colors over everything; over the headland of the Estérel, the isles afloat on the sea, the snowy cornice of the Alps bending down into Italy. And there was the sense of the grand letting down of the nerves and all the faculties that comes with a reprieve. They sat deep in their chairs, luxuriating in the warmth cast up under the sunshades from the bright pebbles; they smiled and nodded to one another lazily, busy rebuilding their energies against the needs of the approaching night, the last of the Carnival.

All but two of them.

For the mother the bitter wind might still have been blowing; it would be blowing and it would be bitter for her until to-morrow and the hour of the leaving of the Rome Express.

For the daughter, too, it might still have been mistral weather—or any other weather in the world. To Sally Cornwall, at eighteen, the glory of life did not hang on a meteoric condition.

Three or four days of wind? Why, she had played tennis in the worst of it. She had had to laugh at the face her partner made at the dust. It was Miggy Bracelet, one of her two Spaniards; she had had to decide then and there that he "couldn't make the grade," and that when it came regular men "you can't beat Americans."

She had one American lad, it's true, but he wasn't what he might have been. His health was poor and he was too handsome. He was almost as "blah" as Paul Bonjean, the limp French youth in the stiff French collar, and he was as absurd in his spoiled way as Carillio, the long-faced infant whose boast it was that he had had to leave Italy on account of "the lady's husband," who happened to be (with a rolling of great liquid eyes) a *Duc*.

One and all, and especially to-day, Sally despised them. She loved it. She was having the time of her life.

She appealed in fun to her mother's unmoving profile: "Aren't they *corpses*, Widdy! Oughtn't Kav, at *least*, to be ashamed! Look at him! Kav, do you know what 'pep' means at all? Ever?"

The Michigan rich boy yawned. "You'd be surprized."

"I'd be speechless! Try me and see. All of a sudden say: 'Let's go for a swim!' Or out to the polo. Or anything. Look at the *day*, man! Anything to be doing *something!* Or even, some wide-awake young fellow, let's buy Sally a cocktail." She turned sly eyes on her mother, half in mischief, half in mutiny, and altogether without result. Shaking her hair, she came back to the world-worn Kavanagh. "Can't do, eh? Saving up all his blessed strength for the night to come? In there?" She nodded toward the windows of the Ambassadors, spread across the Casino's south façade. "Oh, but I'll know you, tho. Mask or no mask, you'll never fool Bright Eyes. That electric feeling—that intensity——"

Kavanagh smiled wanly at his wrists. "Not in *there*, you won't. Not *this* night. Out in the Allées with the hoi polloi for mine. *Midinettes!*"

Miggy Bracelet and Carillio gleamed. *They* knew. Sally leaned back in her chair and laughed at them all. "You're a dangerous body of men about town, and I'm not safe with you. Give me a cigaret."

Kavanagh lowered his lids; Bonjean, Carillio, and the Spaniards glanced cornerwise at the immovable profile of the mother, the deep sea to Sally's devil. Sally had been waiting for that; pounding the table, she railed:

"Scared of the widow, eh? Oh, you make me— Oh—oh, I'd sell the lot of you for half the little finger of one regular grown-up white *man*—like Gunnar Browne! Ohhhh," she breathed, with a catch in her voice, weaving her fingers at her throat and mooning into the zenith of the sunshade, "how I *love that man!*"

The immovable profile had moved. Sally's eyes met her mother's.

"W-w-well—" she stammered. Then, in a fury with herself: "All the same, he's got *your* number, Widow Grundy, and you know it. You can hint and you can fidget all you want when he's around, he just goes his own sweet way and treats me like a human *being*. And I *like* it, and I like *him*. So that's *that!*"

"Sarah, every one in the garden is staring at you."

"Do they find it hard?" Nevertheless, as the girl dropped her eyes to the fists in her lap there were tears of whipped pride in them, and for a moment her cheeks were as pink as they looked.

If there were no tears in the eyes that Emily Cornwall turned back to the palm-plumed vista of the Croisette, it was because she had come to the place where they no longer did her any good. She used to weep sometimes, clawing the ends of her pillow, sobbing: "I won't stand it! I'll kill myself first! I'll kill *her*! I'll kill the whole schoolful of them! I will!" But that was when she was still more bewildered than anything else, in those queer months of Sally's mid-teens when she felt like taking the stranger and shaking her back into the child she had known, crying angrily: "What do you mean by doing this to me? To *me?* Making a frump out of *me*, Emily Cornwall; a snooper, a warden, a worrier, a scandal-tracker comparing notes with frowzy old duds that happen to be the mothers of other girls and boys? Who gave you, all of a sudden, this abominable right? Say! Say!"

But that was past now. It is curious and it is terrible how swiftly acquiescence can beat one down. Even in that venomous-sounding "Every one in the garden is staring at you" there was really no venom. Really there had been nothing of the ogress on the watch for prey in her silence, her detachment, and her averted profile. If she had been thinking anything as she listened to the chatter of those precocious children, it was: "How innocent it all is; how blessedly innocent!"

Her mind went back to the kind of thing from which she had fled four months ago, dragging Sally after her—the days back home in Harrisburg—the nights of waiting up for Sally—nights when, larger and larger with the hours, the memory came back to her of what had been said of those dances at the club, those rides, those flasks, those boys and girls. And now she could have laughed. How benignly innocuous all that! What children's frolicking! Those kids there! Yes, and even these kids here!

That was why she was silent. And the reason she kept her eyes averted was because she was watching another way; awaiting with a fascination that ought to have seemed absurd, and with a dread that ought to have seemed shameful, the attack of something which was neither innocuous nor benign.

And then to-day, when Gunnar Browne did appear, Emily's first sensation was one of relief. When she saw him, first the gleam of a car's door opened and closed, then a gray-tweed hat coming across the stream of Panamas and parasols on the Croisette promenade, then the man

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"HER FACE WAS NAKED; STILL LAUGHING, HE HAD FLICKED OFF HER MASK"

himself stepping into the clear, his stick under an armpit, a flower in his buttonhole, and his humorous blue eyes roving among the tables inside the gates ahead; it was as tho, the waiting over, the worst was past, and the exultant thought ran in her mind: "To-morrow (if I can keep the world from going to smash till to-morrow) he may come walking in at that gate, lording it over the universe to his heart's content, and welcome. The cage will be empty to-morrow, and the bird on the train for Rome."

But then it was gone, and by the time she had given back a mumbled greeting and a passable smile the feeling she had learned to dread so deeply in the fortnight past had hold of her again. It was the first time in Emily Cornwall's experience that she had been literally helpless. She had lived her life—her contained and spotless life—in a world of laws and traditions and niceties, all of them unobtrusive, but any one of them greater than any one man. And here now was a man who did not seem to know that such things existed. He would have been surprized if any one had spoken of them, and one would have felt that his surprize was sincere. His complete freedom from affectation of any sort made him seem, in comparison with other men, naive.

He accepted the chair next to Sally's, not because he was old enough to be the father of the lad who had had it, but because he wanted it. He looked a little sorry when Sally's mother shook her averted head at his query about cocktails. "Really? Don't you think it's long enough after luncheon to begin to be before dinner? Seriously, I do." And then, counting around in his easy, deep, loose-fibered barytone: "One, two, three, four, five, and the young woman from Harrisburg— Waiter, six, please, to-day."

Emily fixed her eyes on the island of Ste. Marguerite and held them there. She wanted to scream out and call him all the things he was. It did no good to say to herself: "To-morrow! To-morrow!" now that the beast was here. If only she could have wheeled on him with the claws of a tigress! But no, not even that. For she had the sinking sense that if she were to turn into a tigress, Gunnar Browne would somehow have turned into an elephant; she saw him hoisting one large, half-abstracted pad of a forefoot, pressing her into the earth, and passing on, his blue eyes ahead.

This knowledge of her own futility was maddening. What made it doubly maddening was the assurance that if, instead of "Six, please, to-day," Gunnar Browne had said in the same tone: "Do you know, Mrs. Cornwall, I believe I'll take the liberty of ruining your daughter to-day; thanks, so good of you!" she would just have had to go on gazing out across the bright-blue water, digging her nails into her palms and smiling this selfsame tight-lipped smile. It sounded stark mad, but it was true. There was no policeman; no appeal.

SHE needn't look, but she had to listen. She would have given half her life to rid the earth of that philandering animal, and by some act so flagrantly contemptuous that people would have remembered him with sniggers ever afterward. She would have given the other half to have been allowed to take Sally over her knees and spank her well.

Not metaphorically, but actually; crying: "Take that, little fool! That, for being so blind and easy! That, for playing the beast's own game for him! That, for mincing and mewling like a lady! That, for all your sudden 'womanliness,' your half-baked wise words, your sickening silences! That! And that!"

Better a thousand times than this the flapper's slanging, the old bald badinage of allusions, and high-hearted ribaldry!

"You're thoughtful to-day, Sally Cornwall. Deep old thoughts, eh?"

"Deeper and older than you think, perhaps, Gunnar Browne."

"Sometimes I'm not at all sure that I understand you, Sally Cornwall."

"No man can understand the thoughts a girl thinks, Gunnar Browne."

"Couldn't he if she told him about them?"

"Maybe she wouldn't dare. Maybe she'd be afraid he *would*——"

Sally's mother was on her feet. She looked lurching and white and addled.

They were all up. "Mrs. Cornwall! Madam— What is it?"

"It's the—the s-s-sun—I guess. I feel all g-g-g-gone."

It was true, now that she had said it. It wasn't the sun, tho; it was the defeat; the shame of dodging at the very eleventh hour, and crying mercy. But since it was done, it was done; it was full rout now; it became a breathless and graceless race for the morrow, dragging Sally behind her.

Gunnar Browne sent Bonjean trotting for a cab.

"I'll s-start and m-m-meet it," she persisted.

"Do you want me to come with you, Mother?"

"As you please." It was brazenly cold and it was brutally weak. She could have strangled herself in the rags of her own pride for the pinchbeck hypocrisy, but it was the sort of thing she had to do now, and she did it.

Nothing was too low for her now; nothing too muddy. Under her look of drooping as she moved toward the gate, conveyed by the lads, one faculty at least was vividly alive. She, Emily Cornwall, was an eavesdropper, all ears.

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Who Says That Jealousy Is the Price of Love?

Another Remarkable Story by the Author of "Blind Raftery"

Illustrations by Nat Little

Green Eyes

By Donn Byrne

MRS. ALEXANDER TYSON must have been all of seventy years of age, but it would have been hard to guess at her age, so deceptive was her appearance. All who knew her agreed in calling her a remarkable woman, meaning that her personality was a strong one, without saying whether it was a force for good or for evil. And in no way was she more remarkable than in appearance.

At seventy you would have thought a woman should be frail—a little wisp of body with white hair, with transparent hands, and an air of sweet gentleness. Mrs. Alexander Tyson was robust, fattish, and hard of body. And by some sort of physical phenomenon her hair, that had once been reddish brown, had not become white, but a sort of dead gold. The only sign of physical decay in her was that her eyesight was very bad, but then it had never been good, even as a girl. She would not, however, admit it at any time, refusing in her obstinate way to wear glasses, to acknowledge even that her eyes were not as good as those of anybody else. They were of a china-blue, and made you very uncomfortable when they looked at you seeming to disestablish immediately any contact between you, a young person, and herself, a very remarkable woman.

The she was a fattish woman, yet there was never about her that air of generous warmth that one associates with plump femininity. The bulky, well-defined figure had something queer about it. She was like one of those hardy, bloated plants which spring up in a garden and the reason for the existence of which is not known. Or one might have thought that within her all the sap had frozen, and, freezing, had expanded, as water expands, forcing outward the body in harsh curves.

If you were told that she was a woman of fifty you would not have liked her and not hesitated to say so, but being told she was seventy years old, you said she was a very remarkable woman.

All this is the stranger because there exist portraits of her of one-half a century ago. Smiling, very sweet portraits: the plumpish face, the glorious hair like a copper beech, the strange and childish blue eyes; and if you were asked to see the girl of the likeness as a very old woman you would have imagined a sweet, kindly old lady, full of understanding, very nice to little children and dogs, who would find it very difficult to be hard about anything or anybody—and not at all such a remarkable woman as Mrs. Alexander Tyson.

Now had come the Autumn of southern New England, a strange, nostalgic atmosphere of blue mists, the tang of burning leaves, the glossy crows, late Autumn flowers marching bravely in the rear-guard of Summer. A little coldness was in the Fall air, and soon the cider-mills would be turning. For all these Mrs. Alexander Tyson cared little, for nature was nothing to her. She liked things to be right: the drive well blue-stoned, the grass cropped, and the flowers tended, so that they should not become ragged.

When Autumn comes old women grow pensive. It is a season that is very sib to them. The quietness of woods, the slumbering flowers, all seem to say "Peace! Peace! The unquiet of Spring is done, and hot, cruel Summer, the great passionate storm and furnace-like days, and now comes our time: Slumber! Slumber!" And in the clear chill air, they see so clearly. so sweet a perspective comes to them. They fold sweet old hands in ancient laps. The hills are brown, the leaves of the trees are brown, everywhere are the brown eyes of God.

But Mrs. Alexander Tyson was not pensive this sweet Fall morning. On her face, on her fattish face, was a look of dignified triumph. Nothing vindictive, but vindication. She liked things to be right, and here at last was a thing that had been bothering her for fifty years set at last to rights.

The local clergyman had been to see her the evening before and told her that her old friend—her friend of fifty years before, her enemy since—Nan Lockwood was dying.

"And she wants to see you, Mrs. Tyson. She wishes to be friends before she passes over to the great majority."

"Friends, I'm afraid, is impossible."

"She is dying, Mrs. Tyson, and she wishes to see you. You can't refuse. She wishes you to forgive her for whatever she did to offend you."

"To forgive her?"

"Yes, she said that: to forgive her."

"And she is dying?"

"Yes, Mrs. Tyson. There is no doubt. She is bound for that bourn from which no traveler returns."

"Then I shall see her."

"Oh, God will reward you, Mrs. Tyson."

"He has rewarded me."

All afternoon, all night, she was cheerful. She was like some parched land on which a gentle rain was falling. For all that she was peaceful she did not sleep. The sweet night noises came to her: silken rustle of the dried leaves, barking of foxes, chirrup of crickets, the distant whistle of a train. Next door to her her granddaughter, Sunny Tyson, tossed listlessly in her troubled rest. "Poor child! Poor child!" Mrs. Tyson thought. She was immensely fond of Sunny. "Perhaps soon there will be news for her," she smiled mysteriously.

In the granddaughter of twenty she could see herself of fifty years before—the copper-colored hair, the plumpish

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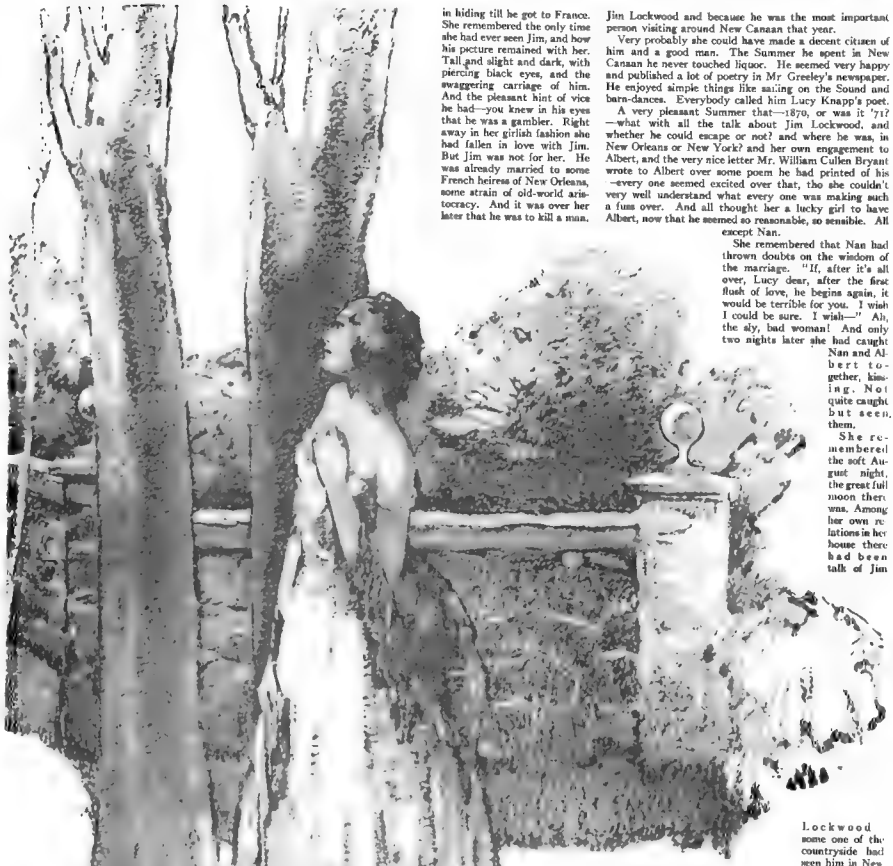

"HE WAS KISSING HER GOOD-BY. THERE WAS NO DOUBT IT WAS HE—THE TALL, SLIM, DARK MAN. AND IT NEARLY ONE O'CLOCK AND ALL THE WORLD ASLEEP!"

face, and dimpling smile. Sunny had hazel eyes—that was the only difference. But looking at the girl, she sensed how sweet she herself was half a century ago, before Nan Lockwood, her dearest friend, had shown herself to be such a traitor, such a sly, bad woman—fifty years ago.

She often thought bitterly how wonderful the Lockwood family had seemed to her and she a girl. Old General Lockwood, Nan's father, who had fought Indians in the days before the war; and Alfred, who had lost an arm in the war, at the Wilderness it was; and Jim, the black sheep of the family, who killed a man in a duel and was in hiding till he got to France. She remembered the only time she had ever seen Jim, and how his picture remained with her. Tall and slight and dark, with piercing black eyes, and the swaggering carriage of him. And the pleasant hint of vice he had—you knew in his eyes that he was a gambler. Right away in her girlish fashion she had fallen in love with Jim. But Jim was not for her. He was already married to some French heiress of New Orleans, some strain of old-world aristocracy. And it was over her later that he was to kill a man.

It was probably because he was like Jim that she became engaged to Albert Jennings, who wanted to be a poet after the manner of Mr. Poe. Tall and slim and dark, and with the same air of dissipation, tho where Jim's dissipation was of a gentlemanly, aristocratic sort, that of Albert Jennings was a sinister thing. He was a morbid drinker, and she probably consented to marry him from the vanity that she could refuse him, that and because he looked like Jim Lockwood and because he was the most important person visiting around New Canaan that year.

Very probably she could have made a decent citizen of him and a good man. The Summer he spent in New Canaan he never touched liquor. He seemed very happy and published a lot of poetry in Mr Greeley's newspaper. He enjoyed simple things like sailing on the Sound and barn-dances. Everybody called him Lucy Knapp's poet.

A very pleasant Summer that—1870, or was it '71? —what with all the talk about Jim Lockwood, and whether he could escape or not? and where he was, in New Orleans or New York? and her own engagement to Albert, and the very nice letter Mr. William Cullen Bryant wrote to Albert over some poem he had printed of his —every one seemed excited over that, tho she couldn't very well understand what every one was making such a fuss over. And all thought her a lucky girl to have Albert, now that he seemed so reasonable, so sensible. All except Nan.

She remembered that Nan had thrown doubts on the wisdom of the marriage. "If, after it's all over, Lucy dear, after the first flush of love, he begins again, it would be terrible for you. I wish I could be sure. I wish—" Ah, the sly, bad woman! And only two nights later she had caught Nan and Albert together, kissing. Not quite caught but seen them.

She remembered the soft August night, the great full moon there was. Among her own relations in her house there had been talk of Jim Lockwood, some one of the countryside had seen him in New York, right under the nose of the officers. It had thrilled her to think of the risks he took, and to wonder would he get away safely? If he hadn't married that creole lady— All through the night the old grandfather's clock wheezed and clanged, and when it was after midnight, finding she could not sleep, she decided to walk out a little in the full moon—she often wondered since did some occult influence send her out? —so wrapping a cloak around her, she left the house quietly and wandered down the white road. She must have walked almost a quarter of a mile until she came nearly to the gates of Lockwood House, and there she saw Nan.

And there she saw Nan and Albert Jennings.

He was kissing her good-by. There was no doubt it was he—the tall, slim, dark man. And it nearly one o'clock and all the world asleep for hours! In the dead of night alone! Her knees were weak with vicious shame. Sly Nan, who counseled her against this marriage. Cunning Albert, who was supposed to be in New York with his literary friends, Mr. Greeley and Mr. Bryant. He had probably gone no further than Stamford.

She wondered for a minute if she should discover herself, but the fear they would think she was spying on them held her. She wouldn't give them that satisfaction. Ah, there

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they went, Albert slinking, careful, fearful of being discovered, like the sly thing he was. And Nan, the bad woman, crying in her handkerchief.

She had always been a person of decision, even as a young girl, so when she returned she wrote a vicious, frigid letter to Albert, telling him it no longer amused her to be engaged to him, and counseling him to get back to the gutter, whence he had arisen. Which advice he took seemingly, for the only thing she heard of him again was that after a prolonged debauch he had thrown himself despondently into the East River and was drowned. And, somehow, Lucy felt that it was a judgment of Providence.

Nan she cut dead next day, nor would she ever have anything to say to her, nor meet her, nor go any place she might meet her. Friends were excited, perturbed. Wanted to know why; but Lucy would give no reason. She could only tell the truth, and that, she feared, would only put her in a ridiculous position. Nan Lockwood had stolen Lucy Knapp's poet! Oh, no! Nan, hypocritical little heart, tried often to see her, wrote letters which Lucy never answered. Sly, bad woman, you would think she knew nothing of what had happened from her letters. But Lucy never flinched from her duty; they never spoke again.

And from perturbation in the countryside it became a wonder, and from a wonder a fact which people accepted, never inviting the two together. At times, as in their marriages, Lucy's to Mr. Tyson and Nan's to Mr. Judd, their old friendship was remembered.

"Lucy and Nan were great friends once, but they never speak any more."

"Why?"

"Oh, goodness knows. Some dress, or some party, or something the other may have said."

"What became of that poet that Lucy was engaged to?"

"Oh, he was no good. He went on a drinking-bout while he was still engaged to her, and flung himself into the river."

"She was as well rid of him!"

"The Lord was good to her there!"

"What became of Nan's brother, Jim, who killed a man in a duel?"

"Oh, he escaped to France."

"Living in Paris?"

"Paris, or Monte Carlo."

"Guess he wishes he could come back here!"

"Guess he does."

WITH ridiculously mechanical regularity years went by. Popped around a corner, minced like marionettes, slowly faded into an inexorable recessional. About the time Nan Lockwood married young Judd—a little before it, to be exact—Lucy Knapp married Mr. Alexander Tyson, an elderly, pompous man, most of whose money had been made in contracts during the Civil War; a man not very easy to get on with, but a most notable catch for a young girl. And if we were to judge of the measure of the world's success, Mrs. Alexander Tyson, who had everything, was immensely superior to Nan Judd, who had nothing but a little worried smile and a husband who adored her. In a few more years the possessions of each were augmented, for there was born to Lucy and Mr. Alexander Tyson a not unhealthy boy, while children rained down on the Judds, as tho the stork of nursery mythology were the familiar spirit of the house. As they grew up they were rather ugly, rather quiet, very likable, very courteous children, something like the old General.

More years, Mr. Alexander Tyson grew old and querulous and Master Alexander Tyson grew up disliked by the young people of the neighborhood, and Mrs. Alexander Tyson became more beautiful than ever—her blue eyes, her creamy skin, her copper-colored hair. Politics changed. The countryside changed—and people said the world was going to the dogs. And old General Lockwood died, leaving nothing but the echo of the trumpets of chivalry. And Jim Lockwood in Paris prospered in good repute. And in course of nature Mr. Alexander Tyson died, full of years and reproaches.

She would have been a very happy woman now, would Mrs. Alexander Tyson, with her riches, her sparkling widowhood, and her rather handsome, rather spoiled boy, had it not been for the memory of the wrong done her so many years ago, and that the doer still went around, a source of constant irritation to her. About Nan Judd's eyes now, for all she was a year younger than the widow, were little shadows, and gray hairs would soon appear among the black locks, making her no longer pretty, but beautiful. And her mouth had become gentle, and there was sweetness in her eyes. And nowhere had she any enemy but in Mrs. Alexander Tyson.

Whenever Nan's name was brought up, there was praise spoken of her, so that the youngish widow's throat choked with irritation. Whenever she passed Nan Judd walking on the road as she drove furiously, silently by, the look of quiet beauty on her face infuriated her, and a desire arose in Lucy to stop and say terrible, vile things, unmasking Nan for what she was, a hypocritical, sly woman. Her own face was becoming—had become—hard, she knew from the glass. And Nan's grew sweeter, tho hardship was apparent in it. "A whited sepulcher; a vile, whited sepulcher!" Lucy knew her.

For February

One of the leading features of Pictorial Review for February will be a full-page reproduction in color of the celebrated painting

"The First Thaw"
by P. Mönsted

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And how she imposed on the countryside! It was a torture to Lucy to hear her extolled for this and the other virtue, when she knew, when she knew— And her own lips were sealed about that particular affair. But she could always work in a sneer about Nan's poverty, about her pathetic attempt to keep up appearances, and that satisfied her a little. When Nan seemed a little prosperous, she suggested that it was money from Jim in Paris, who couldn't show his face in the States again, because he had killed a man. And by innuendo she turned the very fair fight in which Jim had stood up into a sort of assassination for sordid reasons. Even the old dead General did not escape the lash of her tongue, for she insisted that his honor had come to him very easily, and that he would have been a very small person indeed compared to a giant like General Ulysses Grant. General, humph!

So that after a while people ceased to mention the name of Lockwood in her hearing! And this was worse than open support to Alexander Tyson's widow, for it showed her that there was confronting her a phalanx of public opinion. The utter injustice of it! Herself, who had been wronged, was held to be in the wrong, and the wrongdoer had a very sweet image in all minds.

It became so bad, so much of an obsession, that she recognized a danger to herself, and she prayed that a just Deity would remove Nan Lockwood from the earth, so that she could get a little peace. Why should she be irritated all the time? If Nan would only die——

But she mustn't die, she mustn't die, before she confessed her wrong. Before she stood starkly face to face with Lucy and admitted she had been a sly, bad woman, hypocritical, vile. Thief of Lucy's love, thief of public opinion, thief of peace.

No, God mustn't let Nan die before she had wept for forgiveness at Lucy's knee and admitted her guilt. No, Nan mustn't die until then. That was due to Lucy.

And now, on more than a dozen occasions, the thunder of the suns of the Milky Way had found a faint echo in the tinkle of New-year's bells. And the head of Nan had become a fantasy in black and silver. And her eldest son, Jack, had married youthfully and improvidently and very gallantly a little girl from Greenwich, and had himself a son, if one can call anything of three months' age by so potent a word. And Mrs. Alexander Tyson was brilliant and hard. And a new Alexander Tyson reigned. The mouth and chin of the rather handsome boy had turned out disappointingly, to be kind, and the lower part of his face was hidden now, for all his early twenties, by a beard. The beard was well trimmed, and fascinating in a way for this reason, that altho his hair was dark, darker than his mother's, his beard was of a sandyish color, and not a pleasing red. His dress was black, of an extremely conventional cut. Also he wore a black overcoat when he could, and the only hat that met his approval was a black derby. In fine, he looked fifty-three, altho only twenty-three, and there was nothing in his eyes to belie his appearance. He had a place of business in Wall Street—stocks and bonds, where Nan's son Jack also worked, but with this difference, that where Jack did business in twenties and fifties of dollars' worth, Mr. Alexander Tyson dealt in thousands. Tho they lived in the same place, they were not friends. They were not enemies, but not friends.

"Oh, hello, Tyson!"—very casually.

"How do you do, Judd!"—very frigidly.

When Jack married and his little son was born the cool unfriendship of Alexander Tyson changed to vicious enmity. It was thought later that the girl from Greenwich whom Jack married was at the bottom of the trouble; that Tyson himself had eyed her with favor. It was also thought that some boyhood's slight had rankled in the more important man. Neither of them was a true explanation. The truth was that all his childhood Alexander Tyson had been immersed by his mother in an atmosphere of hatred for Nan Lockwood and all that was hers, and, loving his mother, as hard children love hard mothers, he had not asked the rights or wrongs of it. The family Judd was a family for him to hate, and he hated it with the cold, methodical hatred that suited him. Also he said nothing of it, which suited him too, and he bided his time which suited him best.

It is improbable that he ever angled for Judd, but finding him in the way of business in a position where he could hurt him, he drew him a little further on, drew him a little too far.

Judd must have discovered what was up, and mentioned something of it at his mother's house, for from Nan Lockwood that was, Mrs. Alexander Tyson received the first letter she had had from her in over twenty years.

"Lucy, for the sake of the time when we were girls and friends, don't let your son ruin my boy Jack. Please, please, Lucy.—NAN."

Mrs. Alexander Tyson swam in a sea of contentment. Nan was hurt, hurt to death. It was the first time she had ever known a Lockwood to plead for mercy. Perhaps it was the little grandchild that had weakened proud Nan.

And yet—not one thing in that letter to acknowledge the wrong done so long ago. Sly, cunning Nan! If she had only asked for forgiveness! Said something! But no! Well—Mrs. Alexander Tyson wrote:

"Mrs. Alexander Tyson regrets she can not see her way to interfere in the matter mentioned by Mrs. Judd, as she has always held that the sphere of business is for men only."

Accordingly her son Alexander smashed Judd, not leaving him a penny. Nan's son took it in a most amazing manner, laughing when people sympathized with him, and evidently holding little resentment against Alexander.

"I couldn't have been much of a business man to be caught that way, so I'm as well out."

"It was a dog's trick, Jack."

"Not a bit. If it hadn't been Tyson, it would have been some one else."

So gathering his wife, the pretty girl from Greenwich, and the small midget of a son, he set out for California. It must have been very hard on him to leave the countryside where he was born, but it was hardest of all on Nan, who had a sweet passion for the little grandchild. She had always loved babies, and the baby of her first baby was so precious to her. And when she would see him again, he would be a shy boy and not the little baby she had known.

Nan cried, Mrs. Alexander Tyson heard, and was very lonely, very hurt. Well, it was her own fault, Mrs. Tyson said. If she had only acknowledged her guilt, been sincerely penitent, Jack need not have gone, and she could have had her grandchild still. Still, in spite of grandmaternity, a sly, bad woman. She understood Nan, knew her feelings and thoughts, better now after more than a score of years of enmity, than when they were girls together, gracious and loving. They were closer now than they had ever been, for each to the other was a figure of heroic proportions, throwing everything else into disproportion. Tho they never saw each other, never spoke, yet they were with each other all the day, in cold silence and heated thought. She could understand how Nan felt, Mrs. Tyson moralized, because the consciousness of guilt lasts always. And she thanked God she had nothing to reproach herself with. After all, it was much better to feel a wronged person than to feel guilty of wrongdoing, as Nan must feel, as she had made her feel.

TEN years later Jim Lockwood died, and was brought home from Paris, to lie with his father, the old General. And a strange thing—the countryside turned out for him, forgetting, or if they did remember, condoning the fact that he was a refugee from the laws of his country. State officials, judges, even a representative of the French Government, were there, and Mrs. Alexander Tyson, feeling in some occult way tremendously moved, shaken terribly, would have liked to be there, but the cold, calm face of Jim's sister, Nan, arose before her and prevented her. It occurred to her that she might have been married to Jim only for the creole lady, for whose sake he had fought and been exiled. It was a great ceremony, the laying to sleep of Jim.

And when five years after that Alexander Tyson and the wife he had married died in a railroad accident, leaving behind them the child Sunny, hardly any one came to the funeral. A bleak, empty, unimportant pageant.

When he died Lucy was sorry, but not distraught. He had been a good son—that was all. He had been very loyal to her in the matter of the Judds, but he was the sort of person one admires, but is never fond of. He was never a little child begotten in her body, her own, but nearly always a man, a full entity. She could never dominate him. When she attempted that, he simply retired into the dark recesses of himself and was silently

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"LOST"
BY A. F. A. SCHENCK

COURTESY METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
NEW YORK

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THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

THIRD COMMANDMENT

In this remarkably vivid illustration interpreting the Third Commandment into terms of modern life, Mr. Bracker has discerned that "Taking the Lord's Name in Vain" means considerably more than merely making use of blasphemous expressions in conversation. With subtle insight and consummate artistry, he has made it convincingly clear that the man who prays with the lips and yet remains deaf to a plea for charity is hypocritically guilty of "Taking the Lord's Name in Vain."

Drawn by M. LEONE BRACKER
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Kansas Has a Big Idea

"Fitter Families for Future Firesides" Is the Slogan at the Kansas State Fair Eugenics Building—
Human Stock Is Scored as Well as Chickens, Hogs, and Cattle—
Georgia, Texas, and Iowa Follow Suit

By Ida Clyde Clarke

KANSAS has an idea. While the men at the State fair in Topeka are giving prizes to the Berkshires and the Leghorns and the Jerseys in fine, up-to-date, well-equipped buildings, the women are distributing prizes to the human stock—the Browns and the Smiths and the Joneses—in a modest little bungalow labeled "Eugenics Building," and carrying the slogan of "Fitter Families for Future Firesides." While one type of woman's production is being evaluated and ribboned in the culinary and needlework sections, a more important product of the skill and intelligence of the mother and the housewife is undergoing critical examination in the family health and eugenic examinations which are in progress every day of the fair in the Eugenics Building.

Yes, it really does look as if Kansas has given us something to think about. In fact the Eugenics Committee of the United States, a member of the International Eugenics Commission, of which Irving Fisher is chairman, has invited the "Fitter Families" officials in Kansas to become a Subcommittee on Eugenic Work in Fairs; and this Fall in Texas, Iowa, and Georgia State fairs, folks are also going to be examined and rewarded for especial fitness, as well as the hogs and the chickens and the cattle.

The idea of scoring entire families originated with Mrs. Mary T. Watts of Audubon, Ia., and Dr. Florence Brown Sherbon of the University of Kansas, and grew out of the "Better Babies" campaign which they started at the Iowa State fair in 1911, and which has since been conducted all over the world.

Early in the "Better Babies" campaign these women saw that in order to evaluate the condition or predict the future of any given child the family must be taken into account; but it has taken ten years to educate the family in this. At first people shook their heads doubtfully. "It is a good idea," they said, "but the family won't come." The baby comes because he can't help himself.

But Mrs. Watts and Dr. Sherbon knew better. In Kansas there is an institution in the form of a man who is known as "Free Fair Phil," and Philip Eastman, executive secretary of the Kansas Free Fair Association, was at least willing to take a chance on the idea, and that is more than many people are willing to do. At the fair of 1920 he set aside a small building and paid the expenses of the first scoring of human stock ever attempted, so far as is known, at any agricultural fair. And who can say how far-reaching the effect of that experiment will be?

The "Fitter Families" project is a legitimate outgrowth of scientific agriculture. It is the application of the principles of scientific plant and animal husbandry to the next higher order of creation, the human family, and contemplates the development of a science of practical human husbandry.

The basic principle underlying modern agricultural procedure is the fact that the character and vitality of every organic or living thing are determined by two factors, heredity and environment. After the germ-cell of a plant or animal is fertilized nothing can alter the traits that plant or animal will have; but it then depends entirely upon the nurture and care as to whether that plant or animal will become the best possible individual of its kind.

It is now believed that the time has come when these two factors must be taken into consideration in human mating and in family habits if the best elements of our civilization are to dominate or even survive.

When the movement for the competitive health examination of preschool children originated at the Iowa State fair in 1911, the winners provided the climax in the million-dollar parade of prize-stock and other agricultural products as they rode in an automobile, with a runner on the side proclaiming them to be "Iowa's Best Crop." The examiners of these babies followed the only criterion they knew at that time, and followed, for the most part, the methods of the stock judges. They soon observed that the stock judges always took inheritance into consideration in judging.

One of the experts said to the Iowa group in the very beginning, "You should score fifty per cent. for heredity before you begin to examine a baby," and again, a year later, "A prize-winner at two may be an epileptic at ten." It remained for the Kansas Free Fair to give the "better baby" a pedigree. It is now demanded that the "better baby" be supported by a family, fit both in the inheritance and in the development of its mental, moral, and physical traits.

It is highly appropriate that this movement should rise out of the vigorous, progressive rural life of the present day, which is giving to the world not only material sustenance but a very important and substantial reserve vigor of brain and body.

They seem to know how to co-operate in Kansas.

Mrs. Watts and Dr. Sherbon have had the assistance and co-operation of the leading professional experts of the State of Kansas, who have given their thought and time unstintedly to the development of this pioneer effort. The Governor of Kansas has each year made a personal contribution of a silver trophy for the "fittest family" in each class. Since the Kansas Free Fair is held at the capital city, the presentation has been made by the Governor in person, either at his home (at his invitation) or at the Executive Office.

Senator Arthur Capper has each year provided bronze medals for each entrant passing the examination with an average grade of B+ or A, and who does not have a grade below B on any point. The Kansas State Board of Health presents to each entrant completing the examination a health certificate, A, B, or C.

The examination records are made with carbon duplicate. The original set is sent to the family, with a summary and advice sheet attached. The carbon set is kept for statistical purposes. The medals, certificates, and reports are mailed to each family following the fair.

The promoters now feel that the project has passed the experimental stage and that the time has come to assemble accumulated data and critically review principles and methods of procedure. They now believe that it is not necessary to offer tangible awards, as families are sufficiently interested in the examination and its objectives to take it without being "baited." It is in keeping with the established procedures of fairs, however, that awards be made for excellence, and this helps to establish the idea that human stock is now receiving its just recognition.

While "Fitter Family" examinees are proud of their trophies and badges, it is the opinion of the judges that the desire to win these has played very little part in bringing families to this department. People generally are becoming inoculated with the positive health and eugenics microbe. *They were ready for it.*

In all, 75 families have been examined, comprising something over 300 individuals. Seven families have received the Governor's trophy, and 145 Capper medals have been issued. Besides the prizes, each family receives a summary with advice which is of definite value. From the first day of the opening of the building more families have applied for the examination than could be accommodated, and so it has been fully demonstrated *that the family is willing to come along with the baby.*

The chief objectives of the Kansas pioneers thus far have been: first, to discover workable methods of making popular eugenic and health examinations of the family group; secondly, to collect sufficient data for working out standards of judging and appraisal. They are now concentrating on a third objective, *viz.*, development of the educational possibilities of the project. For the past two years a eugenics exhibit has been presented in a tent adjacent to the building. This was prepared by the department of biology of the University of Kansas. To this, health talks and the distribution of health literature have been added.

Here are some of the rules of the contest:

No individual is examined unless the entire family is registered for examination. The only exception made to this is that young adults of marriageable age, who wish a eugenic examination, are occasionally slipped in when time will permit. Every year one or more childless couples have also been examined—usually a couple who are interested in trying to discover the cause of their childlessness.

Every family must secure an appointment in advance; the further in advance the better. Appointments for the first two or three days are made in advance by mail, telephone, or interview. A family which is not on time loses its turn, and the next in order is examined.

No family is admitted any member of which is obviously out of health. This is a health examination and not a clinic.

No family is eligible to a trophy when any member scores as low as C in psychological or nervous examination or eugenic history.

No individual is eligible to a medal who makes as low as C score in anything.

There is no fee for the examination. It is given through the generosity of the Fair Association and the various examiners as a demonstration to Kansas citizens of the importance of assembling a eugenic family history, of keeping family records, and of the value of a periodical health examination.

As to what is covered by the examination, perhaps the best idea may be obtained by following one of the mothers through the procedure.

The interior of the building is partitioned into eight booths, in each of which is an examiner. In the wide corridor are tables for the eugenist who is taking family histories and for the clerks, with seats for the waiting examinees. At the farther end of the corridor is the sterilizing equipment, presided over by a white-capped nurse.

The ensemble resembles somewhat the waiting-room of a clinic except that one is impressed that it is a remarkably healthy-appearing lot of patients.

On passing the clerk's table one hears her asking the

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The Ten Commandments

ON THE preceding page appears the third picture of M. Leone Bracker's masterful series interpreting the Ten Commandments into terms of present-day life.

The next picture of this wonderful series will appear in the February number of Pictorial Review and will present the Fourth Commandment—"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy"

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The Mother's Recompense

A Story You'll Never Forget—and Incidentally the Great Serial Sensation of the Season

By

EDITH WHARTON

Illustrations by Arthur Fuller

Complete in Five Parts

Part Four

"'YOU DON'T MEAN YOU'LL TELL HER!' SHE WHISPERED. HE KEPT HIS DOGGED ATTITUDE. 'I'VE GOT TO CLEAR MYSELF SOMEHOW.' 'OH, DON'T TELL HER, DON'T TELL HER! CHRIS, DON'T TELL HER!'"

What Has Gone Before: Kate Clephane has returned from a casual life abroad to New York and her daughter, Anne, whom she has not seen since she deserted her conventional husband, her child, and stiff-backed Manhattan for a gayer world and livelier companionship. Her old circle accepts her without question, and her daughter, delighted in their reconciliation, turns her establishment over to her. As in a dream, Mrs. Clephane resumes her former position in society, but she is always haunted by gnawing memories of the gay young dilettante, Christopher Fenno, with whom she had spent several tempestuous years in Europe.

Anne is a puzzle to her mother. The girl seems to be romantically inclined and popular in her own set, but there is no evidence of any love-affair. Walking through Central Park one Winter day, Mrs. Clephane chances upon Christopher, who has recently come to the city, a jobless major since the War. They have only time to exchange the barest civilities when Mrs. Clephane sees Anne approaching in the distance; so they part abruptly. The rest of the afternoon Kate spends in fruitless remorse until, flying from her own conscience, she goes to Anne's studio for tea. There to her horror she discovers Anne and Christopher tête à tête. The affair seems of long standing. Both Chris and Mrs. Clephane, however, successfully convey to Anne the impression of mere acquaintance.

A few days later Anne confides to her mother that she is in love with the major and expects to marry him. In utter desperation Kate goes on a secret mission to Baltimore, where Chris has finally found employment as secretary to some rich man. Chris is deaf to Kate's importunities until she threatens to disclose their past intimacy to his own mother, with whom he is then living. Having exacted his promise of renunciation, Kate returns to Anne profoundly shaken but with every confidence that she at last holds the whip-hand. *And now the story continues.*

AS KATE CLEPHANE drove up late that night to the house in Fifth Avenue she seemed to be reliving in one all her former anguished returns there, real or imaginary, from the days when she had said to herself, "Shall I never escape?" to those others when, from far off, she had dreamed of the hated threshold, and yearned for it, and thought, "Shall I never get back?"

She had said she might be late in returning, and had begged that no one should stay up for her. Her wish, as usual, had been respected, and she let herself into the hushed house, put out the lights, and stole up past the door where Anne lay sleeping her last young sleep.

Ah, that thought of Anne's awakening! The thought of seeing Anne's face once again in all its radiant unawareness, and then assisting helpless at the darkening of its light! How would the blow fall? Suddenly and directly, or gradually, circuitously? Would the girl learn her fate on the instant, or be obliged to piece it together, bit by bit, through all the slow agonies of conjecture? What pretext would Chris give for the break? He was skilled enough in evasions and subterfuges—but what if he had decided to practise them on Anne's mother, and not on Anne? What if the word he had given were already forfeited? What assurance had any promise of his ever conveyed?

Kate Clephane sat in her midnight room alone with these questions. She had forgotten to go to bed; she had forgotten to undress. She sat there, in her traveling-dress and hat, as she had stepped from the train; it was as if this house which people called her own were itself no more than the waiting-room of a railway-station where she was listening for the coming of another train that was to carry her—whither?

Ah, but she had forgotten forgotten that she had him in her power! She had said to him, "I've got the means to beat you in the end," and he had bowed his head to the warning and given his word. Why, the mere threat that she would tell his mother had thrown him on her mercy

what would it be if she were to threaten to tell Anne? Ah, she knew him—under all his emancipated airs, his professed contempt for traditions and conformities, lurked an uneasy fear of being thought less than his own romantic image of himself. No, even if his designs on Anne were wholly interested, it would kill him to have her know. There was no danger there.

The bitterness of death was passed; yes—but the bitterness of what came after? What of the time to come, when mother and daughter were left facing each other like two ghosts in a gray world of disenchantment? Well, the girl was young—time would help—they would travel. Ah, no; her tortured nerves cried out that there could not be, in any woman's life, another such hour as the one she had just lived through!

Toward dawn she roused herself, undressed, and crawled into bed; and there she lay in the darkness, sharpening her aching wits for the continuation of the struggle.

"A telegram—" Aline always said it with the same slightly ironic intonation, as if it were still matter of wonder and amusement to her that any one should be in such haste to communicate with her mistress. Mrs. Clephane in sables and pearls, with a great house at her orders, was evidently a more considerable person than the stray tenant of the shabby little room at the Hôtel de Minorque, and no one was more competent to measure the distance between the two than Aline. But still—a telegram!

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Kate opened the envelop with bloodless fingers. "I am going." That was all—there was not even a signature. He had kept his word; and he wanted her to know it.

She felt a merciful loosening of the cords about her heart; a deep breath of release welled up in her. He had kept his word.

There was a tap on the door, and Anne, radiant, confident, came in.

"You've had a telegram? Not about Aunt Janey——?"

Aunt Janey? For a second Kate couldn't remember, couldn't associate the question with anything related to the last hours. Then she collected herself, just in time to restrain a self-betraying clutch at the telegram. With a superhuman effort at composure she kept her hands from moving, and left the message lying, face up, on the coverlet between herself and Anne. Yet what if Anne were to read the *Baltimore* printed above the unsigned words?

"No, it's not about Aunt Janey." She made a further effort at recollection. "The fact is, the aunts had a panic—an absurd panic. Aunt Janey's failed a good deal, of course; it's the beginning of the end. But there's no danger of anything sudden—not the least. I'm glad I went, tho; it comforted them to see me. And it was really rather wrong of me not to have been before——"

Ah, now, at last she remembered, and how thankfully, that she had, after all, been to Meridia; had, automatically, after leaving Chris, continued her journey, surprized and flattered the aunts by her unannounced appearance, and spent an hour with them before taking the train back to New York! She had had the wit, at the time, to see how useful such an alibi might be, and then, in the disorder of her dreadful vigil, had forgotten about it till Anne's question recalled her to herself. The complete gap in her memory frightened her, and made her feel more than ever unfitted to deal with what might still be coming—what must be coming.

Anne still shed about her the reflected radiance of her bliss. "I'm so glad it's all right—so glad you went. And of course, dear, you didn't tell them anything, did you?" she questioned.

"Tell them anything——?"

"About me." The lids dropped, the lashes clasped her vision. How could her mother have forgotten? that flutter of the lids seemed to say.

"Darling! But of course not." Kate Clephane brought the words out with dry lips. Her hand stole out to Anne's and then drew back, affecting to pick up the telegram. She could not put her hand in her daughter's just yet.

The girl sat down beside her on the bed. "I want it to be our secret, remember—just yours and mine—till he comes next week. He can't get away before."

Ah, thank God for that! The mother remembered now that Anne had told her this during their first talk—the talk of which, at the time, no details had remained in her shattered mind. Now, as she listened, those details came back, bit by bit, fantasmagorically mingled.

No one was to be told of the engagement; no, not even Nellie Treadon; not till Chris came to New York. And that was not to be for another week. He could not get away sooner, and Anne had decreed that he must see her mother before their betrothal was made public. "I suppose I'm absurdly old-fashioned—but I want it to be like that," the girl had said; and Kate Clephane suddenly understood that it was really out of regard for her, with the desire to "situate" her once for all as the head of the house, that her daughter had insisted on this almost obsolete formality, had stipulated that her suitor should ask Mrs. Clephane's consent in the solemn, old-fashioned way.

The girl bent nearer, her radiance veiled in tenderness. "If you knew, Mother, how I want you to like him—" ah, the familiar cruel words! "You did like him, didn't you, in old times, when you used to know him? Tho he says he was just a silly, conceited boy then, and wonders that anybody could endure his floods of nonsense."

Ah, how long would it go on, how long? Kate Clephane again reached out her hand, and this time clasped her daughter's with a silent nod. Speech was impossible. She moistened her parched lips but no sound came from them; and suddenly she felt everything slipping away from her in a great gulf of oblivion.

"Mother! You're ill—you're overtired." She was just aware, through the twilight of her faintness, that Anne's arm was under her, that Anne was ringing the bell and moistening her forehead. Then night enveloped her.

FANTASTIC shapes of heavy leaf-shadows on blinding whiteness. Torrents of blue and lilac and crimson foaming over the branches of unknown trees. Azure distances, snow-peaks, silver reefs, and an unbroken glare of dead-white sunshine merging into a moonlight hardly whiter. Was there never any night, real, black, obliterating, in all these dazzling latitudes in which two desperate women had sought refuge?

They had "traveled." It had been very interesting; and Anne was better. Certainly she was much better. They were on their way home now, moving at a leisurely pace—since what was there to return for?—from one scene of gorgeous unreality to another. And all the while Anne had never spoken—never really spoken! She had simply, a day or two after Mrs. Clephane's furtive trip to Baltia day or two after Mrs. Clephane's furtive trip to Baltimore, told her mother that her engagement was broken: more, told her mother that her engagement was broken: "by mutual agreement" were the stiff, old-fashioned words she used.

As no one else, even among their nearest, had been let into the secret of that fleeting bond, there was no one to whom explanations were due; and the girl, her curt confidence to her mother once made, had withdrawn instantly into the rigid reserve she had maintained ever since. Just so, in former days, Kate Clephane had seen old Mrs. Clephane meet calamity. After her favorite daughter's

death the old woman had never spoken her name. And thus with Anne; her soul seemed to freeze about its secret. Even the physical resemblance to old Mrs. Clephane reappeared, and with it a certain asperity of speech, a sharp intolerance of trifles, breaking every now and again upon long intervals of smiling apathy.

During their travels the girl was more than ever attentive to her mother; but her solicitude seemed the result of a lesson in manners inculcated long ago (with the rest of her creed) by old Mrs. Clephane. It was impossible for a creature so young and eager to pass unseeingly through the scenes of their journey; but it was clear that each momentary enthusiasm only deepened the inner pang. And from all participation in that hidden conflict between youth and suffering the mother continued to feel herself shut out.

NEVERTHELESS she began to imagine that time was working its usual miracle. Anne's face was certainly less drawn—Anne's manner perhaps a shade less guarded. Lately she had begun to sketch again—she had suggested one day their crossing from Rio to Marseilles, continuing their wanderings in the Mediterranean—had spoken of Egypt and Crete for the Winter.

Mrs. Clephane acquiesced, bought guide-books, read up furtively, and tried to temper zeal with patience. It would not do to seem too eager; she held her breath, waiting on her daughter's moods, and praying for the appearance of the "some one else" whose coming mothers invoke in such contingencies. That very afternoon, sitting on the hotel balcony above a sea of flowers, she suffered herself to wonder if Anne, who had gone off on a long riding excursion with a party of young people, might not return with a different look, the clear, happy look of last year's Anne. The young English planter to whose *estancia* they had gone had certainly interested her more than any one they had hitherto met.

The mother, late that evening, was still alone on her balcony when, from behind her, Anne's shadow fell across the moonlight. The girl dropped into a seat. No, she wasn't tired—wasn't hungry—they had supped, on the way back, at a glorious place high up over Rio. Yes, the day had been wonderful; the beauty incredible; and the moonlit descent through the forest— Anne lapsed into silence, her profile turned from her mother. Perhaps—who could tell? Her silence seemed heavy with promise. Suddenly she put out a hand and clasped Kate's.

"Mother, I want to make over all my money to you. It would have been yours if things had been different. It *is* yours, really; and I don't want it—I hate it!" Her hand was trembling.

Mrs. Clephane trembled too. "But, Anne—how absurd! What can it matter? What difference can it make?"

"All the difference." The girl lowered her voice. "It's because I was too rich that he wouldn't marry me." It broke from her in a sob. "I can't bear it—I can't bear it!" She stretched her hand to the silver splendors beneath the balcony. "All this beauty and glory in the world and nothing in me but cold and darkness!"

Kate Clephane covered speechless in her chair. She remembered just such flashes of wild revolt in her own youth, when sea and earth and sky seemed joined in a vast conspiracy of beauty, and in her, too, all was darkness. For months she had been praying for this hour of recovered communion with her daughter; yet now that it had come, now that the barriers were down, she felt powerless to face what was beyond. If it had been any other man! Paralyzed by the fact that it was just that one, she continued to sit silent, her hand on Anne's sunken hand.

"Why should you think it's the money?" she whispered at last, to gain time.

"I know it—I know it! He told Nollie once that nothing would induce him to marry a girl with a fortune. He thought it an impossible position for a poor man?"

"Did he tell *you* so?"

"Not in so many words. But it was easy to guess. When he wrote to—to give me back my freedom, he said he'd been mad to think we might marry—that it was impossible—there would always be an obstacle between us." The girl lifted her head, her agonized eyes on her mother's. "What obstacle could there be but my money?"

Kate Clephane had turned as cold as marble. At the word "obstacle" she stood up, almost pushing the girl from her. In that searching moonlight what might not Anne read in her eyes?

"Come indoors, dear," she said. Anne followed her mechanically. In the high-ceilinged, shadowy room Mrs. Clephane sat down in a wooden rocking-chair and the girl stood before her, tall and ghostly in her white-linen riding-habit, the dark hair lying damp on her forehead. "Come and sit by me, Anne."

"No. I want you to answer me first—to promise."

"But, my dear, what you suggest is madness. How can I promise such a thing? And why should it make any difference? Why should any man be humiliated by the fact of marrying a girl with money?"

"Ah, but Chris is different! You don't know him."

The mother locked her hands about the chair-arms. She sat looking down at the bare brick floor of the room, and at Anne's two feet, slim and imperious, planted just before her in an attitude of challenge, of resistance. She did not dare to raise her eyes higher. "*I don't know him!*" she repeated to herself.

"Mother, answer me—you've got to answer me!" The girl's low-pitched voice had grown shrill; her swaying, tall white presence seemed to disengage some fiery fluid. Kate Clephane suddenly recalled the baby Anne's lightning-flashes of rage, and understood what reserves of violence still underlay her daughter's calm exterior.

"How can I answer? I know what you're suffering—but I can't pretend to think that what you propose would make any difference."

"You don't think it was the money?"

Kate Clephane drew a deep breath, and clasped the chair-arms tighter. "No."

"What *was* it, then?" Anne had once more fallen on her knees beside her mother. "I can't bear not to know. I can't bear it an hour longer," she gasped out.

"It's hard, dear—I know how hard." Kate put her arms about the shuddering body.

"What shall I do, Mother? I've written, and he doesn't answer. I've written three times. And yet I know——"

"You know?"

"He *did* love me, Mother."

"Yes, dear."

"And there wasn't any one else; I know that too."

"Yes."

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"SHE SAW HERSELF IN AN ELABORATELY LOOPED GOWN, PROUDLY FOLLOWED BY HER HUSBAND, AND THE MEMORY GAVE HER A PANG OF SELF-PITY"

"No one else that he cared about—or who had any claim. I asked him that before I promised to marry him."

"Then, dear, there's nothing more to say—or to do. You can only conclude that he gave you back your freedom because he wanted his."

"But it was all so quick! How can anybody love one day and not the next?"

Kate winced. "It does happen so—sometimes."

"I don't believe it—not of him and me! And there *was* the money; I know that. Mother, let me try; let me tell him that you've agreed to take it all back; that I shall have only the allowance you choose to make me."

Mrs. Clephane again sat silent, with lowered head. She had not foreseen this torture.

"Don't you think, dear, as you've written three times and had no answer, that you'd better wait? Better try to forget?"

The girl shook herself free and stood up with a tragic laugh. "You don't know me, either, Mother!"

That word was crueler than the other; the mother shrank from it as if she had received a blow.

"I do know that, in such cases, there's never any remedy but one. If your courage fails you there's your pride."

"My pride? What's pride if one cares? I'd do anything to get him back. I only want you to do what I ask!"

Kate Clephane rose to her feet also. Her own pride seemed suddenly to start up from its long lethargy, and she looked almost defiantly at her defiant daughter.

"I can't do what you ask."

"You won't?"

"I can't."

"You want me to go on suffering, then? You want to kill me?" The girl was close to her, in a white glare of passion. "Ah, it's true—why should you care what happens to me? After all, we're only strangers to each other."

Kate Clephane's first thought was: "I mustn't let her see how it hurts—" not because of the fear of increasing her daughter's suffering, but to prevent her finding out how she could inflict more pain. Anne, at that moment, looked as if the discovery would have been exquisite to her.

The mother dared not speak; she feared her agony would break from her with her first word. The two stood facing each other for a moment; then Mrs. Clephane put her hand out blindly. But the girl turned from it with a fierce "Don't!" that seemed to thrust her mother still farther from her, and swept out of the room without a look.

Anne had decreed that they should return home; and they returned.

The day after the scene at Rio the girl had faltered out an apology, and the mother had received it with a silent kiss. After that neither had alluded to the subject of their midnight talk. Anne was as solicitous as ever for her mother's comfort and enjoyment; but the daughter had vanished in the traveling companion. Sometimes, during those last weary weeks of travel, Kate Clephane wondered if any closer relation would ever be possible between them. But it was not often that she dared to look ahead. She felt like a traveler crawling along a narrow ledge above a precipice; a glance forward or down might plunge her into the depths.

As they drew near New York she recalled her other return there, less than a year before, and the reckless confidence with which she had entered on her new life. She recalled her first meeting with her daughter, her sense of an instant understanding on the part of each, and the way her own past had fallen from her at the girl's embrace.

Now Anne seemed remoter than ever, and it was the mother's past which had divided them. She shuddered at the fatuity with which she had listened to Enid Drover and Fred Landers when they assured her that she had won her daughter's heart. "She's taken a tremendous fancy to you—" Was it possible that that absurd phrase had ever satisfied her? But daughters, she said to herself, don't take a fancy to their mothers! Mothers and daughters are part of each other's consciousness, in different degrees and in a different way, but still with the mutual sense of something that has always been there. A real mother is just a habit of thought to her children.

Well —this mother must put up with what she had, and make the most of it. Yes; for Anne's sake she must try to make the most of it, to grope her own way and the girl's through this ghastly labyrinth without imperiling whatever affection Anne still felt for her. So a conscientious chaperon might have reasoned—and what more had Kate Clephane the right to call herself?

They reached New York early in October. None of the family was in town; even Fred Landers, uninformed of the exact date of their return, was off shooting with Horace Maclew in South Carolina. Anne had wanted their arrival to pass unperceived; she told her mother that they would rest in town for a day or two, and then decide where to spend the rest of the Autumn. On the steamer they languidly discussed alternatives; but, from the girl's inability to decide, the mother guessed that she was waiting for something—probably a letter. "She's written to him, after all; she expects to find the answer when we arrive."

THEY reached the house and went up-stairs to their respective apartments. Everything in Anne's establishment was as discreetly ordered as in a club; each lady found her correspondence in her sitting-room, and Kate Clephane, while she glanced indifferently over her own letters, sat with an anguished heart wondering what message awaited Anne.

They met at dinner, and she fancied the girl looked paler and more distant than usual. After dinner the two went to Kate's sitting-room. Aline had already laid out some of the presents they had brought home; a Mexican turquoise ornament for Lila, an exotic head-band of kingfishers' feathers for Nollie, an old Spanish chronicle for Fred Landers. Mother and daughter turned them over with affected interest; then talk languished, and Anne rose and said good night.

On the threshold she paused. "Mother, I was odious to you that night at Rio."

Kate started up with an impulsive gesture. "Oh, my darling, what does it matter? It was all forgotten long ago."

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"I haven't forgotten it. I'm more and more ashamed of what I said. But I was dreadfully unhappy."

"I know, dear, I know."

The girl still stood by the door, clutching the knob in an unconscious hand. "I wanted to tell you that now I'm cured—quite cured." Her smile was heart-breaking. "I didn't follow your advice; I wrote to him. I told him—I pretended—that you were going to accept my plan of giving you back the money, and that I should have only a moderate allowance, so that he needn't feel any inequality—any sense of obligation."

Kate listened with lowered head. "Perhaps you were right to write to him."

"Yes, I was right," Anne answered with a faint touch of self-derision. "For now I know. It was not the money; he has told me so. I've had a letter."

"Ah—" Kate murmured.

"I'm dismissed," said the girl with an abrupt laugh.

"What do you mean, dear, when you say I was right?"

"I mean there was another woman." Anne came close to her, with the same white, vehement face as she had shown during their nocturnal talk at Rio.

Kate's heart stood still. "Another woman?"

"Yes. And you made me feel that you'd always suspected it."

THE mother lowered her head. "No, dear—really——"

"You *didn't?*" She saw the terrible flame of hope rekindling in Anne's eyes.

"Not—not about any one in particular. But of course with a man—a man like that—" (Should she go on, or should she stop?)

Anne was upon her with a cry. "*Mother, what kind of a man?*"

Fool that she was, not to have foreseen the consequences of such a slip! She sat before her daughter like a criminal under cross-examination, feeling that whatever word she chose would fatally lead her deeper into the slough of avowal.

Anne repeated her question with insistence. "You knew him before I did," she added.

"Yes; but it's so long ago."

"But what makes you suspect him now?"

"Suspect? I suspect nothing!"

The girl stood looking at her fixedly under harsh, menacing brows. "I do, then! I wouldn't allow myself to before; but all the while I knew there was another woman." Between the sentences she drew short, panting breaths, as tho with every word speech grew more difficult. "Mother," she broke out, "the day I went to Baltimore to see him the maid who opened the door didn't want to let me in because there'd been a woman there two days before who'd made a scene. A scene—that's what she said! Isn't it horrible?" She burst into tears.

Kate Clephane sat stupefied. She could not yet grasp the significance of the words her daughter was pouring out, and repeated dully: "You went to Baltimore to see him?"

How secret Anne must be, not only to have concealed her visit at the time, but even to have refrained from any allusion to it during their stormy talk at Rio! How secret, since, even in moments of seeming self-abandonment, she could refrain from revealing whatever she chose to keep to herself! More acutely than ever, the mother had the sense of being at arms' length from her child.

"Yes, I went to Baltimore," said Anne, speaking now in a controlled, incisive voice. "I didn't tell you at the time because you were not well. It was just after you came back from Meridia, and had that nervous breakdown—you remember? I didn't want to bother you about my own affairs because you weren't well. But as soon as I got his letter saying the engagement was off I jumped onto the first train, and went straight to Baltimore to see him."

"And you did?" It slipped from Kate irresistibly.

"No. He was away; he'd left. But I didn't believe it at the time, because I thought the maid servant had had orders not to let me in—" She paused. "Mother, it was too horrible; she took me for the woman who had made the scene. She said I looked just like her."

Kate gasped: "The negress said so?"

Her question seemed to drop into the silence like a shout; it was as if she had let fall a platter of brass on a marble floor.

"AS SHE LOOKED AT THEM ALL, SO OBTUSE AND SO POWERFUL, SO SURE OF THEMSELVES AND EACH OTHER, HER OWN CLAIM TO BELONG TO THEM BECAME INCREDIBLE"

"The negress?" Anne echoed, turning pale.

Kate Clephane sat drawn into the depths of her chair as if she had been withered by a touch. She pressed her elbows against her side to try to hide the trembling of her body.

"How did you know it was a negress, Mother?"

Kate could not speak. For a moment she remained helpless, battling with confused possibilities of fear, and in that moment Anne leaped on the truth.

"It was *you*, Mother—*you* were the other woman? You went to see him the day you said you'd been to Meridia?" The girl hung before her now like a blanched fury.

"I did go to Meridia!" Kate Clephane declared.

"You went to Baltimore too, then. You went to his house; you saw him. You were the woman who made the scene." Anne's voice had mounted to a cry; but suddenly she seemed to regain a sense of her surroundings. At the very moment when Kate Clephane felt the flash of the blade over her doomed head it was arrested within a hairbreadth of her neck. Anne's voice sank to a whisper.

"Mother—you did that? It was really you—it was you who—" She broke off, staring from your doing? You've always hated him, then? Hated him enough for that?"

Ah, that blessed word—"hated"! When the other had trembled in the very air! The mother, bowed there, her shrunken body drawn in on itself, felt a faint expanding of the heart. A breath of air had penetrated to her stifled lungs.

"No, dear; not hate," she stammered.

"But it *was* you?" She suddenly understood that, all the while, Anne had not really believed it. But the moment for pretense was past.

"I did go to see him; yes."

"To persuade him to break our engagement?"

"Anne—"

"Answer me, please."

"To ask him—to try to make him see——"

The girl interrupted her with an incoherent laugh. "You made him break our engagement—you did it. And all this time—all these dreadful months—you let me think it was because he was tired of me!" She sprang to her mother and caught her by the wrists. Her hot, dry fingers seemed to burn into Kate's shivering flesh.

"Look at me, please; no, straight in the eyes. I want to try to find out which of us you hated most; which of us you most wanted to see suffer."

The mother disengaged herself and stood up. "As for suffering—if you look at me, you'll see I've had my share."

The girl seemed not to hear. "But why—why—*why?*" she wailed.

A reaction of self-defense came over Kate Clephane. Anne's white heat of ire seemed suddenly to turn her cold, and her self-possession returned.

"What is it you want me to tell you? I did go to see Major Fenno—yes. I wanted to speak to him privately; to ask him to reconsider his decision. I didn't believe he could make you happy. He came round to my way of thinking. That's all. Any mother would have done as much. I had the right——"

"The right?" Anne shrilled. "What right? You gave up all your rights over me when you left my father!"

Mrs. Clephane rose with uncertain steps, and moved toward the door of her bedroom On the threshold she paused and turned toward her daughter. Strength had come back to her with the thought that after all the only thing that mattered was to prevent this marriage. And that she might still do.

"The right of a friend, then, Anne. Won't you even allow me that? You've treated me as a friend since you asked me to come back. You've trusted me, or seemed to. Trust me now. I did what I did because I knew you ought not to marry Major Fenno. I've known him for a great many years. I knew he couldn't make you happy—make any woman happy. Some men are not meant to marry; he's one of them. I know enough of his history to know that. And you see he recognized that I was right——"

ANNE was still staring at her with the same fixed, implacable brows. Then suddenly her face broke up into the furrows of young anguish, and she became again a helpless, grief-tossed girl, battering blindly with her first sorrow. She flung up her arms, buried her head in them, and sank down by the sofa. Kate watched her for a moment, hesitating; then she stole up and laid an arm about the bowed neck. But Anne shook her off and sprang up.

"No—no—no!" she cried. They stood facing each other as on that other cruel night.

"You don't know me; you don't understand me. What right have you to interfere with my happiness? Won't you please say nothing more now? It was my own fault to imagine that we could ever live together like mother and daughter. A relation like that can't be improvised in a day." She flung a tragic look at her mother. "If you've suffered, I suppose it was my fault for asking you

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to make the experiment. Excuse me if I've said anything to hurt you. But you must leave me to manage my life in my own way." She turned toward the door. "Good night."

"Good night—my child," Kate whispered.

TWO days later Fred Landers returned.

Mrs. Clephane had sent a note begging him to call her up as soon as he arrived. When his call came she asked if she might dine with him that night, and he replied that she ought to have come without asking. Anne, he supposed, would honor him too?

No, she answered; Anne, the day before, had gone down to the Drovers' on Long Island. She would probably be away for a few days. And would Fred please ask no one else to dine? He assured her that such an idea would never have occurred to him.

He received her in his comfortable, shabby drawing-room, which he had never changed since his mother and an old-maid sister had vanished from it years before. He indulged his own tastes in the library up-stairs, leaving this chintzy room, with its *many* armchairs, the grand piano, and the family Chippendale, much as Kate had known it when old Mrs. Landers had given her a bridal dinner. The memory of that dinner, and of Mrs. Landers, large, silvery, demonstrative, flashed through Mrs. Clephane's mind. She saw herself in an elaborately looped gown, proudly followed by her husband, and enclosed in her hostess's rustling embrace, while her present host, crimson with emotion and admiration, hung shyly behind his mother; and the memory gave her a pang of self-pity.

She paused in the middle of the pink-wreathed carpet and looked about her. "*It* feels like home," she said, without knowing what she was saying.

A flush almost as agitated as the one she remembered mounted to Landers's forehead. She saw his confusion and pleasure, and was remotely touched by them.

"You see, I'm homeless," she explained.

"Homeless?"

She tried to smile away her words. "Oh, I can't remember when I was ever anything else. I've been a wanderer for so many years."

"But not any more," he smiled back.

She was spared the need of answering by the opening of the double mahogany doors. Landers, with his stiff little bow, offered her an arm, and they passed into a dusky flock-papered dining room which seemed to borrow most of its lighting from the sturdy silver and monumental cut glass of the dinner-table. A bunch of violets, compact and massive, lay by her plate. Everything about Fred Landers was old-fashioned, solid, and authentic. She sank into her chair with a sense of its being a place of momentary refuge. She did not mean to speak till after dinner—then she would tell him everything, she thought. "How delicious they are!" she murmured, smelling the violets.

In the library, after dinner, Landers settled her in his deepest armchair, moved the lamp away, pressed a glass of old chartreuse on her, and said: "And now, what's wrong?"

The suddenness and perspicacity of the question took her by surprize. She had imagined he would leave the preliminaries to her, or at any rate beat about the subject in a clumsy effort to get at it. But she perceived that, awkward and almost timorous as he remained in smaller matters, the mere habit of life had given him a certain self assurance in important moments. It was she who now felt a tremor of reluctance. How could she tell him—and what could she tell him?

"Well, you know, I really *am* homeless," she began. "Or at least in remaining where I am I'm forfeiting my last shred of self-respect. Anne has told me that her experiment has been a mistake."

"What experiment?"

"Having me back."

"Is that what she calls it—an experiment?"

Mrs. Clephane nodded "Yes."

Fred Landers stood leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece, an unlit cigar in his hand. His face expressed perplexity and perturbation. "I don't understand. What has happened? She seemed to adore you."

"Yes; as a visitor, a chaperon, a traveling companion."

"Well—that's not so bad to begin with, is it?"

"No; but it has nothing on earth to do with the real relation between a mother and daughter."

"Oh, *that*—" he interjected.

It was her turn to flush. "You agree with Anne, then, that I've forfeited all right to claim it?"

He seemed embarrassed. "What do you mean by claiming it?"

She hesitated a moment; then she began her story. It was not the story she had meant to tell, for she had hardly opened her lips before she understood that it would be as impossible to tell that to Fred Landers as to Anne. For an instant, as he welcomed her to the familiar house, so full of friendly memories, she had had the illusion of nearness to him, the sense of a brotherly, reassuring presence. But as she began to speak of Chris every one else in her new life except her daughter became remote and indistinct to her. She supposed it could not be otherwise. She had chosen to cast her lot elsewhere, and now, coming back after twenty years, she found the sense of intimacy and confidence irreparably destroyed.

What did she really know of the present Fred Landers, or he of her? All she found herself able to say was that when she had heard that Anne meant to marry Chris Fenno she had thought it her duty to try to prevent the marriage; and that the girl had guessed her interference and could not forgive her. She elaborated on this, lingering over the relatively insignificant details of her successive talks with her daughter in the attempt to delay the moment when Landers should begin to question her.

She saw that he was deeply disturbed, but perhaps not altogether sorry. He had never liked Chris, she knew, and the news of the engagement was clearly a shock to him. He said he had seen and heard nothing of Fenno since Anne and her mother had left. Landers, who could not recall that either Horace Maclew or Lilla had ever mentioned him, had concluded that the young man was no longer a member of their household, and probably not even in Baltimore. If he were, Lilla would have been sure to keep her hold on him; he was too useful a diner and dancer to be lost sight of—and much more in Lilla's line, one would have fancied, than in Anne's.

Kate Clephane winced at the unconscious criticism. "He gave me his word that he would go," she said with a faint sigh of relief.

Fred Landers continued to lean meditatively against the chimneypiece.

"You said nothing at all to Anne herself at the time?" he asked after another interval.

"No. Perhaps I was wrong; but I was afraid to. I felt I didn't know her well enough—yet."

Instantly she saw how he would interpret her avowal, and her color rose again. She must have felt, then, that she knew Major Fenno better; the inference was inevitable.

"You found it easier to speak to Fenno?"

She hesitated. "I cared so much less for what he felt. I wanted to keep Anne's affection!"

"Of course," he sighed. "And you knew damaging things about him? Evidently, since he broke the engagement when you told him to."

Again she faltered. "I knew something of his past life—enough to be sure he wasn't the kind of husband for Anne. I made him understand it. That's all."

"Ah! Well, I'm not surprized. I suspected he was trying for her, and I own I hated the idea. But now I suppose there's no help for it—"

"No help?" She looked up at him in dismay.

"Well—is there? To be so savage with you she must be pretty well determined to have him back. How the devil are you going to stop it?"

"I can't. But *you*—oh, Fred, you must!—" Her eyes clung imploringly to his troubled face.

"But I don't know anything definite! If there *is* anything—anything one can really take hold of—you'll have to tell me. I'll do all I can, for I've never believed in him; but if I interfere without good reason it will only make Anne more determined. Have you forgotten what the Clephanes are like?"

She had lowered her head again, and sat desolately staring at the floor. With the little wood-fire playing on the hearth, and this honest, kindly man looking down at her, how safe and homelike the room seemed! Yet her real self was not in it at all, but blown about on a lonely wind of anguish outside in the night. And so it could always be, she supposed.

"Won't you tell me exactly what there is against him?" she heard Landers repeat.

THE answer choked in her throat. Finally she brought out: "Oh, I don't know—women—the usual thing. He's light——"

"But is it all just hearsay? Or have you proof—proof of any one particular rotten thing?"

"Isn't his giving up and going away sufficient proof?"

"Not if he comes back now when she sends for him."

The words shot through her like a stab. "Oh, but she mustn't—she *can't!*"

"You're fairly sure he will come if she does?"

Kate Clephane put up her hands and pressed them against her ears. She could not bear to hear another question. What had been the use of coming to Fred Landers? He had no help to give her, and his insight had only served to crystallize her hazy terrors. She rose slowly from her armchair and held out her hand with a struggling smile.

"You're right. I suppose there's nothing more to do."

"But you're not going?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

"EACH MOMENTARY ENTHUSIASM ONLY DEEPENED THE INNER PANG. AND FROM ALL PARTICIPATION IN THAT HIDDEN CONFLICT BETWEEN YOUTH AND SUFFERING THE MOTHER CONTINUED TO FEEL HERSELF SHUT OUT"

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"An Actor in His Time Plays Many Parts"

In the Spotlight for Forty Years

In Which the Author Tries His Hand at Hypnotism, Dabbles in Publicity, and Conducts the First Successful Actors' Strike

By William A. Brady

Part Four

ON a certain occasion, owing to a dispute with a new stage-manager—Ben Teal, who later became a famous New York director and who had been sent from San Francisco to take charge of the company in Portland with which I was connected—I found myself stranded—absolutely on my uppers—in the "City of Roses."

There had been no love lost between Teal and me and he thought to "take it out on me" at the first chance. Altho I had played almost every part in the company, the new director sought to humiliate me by handing me a gun and telling me I was to be a supernumerary. At this I hotly rebelled—I rebelled myself out of a job—out of a job in a strange city.

And as I have said before, our stomachs we have always with us. And mine was one of those organs that I could not fool for long by simply taking up a hole or two in my belt. But I was sustained by the buoyancy that springs eternal in the breast of youth—I was little more than a boy.

Having adopted the stage as my profession, I quite naturally turned to the stage for a living. It so happened that there was another theater in Portland—a vaudeville house—the Palace—run by John Cort, the present John Cort of New York city. It was a kind of saloon-music hall-legitimate theater combination. There was nothing edifying about it. It was peculiar to the new West and Coast country during the first inrush of legitimate settlers, lumbermen, miners, adventurers, and all the polyglot life that goes with the opening up of new country, the booming of mines, and the building of railroads.

The theater structure itself was characteristic of the period on the Coast. Around the gallery was a line of boxes, where drinks were served at all times. Those in orchestra chairs on the main floor could also obtain refreshments by indicating their wishes. During the variety—vaudeville—part of the performance, as each actress, female performer, dancing girl, or supernumerary—for ornamental purposes only—finished her bit on the stage, she circulated throughout the audience and "hustled for drinks," as they used to say. She made a specialty of visiting the boxes, for it was there the men with coin were more likely to be than in the cheaper and less exclusive parts of the house.

WEBER AND FIELDS, FOR MANY YEARS MONARCHS OF THE KINGDOM OF MIRTH

OLGA NETHERSOLE, WHO CREATED A NATIONAL SENSATION IN "SAPHO"

Photo by Marceau

LOOK CLOSELY AND YOU'LL RECOGNIZE MONTGOMERY AND STONE IN SPITE OF THE MINSTREL DISGUISE

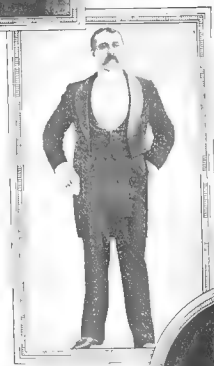

Photo by Sarony

OVER A GENERATION OF PLAYGOERS KNEW AND LOVED HERBERT KELCEY

Photo by Newsboy

AND THEY ALSO KNEW EFFIE SHANNON, WHO APPEARED WITH HIM IN ALMOST EVERY PLAY DURING THOSE YEARS

The variety actors continued to do their stunts until perhaps one o'clock, by which time the audience was more or less inebriated. To keep up the sale of liquid refreshments, however, the opening of the melodrama was deferred until one o'clock. The final curtain fell on this "legitimate" element of the show at about three A. M.

The Holmes-Grover Company was playing a glaring melodrama at the time I mention. I joined it. I say without affectation that it was a gross violation of my feelings to work in such a house. For hadn't I trod the boards with the great Booth, which had inspired me; hadn't I played prominent parts with the Joseph Grismer and Phoebe Davies outfit, hadn't I worked with well-known actors and actresses in high-class productions in thoroughly reputable theaters—nothing less?

Almost as soon as the evening performance began in the Palace, liquid refreshment began to flow. So that by the time the vaudeville was ended and the curtain rung up on the "legitimate" drama, the audience was in a state of riotous inebriety, hilarity, and acrimonious disputation, which frequently resulted in fistic encounter. Pandemonium was our nightly guest, and we accepted it with an equanimity which, as I look back upon it to-day, passes understanding. It was no uncommon thing to hear the firing of shots and the screaming of women—sometimes a cross-fire; but we actors played right on through it all, calmly, imperturbably—as unmoved as a deaf man on the silver screen.

The whole thing was preposterous—a nightmare—it was like trying to do Beethoven on a violin in a boiler-shop. But extraordinary as it may appear, we played our parts seriously. Even when our dialog was interrupted or drowned out, rather, by the shooting of guns, the screaming of women and the brawling of men, we simply paused—as the clever actor of today will pause until laughter or applause has passed—then we'd resume.

There were men out there in front—or rather great big mischievous boys—who thought it the height of wit and humor to emphasize, or accentuate, or rather punctuate our lines with pistol-shots, singly and in volley. We got to expect it and mechanically pause for it. A particularly fire-eating speech was sure to get a volley at the end. If the villain said: "Now I have got you, —— you!" it would be Bang! Bang! or voices from the gallery: "Don't give her up. We're coming to help

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you." Or the actor would say: "Here, pard, we'll tie him on the track"; then they'd tie him down, and the train could be heard approaching to cries from the gallery of:

"Puff, puff!" or "Look out, baby, here comes the choo-choo cars." Then sounds imitating the grinding down of brakes, the toot-toot of the whistle—desultory firing and a volley as the train came to a stop just in front of the would-be victim. One fellow said:

"Put the bad old woman"—a kind of fierce and bleary *Madame Fronchard*—"that sold her to the villain under the cow-catcher and pull the throttle wide open."

These were not wicked men nor wicked women. They were simply foolish, fun-loving, riotous creatures, in their way.

There was a little girl who did dance stunts in the variety part of the show. She used to "hustle for drinks" between times. She had the most innocent face you ever saw, and, as I came to find out later, she had a mighty good heart. How she ever got into that business I never knew. Just drifted into it, I guess, as so many did. I conceived an honest affection for this little girl and she reciprocated. A genuine romance sprang up between us. There was nothing selfish or sordid about it.

A terribly disconcerting thing during my work on the stage was the realization that she was somewhere out there in that audience "hustling for drinks" among half-drunken, disorderly men. At times I couldn't help catching sight of her—out of the tail of my eye—and it got so that in my jealousy I was finally prompted to do this.

Often I had to exercise all the restraint that was in me to keep from jumping over the footlights and punching some half-drunken brute in the nose who had grabbed her about the waist or was taking other foolish liberties. I felt then that I would have given up everything for her—I wanted to take her out of that place. I would even have stayed there the rest of my life and played melodrama at three o'clock in the morning just to be near her.

Photo by Dean

But something interfered with that altruistic resolve. I got a telegram from Mr. Bert of the California Theater, offering me an engagement in San Francisco. I showed the message to my sweetheart—determined to let her decide it. Her verdict was:

"Never mind me, Laddie. Go back to San Francisco. You don't belong here."

I confess my egotism was a bit shocked by her decision. I have no philosophical comment to make on my affair with this young woman. For where women are concerned philosophy falls down. I am positive she loved me. There was very little about me—I had no money to amount to anything—to make her tolerate me at all, so she must have had a genuine affection for me. I could see she was making a sacrifice—doing a fine thing in sending me away—for she would have preferred to have me remain with her. I know that. What would have become of me if I had stayed up there in Portland, I don't know. The chances are my natural impulse to move on all the time—make changes—would have wrested me loose from those environments. *Qui sait?*

My experience with that show up in Portland was valuable; maintaining my poise in the play—"keeping my eye on the gun" all the time—was great discipline, and it stood me in wonderful stead. Particularly as a director of great melodrama, later on, I have had that picture before me to guide me. The experience taught me, as nothing else could have taught me, just how mobs —for that is what they were—act under certain conditions; and I have reproduced many times bits taken from those tumultuous scenes "out in front" in that little theater in Portland.

In response to Mr. Bert's telegram I went back to San Francisco. For a considerable time, my life was full to overflowing with curious and eventful things, all of which were, directly or indirectly, connected with the theater. For with me the term "theater" encompassed all things, from stage-door to box-office.

The most ironical thing I did was organizing the first successful—so far as I know—actors' strike in America. I say ironical because many years later when I had become a manager I was one of the first to set his face firmly against such things. The shoe was on the other foot then, however.

It was at the Grand Opera House, managed by my old friend Bert who also managed the California Theater—the same Bert who afterward became my personal representative in New York and who died in my arms on Broadway. We were playing stock—a different play every week. It was more the kind of a stock company one hears of to-day than one of those organizations of very finished artists that obtained in the large cities throughout the country from the late 70's to the early 90's.

The house had been playing to bad business. Salaries were way behind. It was not Bert's fault that we were not paid, for he, poor devil, was not getting any money himself. Bert was an able theater man but a poor business man. He was lovable but tactless. My alleged salary was forty dollars a week, but all I could get out of Bert was enough to buy myself an occasional meal—a quarter or so at a time. I would go to him in desperation, and say:

"Mr. Bert, I'm hungry. I've got to have food."

"Hungry, Bill?" he'd say. "Well, here's a quarter—buy yourself a steak."

Altho Bert had practically no money, he seemed to have good credit, which was, unfortunately, not the case with us actors; and it was this circumstance which prompted him to acts of the most preposterous tactlessness. There was a big French chop-house on Bush Street, where they used to reserve a table for Mr. Bert—right in the window, for it was a passion with him to observe the passing throng. But it happened that there were persons in that throng who did not pass quite as passively as Bert would have had them do.

The epicurean manager would seat himself at his table in the window and swell up a bit before the wonderful feast of luscious steak, fried onions, potatoes, and coffee that you could fairly smell through the glass. He would pull back his cuffs in the most unctuous way, sniff, raise his eyebrows with all the self-approval of a French chef over one of his choicest dishes, then proceed to envelop, or rather engulf, the viands before him.

Outside the window would be Bert's lean and hungry-looking actors, watching him through the great glass of the window that at once betrayed and protected the epicure. They had perhaps a quarter apiece with which to buy a daily meal, and the gentleman at the feast owing them from four to seven weeks' salary! Really, Bert was tempting Fate and so was the proprietor of the chop-house. For it was only by practising the restraint characteristic of the trained actor that we did not chuck a cobblestone through the window.

When we could stand this sort of thing no longer, we actors held a meeting on the stage of the theater and compared notes. We swore an oath and signed our names to a paper setting forth that we were resolved not to "go on" that night unless we got our money. I had conferred upon me the rare distinction of spokesman for the company. Ordinarily I would have felt nervous, but I really had nothing to lose. And starvation was at my elbow, urging me on. I walked up to Mr. Bert in the box office and said, in a rather pompous and formal manner—as pompous as a man could be when his stomach is caved in:

"Mr. Bert, I have been appointed a committee of one to notify you that we, the actors of this company, have decided to strike. We will not go on to-night, or any other night, until our salaries have been paid."

"What?" cried he. "Actors' strike? Preposterous! Never heard of such a thing. Here," he bellowed to an individual in uniform, "throw him out! Throw this fellow Brady out!"

Forthwith I was chucked out of the lobby. Immediately I went around to my confrères at the stage-door and told them what happened to their honored spokesman.

But we did strike. And we did close the theater for a week—when we got our money. It was the first actors' strike I ever heard of where all the actors struck at one time and forced the manager to settle.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

LESTER WALLACK, A LEADING ACTOR, MANAGER, AND PRODUCER, FORTY YEARS AGO

SPRIGHTLY VIVACIOUS PAULINE HALL WAS A STAGE FAVORITE WHEN MANY PRESENT-DAY STARS WERE IN THEIR CRADLES

A FRIEND OF KINGS AND AN IDOL OF THE PEOPLE WAS LILY LANGTRY, "THE JERSEY LILY"

Photo by Coquelin

Photo by Savony

HENRY E. DIXEY AS HE APPEARED IN A SCENE IN "THE SEVEN AGES"

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BEAUTY IN THE HOME

A PRACTICAL DEPARTMENT OF FURNISHING AND DECORATING

How Texture Will Aid You in Creating Harmony

By WINNIFRED FALES

DID you ever stop to realize what an important part *texture* plays in making your home attractive? How it increases the effectiveness of colors, imparts life and variety to plain surfaces, and helps to unify the furnishings with one another and with the architecture of the room? By studying its meaning and combining objects and materials of similar textures mistakes can be avoided and harmony insured.

There are many kinds of texture, but for our purpose they may be broadly divided into fine and coarse, and smooth and rough. These terms need no definition. The contrast between the fine texture of handkerchief linen and the coarseness of burlap, or between the smoothness of polished marble and the roughness of a swirl-plastered wall like that illustrated below, is apparent to every eye. Such differences are not always actual, however. Sometimes they are merely simulated, with equally good effect.

For example, rough-textured walls may be an essential part of the scheme planned for a room with walls already finished in smooth plaster. The alteration can be accomplished in actuality by the application of a pasty composition which can be given any desired finish while wet. Or the walls can be hung with a fabric or paper of coarse, uneven texture, such as burlap, genuine grass-cloth, or a heavily embossed wall-paper.

However, similar results can be accomplished at considerably less expense by means of a wall-paper printed with a blending of colors, in short, broken lines and tiny irregular patches which give an *effect* of rough texture at a distance of a few feet. Again, a simulated roughness can be achieved by stippling the walls in two or more colors with oil- or water-paints, a process both cheap and simple if the householder does the work, the only expense being for materials. Rough textures possess great interest and beauty owing to the variations in tone produced by the play of light across their surfaces. When the structural materials of a room belong to this class it is essential that the furnishings follow suit. Consider, for example, a living-room with rough-plastered walls, a heavily beamed ceiling, and a field-stone fireplace. Does it not fairly cry aloud for chairs and tables of sturdy, coarse-grained oak; for hangings and upholstery of heavy, irregular weaves, bold patterns, and deep, glowing colors; for the primitive strength of wrought iron, brass, and copper; and for heavy, unglazed pottery of the cruder sorts?

Can you imagine delicate, pale-hued damasks at the windows of such a room, or fragile china vases and Venetian glass on that stone mantel? Of course you can not—*when you take time to think*—and yet such blunders are constantly being made through sheer thoughtlessness.

So many times we buy an ornament or a piece of furniture because it is desirable in itself, without stopping to consider whether its form, color, and particularly its texture are in agreement with those of our other furnishings. Then, no sooner is it installed than we begin to have an uneasy consciousness of something wrong. Our purchase somehow appears far less attractive than it did in the store, and we are vaguely disappointed without knowing exactly why. If the color is not at fault the cause is more than likely to be found in wrong texture; for the charm of the most valuable and intrinsically beautiful object will be eclipsed when unsuited to its surroundings.

In the illustration at the bottom of the page are grouped furnishings whose textures not only harmonize with one another, but would be completely at home in the room previously described. Considering such a room architecturally, for what does it stand? Is it not the very embodiment of rugged simplicity and strength? Does it not inspire a feeling of peace and restfulness by its absence of complex details? After studying the room and realizing its significance we can not go far wrong in its furnishing, for instinctively we shall choose only such designs, shapes, and materials as express feelings and ideals of a similar kind.

SMOOTH, FINE TEXTURES EXPRESSING LUXURY AND FORMAL ELEGANCE ARE SEEN IN THESE LOUIS XV. ADAPTATIONS

The furniture, of course, will be plain and sturdy; pieces in which we can take genuine comfort because we know hard usage will not injure them. The wood most likely will be oak, or possibly walnut finished in the antique manner with open pores which give an impression of rough texture even tho actually smooth. The Spanish table will be entirely at home in such a room, its splayed legs and iron braces conveying an unmistakable suggestion of strength.

The Yorkshire chair, tho of English origin, is nevertheless in harmony, as is the wall-hanging of heavy linen, block-printed with a typically Spanish design. The rugs will be either of plain, flat weave, as illustrated, or in geometrical patterns with a short, thick pile. It is easy to visualize the effectiveness of door-hangings of the rough, loosely woven trappist cloth pictured, while at the windows a printed linen, coarse-ribbed rep, or some similarly heavy, dull-surfaced fabric might be used over glass-curtains of cotton casement-cloth, linen gauze, or an extremely heavy, large-meshed net in deep écru or coffee-color.

Textiles for upholstering the furniture would be likely to include either heavy, rich-toned tapestry or needle-point, coarse rep or linen—any material, in short, which is dull of surface, heavy and coarse of texture, and strong yet low-toned in coloring.

At the opposite end of the scale are the fine, smooth, and frequently lustrous textures which produce an impression of luxury, delicacy, and formal elegance. These qualities in interior furnishings reached their culmination in the period of Louis XV., when walls were painted in delicate tints or paneled with fine-grained, polished woods; when furniture was smooth and delicate in contour, with abundant gilding and covering of the finest, most costly textures—shimmering satins, glossy damasks, and tapestries of the finest weave and most delicate colorings. Lighting-fixtures, carpets, hangings, and bric-à-brac were similarly in keeping with the ideals of the period.

Hence to-day, when it is desired to express similar ideals in the furnishing of formal rooms, reproductions or adaptations of Louis XV. designs are very likely to be chosen, as in the music-room, of which one corner is illustrated. Here the Louis XV. chair and piano-bench with their damask coverings, the polished case of the piano and the delicate and costly Savonnerie rug, the satin hangings valanced with brocade of the period, and the painted mirror and tiny marble-topped table, represent the extreme to which fine, smooth texture can be carried.

The majority of rooms will lie somewhere between the two extremes described and pictured; but remembering the rule of fine, smooth, glossy textures to express luxury and formal elegance, and of dull, rough, coarse, and heavy textures to denote strength, durability, and informal comfort, one will instinctively choose furnishings of harmonious character, and reject those which express unlike and therefore incompatible and inharmonious ideals.

COARSE, ROUGH TEXTURES BESPEAK STRENGTH AND DURABILITY, AS IN THIS SPANISH-ENGLISH GROUP WITH DETAILS OF TRAPPIST CLOTH AND SWIRLED PLASTER

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Fales will be glad to answer any questions relative to the furnishings illustrated, or to your own home-decorating problems. Please make your inquiries very definite. Address Beauty in the Home, Pictorial Review, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelop.

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Often the only kind of meal you want!

Often you don't want a heavy meal, with a number of different dishes. But you are hungry for sustaining food, and a generous plateful of hearty soup suits your appetite exactly.

Delight it and satisfy it with tempting spoonfuls of Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

See what a splendid luncheon it is at such times—what a wholesome and sufficient supper!

This is one of the best of foods for the children, too. It's rich in the healthful vegetable nutriment which is so good for them.

Fifteen different vegetables and thirty-two ingredients in this one delicious blend!

Luncheon
Dinner
Supper

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Soup for health every day!

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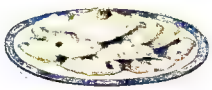
Grandmother's Old Stone Cookie Jar

ONE of the things you love to remember is your childhood visits to Grandmother's old stone cookie jar.

I don't believe you ever were disappointed, for although Grandmother had to stand and roll and cut cookies she always found time to do it.

Today we have an easier, quicker way to make cookies than Grandmother had. The cookies on this page call for no rolling and cutting. I am sure they will gladden the heart of any child.

Save these recipes. When you see how quick and easy it is to make them you will not let your children grow up without Mother's wholesome Crisco Cookies to remember and tell their children about.



Nut Wafer COOKIES

Sliced instead of rolled and cut. Use Crisco and see how easy it is to cream with sugar. Crisco keeps so long you can double this recipe and keep the rolls in the ice box a long time, slicing and baking as you need them. Grease your pans with Crisco and you won't need to wash them between bakings.

All measurements level

1 cup brown sugar
1 cup white sugar
1½ cups melted Crisco
1 teaspoon salt
6 cups pastry flour, sifted twice
3 eggs, well beaten
2 teaspoons soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon or other spices
1 cup chopped nuts (blanched almonds are best)

Cream Crisco with sugar. Add eggs slowly mixing thoroughly. Add nuts. Then dry ingredients sifted together twice. Shape into roll about 2½ to 3 inches in diameter. Put in Criscoed pan in ice box overnight. When ready to bake, slice and bake in hot oven (425° F.). Makes about 75 cookies.

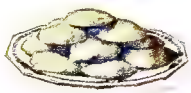
Caramel or Butterscotch COOKIES

Another sliced cookie — without nuts. Crisco will keep these cookies fresh, too, both before and after baking. The flavor improves if they are kept in an air-tight container. Try empty Crisco tins and send a Crisco can of Crisco Cookies to the boy or girl away at school. Grease your pans with Crisco to keep every cookie whole.

All measurements level

4 cups dark brown sugar
1 cup melted Crisco
4 beaten eggs
1 teaspoon salt
7 cups pastry flour
3 teaspoons baking powder

Follow the method for Nut Wafer Cookies. Makes about 125 cookies.



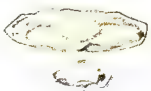
Grandmother's Old Fashioned Ginger COOKIES

Made the new easy way—no tiresome rolling or cutting. Crisco is always ready for instant use and is easy to cream with the brown sugar. Grease your pans with Crisco and drop the cookies far enough apart to keep them round. Crisco saves washing the pans between bakings, so you won't mind using a lot of them.

All measurements level

1 cup brown sugar
1 cup molasses
½ cup Crisco
1 egg, beaten
1 teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
1 cup sour milk
4½ cups pastry flour

Cream Crisco, sugar and salt together. Add molasses and ginger, then egg. Dissolve soda in sour milk. Add, mix thoroughly. Last add flour. Drop teaspoonfuls of the batter on a Criscoed baking pan and bake in a medium oven (375° F.). Makes about 50 cookies.



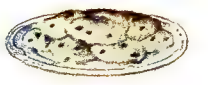
Grandmother's Sugar COOKIES *or Boston Drops*

These cookies are dainty and delicious when made with Crisco. Be sure and grease your pans with Crisco and save washing them between bakings.

All measurements level

¾ cup Crisco
2½ cup sugar
3 eggs, unbeaten
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1½ cups pastry flour

Cream Crisco, add sugar gradually, beat to a light cream. Beat in eggs, salt and vanilla. Last add the flour. Stir until smooth. Drop by teaspoonfuls on Criscoed baking pans about 4 inches apart. Bake in a medium oven, 375° F. about ten minutes. This makes about 25 cookies.



Sour Cream COOKIES

They are delicious when made with Crisco, and Crisco helps to make them wholesome, too.

All measurements level

2 cups brown sugar
1 cup Crisco
2 eggs
1 cup sour cream
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon soda
4 teaspoons baking powder
4½ cups pastry flour
1 cup raisins
1 cup nut meats

Cream Crisco, salt and sugar together, add beaten eggs, nuts and raisins. Mix well and add cream. Add all dry ingredients sifted together. Mix well and drop by spoonfuls on Criscoed baking pans. Bake in hot oven, 400° F., 15 minutes. Makes 50 cookies.

Chocolate Drop COOKIES

Grandmother's sugar cookies with chocolate, nuts and raisins added. Try them with afternoon tea, and iced tea in summer. Of course, make these with Crisco. Grease your pans with Crisco, too, and see your cookies come out whole.

All measurements level

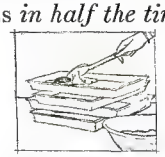
1 cup sugar
½ cup Crisco
2 eggs, well beaten
3 squares chocolate from ½ lb. cake
1½ cups pastry flour
½ cup sweet milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
¾ cup nuts
¾ cup raisins
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt

Cream Crisco, add sugar. Add eggs and melted chocolate. Then add milk, vanilla, nuts, raisins, mix well, then add baking powder and flour. Drop by teaspoons on hot Criscoed pan and bake in a medium oven (375° F.). Makes about 25 cookies.

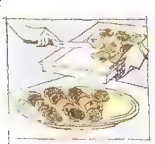
To make COOKIES *in half the time*

1 Lay out on your work table and measure accurately all the ingredients the recipe calls for. Get out all utensils needed.

2 To measure Crisco accurately. If one half cup is needed fill cup one half full of water, add enough Crisco to bring water to the top, drain water off. Then follow method given in the recipe you are using.



3 Grease pans with Crisco and stack on the table. Drop spoonfuls of the batter far enough apart to prevent running together.



4 When baked, remove to board to cool. Use the same pans over and over without washing. Simply shake out possible crumbs and brush over with Crisco.

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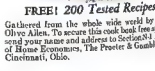
Crisco also makes wonderful cakes and pies and is ideal for frying.



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The Mother's Recompense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

"Yes; I'm tired. And I want to be by myself—to think. I must decide about my own future."

"Your own future? Oh, nonsense! Let all this blow over. Wait till Anne comes back. The chief thing, of course, is that you should stay with her, whatever happens."

She put her hand in his. "Good-by, Fred. And thank you."

"I'll do all I can, you know," he said as he followed her down the stairs. "But you mustn't desert Anne. Your place is beside her, whether she thinks so at this moment or not."

She got into the taxi he had had called, and drove back to her desolate house.

HER place was beside Anne—that was all she had got out of Fred Landers. And in that respect she was not convinced that her instinct was not surer than his, that she was not right in agreeing with her daughter that their experiment had been a failure.

Yet, even if it had, she could not go now; not till she had made sure that there was no further danger from Chris. Ah—if she were once certain of that, it would perhaps be easiest and simplest to go! But not till then.

She did not know when Anne was coming back; no word had come from her. Mrs. Clephane had an idea that the housekeeper knew; but she could not ask the housekeeper. So for another twenty-four hours she remained on, with a curious sense of guilty concern, while she watched Aline unpack her trunks and "settle" her into her rooms for the Winter.

It was on the third day that Nollie Tresselton telephoned. She was in town, and asked if she might see Mrs. Clephane at once. The very sound of her voice brought reassurance; and Kate Clephane sat counting the minutes till she appeared.

She had come up from the Drovers', as Kate had guessed; and she brought an embarrassed message of apology from Anne. "She couldn't write—she's too upset. But she's so sorry for what she said—for the way she said it. You must forgive her—"

"Oh, forgive her—that's nothing!" the mother cried, her eyes searching the other's face. But Nollie's vivid features were obscured by the embarrassment of the message she had brought. She looked as if she were tangled in Anne's confusion.

"That's nothing," Kate Clephane repeated. "I hurt her horribly too—I had to. I couldn't expect her to understand."

Mrs. Tresselton looked relieved. "Ah, you do see that? I knew you would! I told her so—" She hesitated, and then went on, with a slight tremor in her voice: "Your taking it in that way will make it so much easier——"

But she stopped again, and Kate, with a sinking heart, stood up. "Nollie, she wants me to go?"

"No, no! How could you imagine it? She wants you to look upon this house as yours; she has always wanted it."

"But she's not coming back to it?"

The younger woman laid a pleading hand on Mrs. Clephane's arm. "Aunt Kate—you must be patient. She feels she can't; not now, at any rate."

"Not now? Then it's *she* who hasn't forgiven?"

"She would, you know—oh, so gladly!—she'd never think again of what's happened. Only she fears——"

"Fears?"

"Well—that your feeling about Chris is still the same."

Mrs. Clephane caught at the hand that lay on her arm. "Nollie! She knows where he is? She's seen him?"

"No, but she means to. He's been very ill—he's had a bad time since the engagement was broken. And that makes her feel still more strongly—" The younger woman broke off and looked at Mrs. Clephane compassionately, as if trying to make her understand the hopelessness of the struggle. "Aunt Kate, really—what's the use?"

"The use? Where is he, Nollie? Here—now—in New York?"

Mrs. Tresselton was silent; the pity in her gaze had turned to a guarded coolness. Of course Nollie couldn't understand—never would! Of course they were all on Anne's side. Kate Clephane stood looking helplessly about her. The memory of old scenes under that same roof—threats, discussions, dissimulations, and inward revolts—arose within her, and she felt on her shoulders the whole oppression of the past.

"Don't think," Nollie continued, her expression softening, "that Anne hasn't tried to understand—to make allowances. The boy you *knew* must have been so different from the Major Fenno we all like and respect—yes, respect. He's 'made good,' you see. It's not only his war record, but everything since. He's worked so hard—done so well in his various jobs—and Anne's sure that if he had the chance he would make himself a name in the literary world. All that naturally makes it more difficult for her to understand your objection—or your way of asserting it."

Mrs. Clephane lifted imploring eyes to her face. "I don't expect Anne to understand; not yet. But you must try to, Nollie; you must help me."

"I want to, Aunt Kate." The younger woman stood before her, affectionately perplexed. "If there's anything—anything really wrong—you ought to tell me."

"I *do* tell you," Kate panted.

"Well——so is it?"

Silence fell—always the same silence. Kate glanced desperately about the imprisoning room. Every panel and molding of its walls, every uncompromising angle or portly curve of its decorous furniture, seemed equally leagued against her, defying her, forbidding her to speak.

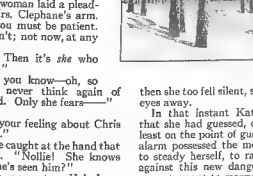
"Ask Fred Landers," she said, at bay.

"But I have; I saw him on my way here. And he says he doesn't know—that you wouldn't explain."

"Why should I have to explain? I've said Major Fenno ought not to marry Anne. I've known him longer than any of you. Isn't it likely that I know him better?"

The words came from her precipitate and shrill: she felt she was losing all control of her face and voice, and lifted her handkerchief to hide her twitching lips.

"Aunt Kate—!" Nollie Tresselton gasped it out on a new note of terror;



then she too fell silent, slowly turning her eyes away.

In that instant Kate Clephane saw that she had guessed, or, if not, was at least on the point of guessing; and fresh alarm possessed the mother. She tried to steady herself, to raise new defenses against this new danger. "Some men are not meant to marry; they're sure to make their wives unhappy. Isn't that reason enough? It's a question of character. In those ways, I don't believe character ever changes. That's all."

"That's all." The word was said. She had been challenged again, and had again shrunk away from the challenge.

Nollie Tresselton drew a deep breath of relief. "After knowing him so well as a boy, you naturally don't want to say anything more; but you think they're unsuited to each other."

"Yes—that's it. You do see?"

The younger woman considered; then she took Mrs. Clephane by the hand. "I do see. And I'll try to help—to persuade Anne to put off deciding. Perhaps after she's seen him it will be easier."

"Is she to see him at once? Is he here?"

Nollie was again silent, and Mrs. Clephane understood that, whatever happened, the secret of Chris's exact whereabouts was to be kept from her. She thought: "Anne's afraid to have me meet him again," and there was a sort of fierce satisfaction in the thought.

Nollie was gathering up her wrap and hand-bag. She had to get back to Long Island, she said; Kate understood that she meant to return to the Drowers. As she reached the door a last impulse of avowal seized the older woman. What if, by giving Nollie a hint of the truth, she could make sure of her support, and thus secure Anne's safety? But what argument against the marriage would be more efficacious on Nollie's lips than on her own? Only one—the one that no one must ever use. The terror lest Nollie, possessed of the truth, and sickened by it, should after all reveal it in a final effort to prevent the marriage, prevailed over Mrs. Clephane's other fears. Once Nollie knew, Anne would surely get to know; the horror of that possibility sealed the mother's lips.

Nollie, from the threshold, still looked at her wistfully, expectantly, as if half awaiting the confession, but Mrs. Clephane held out her hand in silence.

"I MUST find out where he is." It was Kate's first thought after the door had closed on her visitor.

If he were in New York—and he evidently was—she, Kate Clephane, must run him down, must get speech with him, before he had been able to see her daughter.

But how was she to set about it? Fred Landers did not even know if he were still with Horace Maclew or not—for the mere fact of Maclew's not alluding to him while they were together meant nothing, less than nothing. And even if he had left the Maclews, the chances were that Lilla knew where he was, and had already transmitted Anne's summons.

Mrs. Clephane consulted the telephone-book, but of course in vain. Then, after some hesitation, she rang up Horace Maclew's house in Baltimore. No one was there, but she finally elicited from the servant who answered the telephone that Mrs. Maclew was away on a motor-trip. Perhaps Mr. Maclew could be reached at his country-place. Kate tried the country-place, but Mr. Maclew had gone to Chicago.

The sense of loneliness and helplessness closed in on her more impenetrably than ever. Night came, and Aline remained her: that she had asked to have her dinner brought up on a tray. Solitary meals in John Clephane's dining-room were impossible to her.

"I don't want any dinner."

But Aline's look seemed to say that she knew why, and her mistress hastily amended: "Or just some bouillon and toast. Whatever's ready——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

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PINEAPPLE LAYER CAKE: Cream ½ cup fat and 1 cup sugar together until light and add 2 well-beaten egg yolks. Mix and sift 2 cups flour, 1½ teaspoon salt, and 2 teaspoons baking powder. Add alternately with ½ cup syrup drained from Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Spread with Pineapple Icing.

PINEAPPLE ICING—Beat 2 egg whites to a stiff froth. Add 2 cups sifted powdered sugar and ½ cup well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Beat well and add additional sifted powdered sugar until mixture holds its shape.

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The Mother's Recompense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

She sat down to it without changing her dress. Every gesture, every act, denoting intimacy with that house, or the air of permanence in her relation to it, would also have been impossible. Again she had the feeling of sitting in a railway-station, waiting for a train to come in. But now she knew for what she was waiting.

Aline entered with fruit and coffee. She handed her mistress a card. "The gentleman is down-stairs. He hopes madam will excuse the hour." Her tone seemed to imply: "Madam, in this case, will excuse *everything!*" and Kate cast a startled glance at the name.

He had come to her, then—had come of his own accord! She felt dizzy with relief and fear. Fear uppermost—yes; was she not always afraid of him?

"Say I'll be down," she said.

CHRIS FENNO stood in the drawing-room. The servant who received him had turned on a blast of lamps and wall-lights, and in the hard overhead glare he looked drawn and worn, like a man recovering from severe illness. His clothes, too, Kate fancied, were shabbier; everything in his appearance showed a decline, a defeat.

She had not much believed in his illness when Nollie spoke of it; the old habit of incredulity was too strong in her. But now his appearance moved her. She felt herself responsible, almost guilty. But for her folly, she thought, he might have been standing before her with a high head, on easy terms with the world.

"You've been ill!" she exclaimed.

His gesture brushed that aside. "I'm well now, thanks." He looked her in the face and added: "May we have a few minutes' talk?"

She faltered: "If you think it necessary." Inwardly she had begun to tremble. When his blue eyes turned to that harsh slate-gray, and the two perpendicular lines deepened between his brows, she had always trembled.

"You've made it necessary," he retorted, his voice as harsh as his eyes.

"I?"

"You've broken our compact. It's not my doing. I stuck to my side of it."

Her heart was beating so wildly that she could not understand what he said. "What do you mean?" she stammered.

"I mean that you agreed to help me if I gave up Anne. Heaven knows what your idea of helping me was. To me it meant only one thing: your keeping quiet, keeping out of the whole business, and trusting me to carry out my side of the bargain—as I did. I broke our engagement, chucked my job, went away. And you? Instead of keeping out of it, of saying nothing, you've talked against me, insinuated Heaven knows what, and then refused to explain your insinuations. You've put me in such a position that I've got to take back my word to you, or appear to your daughter and your family as a man who has run away because he knew he couldn't face the charge hanging over him."

It was only in the white heat of anger that he spoke with such violence, and at such length; he seemed spent, and desperately at bay, and the thought gave Kate Clephane courage.

"Well—*can* you face it?" she said.

His countenance changed, as she had so often seen it change. From menace it passed to petulance and then became almost pleading in its perplexity. She said to herself: "It's the first time I've ever been brave with him, and he doesn't know how to take it." But even then she felt the precariousness of the advantage. His ready wit had so often served him instead of resolution. It served him now.

"You mean to make the charge, then?" he rejoined.

She stood silent, feeling herself defeated, and at the same time humiliated that their angry thoughts should have dragged them down to such a level.

"Don't sneer—" she faltered, her eyes filling.

"Sneer? At what? I'm in dead earnest—can't you see it? You've ruined me—or very nearly. I'm not speaking now of my feelings; that would make *you* sneer, probably. At any rate, this is no time for discussing them. I'm merely putting my case as a poor devil who has to earn his living, a man who has his good name to defend. On both counts you've done me all the harm you could."

"I had to stop this marriage."

"Very well. I agreed to that. I did what I'd promised. Couldn't you let it alone?"

"No. Because Anne wouldn't. She wanted to ask you to come back. She saw I couldn't bear it—she suspected me of knowing something. She insisted."

"And you sacrificed my good name rather——"

"Oh, I'd sacrifice anything. You'd better understand that."

"I do understand it. That's why I'm here. To tell you I consider that what you've done has freed me from my promise."

She stretched out her hands as if to catch him back. "Chris—no, stay! You can't! You can't! You know you can't!"

He stood leaning against the chimney-piece, his arms crossed, his head a little bent and thrust forward, in the attitude of sullen obstinacy that she knew so well. And all at once in her own cry she heard the echo of other cries, other entreaties. She saw herself in another scene, stretching her arms to him in the same desperate entreaty, with the same sense of her inability to move him, even to reach him. Her tears overflowed and ran down.

"You don't mean you'll tell her?" she whispered.

He kept his dogged attitude. "I've got to clear myself—somehow."

"Oh, don't tell her, don't tell her! Chris, don't tell her!"

AS THE cry died on her lips she understood that, in uttering it, she had at last cast herself completely on his mercy. For it was not impossible that, if other means failed, he would risk justifying himself to Anne by revealing the truth. There were times when he was reckless enough to risk anything. And if Kate were right in her conjecture—if he had the audacity he affected—then his hold over her was complete, and he knew it. If any one else told Anne, the girl's horror would turn her from him at once. But what if he himself told her? All this flashed on Kate Clephane in the same scorching glare of enlightenment.

There was a long silence. She had sunk into a chair and hidden her face in her hands. Presently, through the enveloping cloud of her misery, she felt his nearness, and a touch on her shoulder.

"Kate—won't you try to understand; to listen quietly?"

At the change in his voice she lifted her eyes and met his. They had lost their harshness, and were almost frightened. "I was angry when I came here—a man would be," he continued. "But what's to be gained by our talking to each other in this way? You were awfully kind to me in old times; I haven't forgotten. But is it a reason for being so hard on me now? I didn't bring this situation on myself—you're my witness that I didn't. But here it is; it's a fact; we've got to face it."

She lowered her eyes and voice to whisper painfully: "To face Anne's love for you?"

"Yes."

"Her determination——?"

"Her absolute determination."

His words made her tremble again; there had always been moments when his reasonableness alarmed her more than his anger, because she knew that, to be so gentle, he must be certain of eventually gaining his point. But she gathered resolution to say: "And if I take back my threats, as you call them? If I take back all I've said—'clear' you entirely? That's what you want, I understand? If I promise that," she panted, "will you promise too—promise me to find a way out?"

His hand fell from her shoulder, and he drew back a step. "A way out—now? But there isn't any."

Mrs. Clephane stood up. She remembered wondering long ago—one day when he had been very tender—how cruel Chris could be. The conjecture, then, had seemed whimsical, almost morbid; now she understood that she had guessed in him from the outset this genius for reaching, at the first thrust, to the central point of his antagonist's misery.

"You've seen my daughter, then?"

He hesitated. "I've seen her—yes. This morning. It was she who sent me here."

"If she's made up her mind, why did she send you?"

"To tell you how she's suffering. She thinks, you know—" he wavered again for a second or two, and then brought out: "She's very unhappy about the stand you take. She thinks you ought to say something to—to clear up——"

"What difference will it make if she means to marry you?"

"Why—the immense difference of her feeling for *you*. She's dreadfully hurt—she's very miserable——"

"But absolutely determined?"

Again he made an embarrassed gesture of acquiescence.

Kate Clephane stood looking about the rich, glaring room. She felt like a dizzy moth battering itself to death against that implacable blaze. She closed her lids for an instant.

"I shall tell her, then; I shall tell her the truth," she said suddenly.

He stood in the doorway, his hard gaze upon her. "Well, tell her—do tell her; if you want never to see her again," he said.

HE MUST have been very sure of her not acting on his final challenge, or he would not have dared to make it. That was the continuous refrain of Kate Clephane's thoughts as the train carried her down to Long Island the next morning.

"He's convinced I shall never tell her; but what if I do?" The thought, sustained her through the long sleepless night, and gave her the strength and clearness of mind to decide that she must at once see Anne, however little Anne might desire the meeting. After all, she still had that weapon in her depleted armory: she could tell her daughter the truth.

At the station she found one of the Drover motors, and remembered with a start that it was a Saturday, and that she would probably find a large house-party at her sister-in-law's. But to her relief she learned that the motor had only brought a departing visitor to the up-train. She asked to be driven back in it, and in a few moments was rolling between the wrought-iron gates and down the long drive to the house. The front door stood open, and she went into the hall. The long oak tables were so laden with golf-sticks, tennis-rackets, and homespun garments that she saw she had been right in guessing she would encounter a houseful. But it was too late to turn back; and, besides, what did the other people matter? They might, if they were numerous enough, make it easier for her to isolate herself with Anne.

The hall seemed empty; but as she advanced she saw a woman's figure lazily outstretched in a deep armchair before the fire, and Lilla Maclew rose to greet her.

"Hallo—Aunt Kate?" Mrs. Clephane caught a tinge of embarassment in her niece's rich, careless voice, and guessed that the family had been made aware of the situation existing between Anne and Anne's mother, and probably, therefore, of the girl's engagement. But Lilla Maclew was even more easy, self-confident, and indifferent than Lilla Gates had been. The bolder dash of peroxid on her hair, and the glint of many jewels on her dusky skin, made her look like a tall bronze statue with traces of gilding on it.

"HALLO," she repeated, rather blankly; "have you come to lunch?"

"I've come to see Anne," Anne's mother answered.

Lilla's constraint visibly increased, and with it her sullen reluctance to make any unnecessary effort. One hadn't married money, her tone proclaimed, to be loaded up like this with family bothers.

"Anne's out. She's gone off with Nollie to a tennis-match or something. I'm just down; we played bridge till nearly daylight, and I haven't seen anybody this morning. But mother must be somewhere about."

She glanced irritably about her, as if her look ought to have been potent enough to summon her mother to the spot; and apparently it was, for a door presently opened, and Mrs. Drover appeared.

"Kate! I didn't know you were here! How did you come?" Her hostess's mild countenance betrayed the same embarrassment as Lilla's, and under it Mrs. Clephane detected the same aggrieved surprize. Having at last settled her own daughter's difficulties, Mrs. Drover's eyes seemed to ask, why should she so soon be called upon to deal with another family disturbance? Even juries, after a protracted trial, are excused from service for seven years; yet here she was being drawn into the thick of a new quarrel when the old one was barely composed!

"Anne's out," she added, offering a cool, pink cheek to her sister-in-law.

"May I wait, then? I came to see her," Kate said timidly.

"Of course, my dear! You must stay to lunch." Mrs. Drover's naturally ceremonious manner became stiff with apprehension. "You look tired, you know; this continuous traveling must be very exhausting And the food! Yes; Anne ought to be back for lunch. She and Nollie went off to the Glenvers' to see the tennis finals; didn't they, Lilla? Of course, I can't *promise* they'll be back—but you must stay—" She rang and gave orders that another seat should be put at table. "We're rather a large

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

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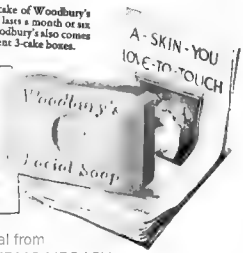

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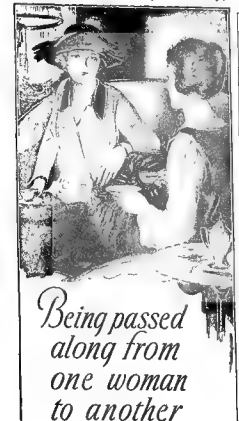

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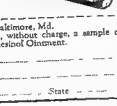

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The Mother's Recompense

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

party: you won't mind? The men are off at a polo practise at Hempstead. Dawson, how many shall we be for lunch?" she asked the butler. Under her breath she added: "Yes; champagne. If we ever need it," she concluded in a parenthetic glance, "it will be to-day!"

The hall was already filling up with a jocund bustle of Drovers and Tresseltons. Young, middle-aged, and elderly, they poured out of successive motors, all ruddy, prosperous, clamoring for food. Hardly distinguishable from the family were the week-end friends returning with them from one sportive spectacle or another.

As Kate Clephane stood among them, going through the mechanical gestures of greeting and small talk, she felt so tenuous and spectral that she almost wondered how she could be visible to their hearty senses. They were all glad to see her, all a little surprized at her being there, and all soon forgetful of their own surprize in discussing the more important questions of polo, tennis, and lunch. Once more she had the impression of being hurried with them down a huge sliding stairway that perpetually revolved upon itself, and once more she recalled her difficulty in telling one of them from another, and of deciding whether it was the Tresseltons or the Drovers who had the smallest noses.

"But Anne—where's Anne?" Hendrik Drover inquired, steering the tide of arrivals toward the shining stretch of a long luncheon-table. He put Mrs. Clephane at his left, and added, as he settled her in her seat: "Anne and Nollie went off early to the Glenver finals. But Joe was there too—weren't you, Joe?"

He did not wait for Joe Tresselton's answer, but addressed himself hurriedly to the lady on his right. Kate had the feeling that they all thought she had committed an error of taste in appearing among them at that particular moment, but that it was no business of theirs, after all, and they must act in concert in affecting that nothing could be more natural.

The Drovers and Tresseltons were great at acting in concert, and at pretending that whatever happened was natural, usual, and not of a character to interfere with one's lunch. When a member of the tribe was ill the best doctors and most expensive nurses were summoned, but the illness was spoken of as a trifling indisposition; when misfortune befell any of them it was not spoken of at all. Taking Lilla for granted had brought this art of evasion to the highest point of perfection, and her capture of Horace Maclew had confirmed its usefulness.

ALL this flashed through Kate Clephane while she refused the champagne ordered on her behalf, and pretended to eat Maryland lobster and corn soufflé; but under the surface-rattle of her thoughts a watchful spirit brooded haggardly on the strangeness and unreality of the scene. She had come, in agony of soul, to seek her daughter, to have speech with her at all costs; and the daughter was away watching a tennis-match, and no one seemed surprized or concerned.

Life, even Anne's life, was going on in its usual easy way. The girl had found her betrothed elsewhere, and been reunited to him. What would it matter to her, or to her approving family, if the intruder who for a few months had gone through the pretense of being one of them, and whose delusion they had good-naturedly abetted, should vanish again from the group?

As she looked at them all, so obtuse and so powerful, so sure of themselves and each other, her own claim to belong to them became incredible, even to herself. She had made her choice long ago, and she had not chosen them; and now their friendly indifference made the fact clear to her.

Well—perhaps it also made her own course clearer. She was as much divided from them already as death could divide her. Why not die, then—die altogether? She would tell Anne the truth, and then go away and never see her again; and that would be death.

"Ah, here they are!" Hendrik Drover called out genially. Lunch was over; the guests, scattered about in the hall and billiard-room, were lighting their cigarets over coffee and liqueurs. Mrs. Clephane, who had drifted out with the rest, and mechanically taken her cup of coffee as the tray passed her, lifted her head and saw Anne and Nollie Tresselton. Anne entered the hall first. She paused to take off her motor-coat, glanced indifferently about her, and said to Mrs. Drover: "You didn't wait, Aunt Enid? We were so late that we stopped to lunch at Madge's—" Then she caught sight of her mother and her pale cheeks whitened.

Mrs. Clephane's eyes filled, and she stood motionless. Everything about her was so blurred and wavering that she dared not stir, or even attempt to set down her cup.

"Mother!" the girl exclaimed. With a quick movement she made her way through the cluster of welcoming people, and went up with outstretched arms to Mrs. Clephane.

FOR a moment the two held each other; then Mrs. Drover, beaming up to them, said benevolently: "Your mother must be awfully tired, Anne. Do carry her off to your own quarters for a quiet talk—" and dazed, trembling, half fearing she was in a dream from which the waking would be worse than death, Mrs. Clephane found herself mounting the wide oak staircase with her daughter.

On the first landing she regained her senses, said to herself: "She thinks I've come to take back what I said," and tried to stiffen her soul against this new form of anguish. Anne moved silently at her side. After the first cry and the first kiss she had drawn back into herself, perhaps obscurely conscious of some inward resistance in her mother. But when the bedroom door had closed on them she drew Mrs. Clephane down into an armchair, dropped on her knees beside it, and whispered: "Mother—how could you and I ever give each other up?"

The words seemed to Kate an echo of the dear unuttered things the mother had heard said to herself long ago in her endless dialogs with an invisible Anne. No tears rose to her eyes, but their flood seemed to fill her thirsty breast. She drew Anne's head against it. "Anne—little Anne—" Her fingers crept through the warm crinklings of hair, wound about the turn of the temples, and slipped down the cheeks, making a cup for them. She shut her eyes, saying over her daughter's name.

Anne was the first to speak. "I've been so unhappy. I wanted you so to come."

"Darling, you knew I would?"

"How could I tell? You seemed so angry—"

"With you? Never, child!"

There was a slight pause; then, raising herself, the girl slipped her arms beseechingly about her mother's neck.

"Nor with him, either?"

The chill of reality smote through Mrs. Clephane's blissful trance. She felt herself freezing again into the desolate stranger who had stood below watching for Anne's return.

"Mother—you see, I want you both," she heard the girl entreating; and *"Now!"* the inward voice admonished her.

Now was the time to speak; to make an end. It was perfectly clear that no compromise would be of any use. Anne had obviously imagined that her mother had come to forgive and be forgiven, and that Chris was to be included in the general amnesty. On no other terms would any amnesty be accepted. Through the girl's endearments Kate felt, as never before, the steely muscles of her resolution.

Anne pressed her closer. "Can't we agree, Mother, that I must take my chance—and that, if the risks are as great as you think, you'll be there to help me? After all, we've all got to buy our own experience, haven't we? And perhaps the point of view about—about early mistakes—is more indulgent now than in your time. But I don't want to discuss that," the girl hurried on. "Can't we agree not to discuss anything—not even Chris—and just be the perfect friends we were before? You'd say yes if you knew the difference it has made, the last year, to have you back!" She lifted her face close to Mrs. Clephane's to add, with a half-whimsical smile: "Mothers oughtn't ever to leave their daughters."

Kate Clephane sat motionless in that persuasive hold. It did not seem to her, at the moment, as if she and her child were two, but as if her whole self had passed into the slight young body pressed pleadingly against her.

"How can I leave her—how can I leave her?" was her only thought.

"You see," the cajoling voice went on, "when I asked you to come back and live with me, tho I *did* want you to, most awfully, I wasn't as sure—well, as sure as Uncle Fred was—that the experiment would be a success—a perfect success. My life had been rather lonely, but it had been very independent too, in spite of granny; and I didn't know how well I should behave with my new mother, or whether she'd like me, or whether we'd be happy together. And then you came, and the very first day I forgot all my doubts—didn't *you?*"

Kate Clephane assented: "The very first day."

"And then, every day afterward, as I saw how right Uncle Fred had been, and how perfectly he'd remembered what you were, and what you would have been to me if we hadn't been separated when I was a baby, I was more and more grateful to you for coming, and more and more anxious to make you forget that we hadn't always been together."

"You did make me forget it—"

"And then, one day, the great gulf opened again, and there I was on one side of it, and you on the other, just as it was in all those dreary years when I was without you; and it seemed as if it were you who had chosen again that we should be divided, and in my unhappiness I said dreadful things—I know I did."

KATE felt as if it were her own sobs that were shaking her daughter's body. She held her fast, saying over and over, as a mother would to a child that has fallen and hurt itself: "There, there—don't—don't cry." She no longer knew what she herself was feeling. All her consciousness had passed into Anne. This young anguish, which is the hardest of all to bear, must be allayed; she was ready to utter any words that should lift that broken head from her breast.

"My Anne—how could I ever leave you?" she whispered. And as she said the words she felt herself instantly caught in the tight net of her renunciation. If she did not tell Anne now she would never tell her—and it was exactly on that that Chris had counted. He had known that she would never speak.

The concluding instalment of "The Mother's Recompense" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published January 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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Fair Warning!

LOOK out for January colds! This is the time of year when colds are most prevalent. Seeds are now being sown for deaths from pneumonia that will occur in January, February and March. These diseases which blot out an average of 150,000 lives a year in the United States and Canada frequently develop from neglected colds. Out of every seven who get pneumonia one person dies. As many people die each year from pneumonia as from tuberculosis. Year after year the same thing happens.

Do not neglect a cold. A cold in the head is not a simple, trifling annoyance but a real disease with a medical name —coryza. In addition to the danger that pneumonia may develop, a cold often leads to chronic catarrh of the nasal passages, to ear trouble ending in deafness, to chronic bronchitis and inflammation of the bony cavities of the face. A neglected cold may even prepare the way for serious heart trouble.

The first noticeable symptoms of diphtheria, typhoid fever, measles, scarlatina, whooping cough or smallpox may appear as a cold. A person suffering from what seems to be an innocent cold may pass on to someone else a fatal attack of one of these diseases. If you or your children are suffering from colds stay away from other people until you are certain that the "cold" is not an infectious disease. This decent precaution will prevent many serious epidemics and save many lives.

A cold is an inflammation of the mucous membrane which settles upon the point of least resistance—the nose, throat, chest, or gastro-intestinal tract. Sudden changes in temperature, drafts and exposure to damp and cold, breathing stale air and street dust—these are direct causes of colds.

Lack of fresh air and sufficient exercise to keep the skin and body healthy, lack of sleep and rest, over-indulgence in rich indigestible food—these are indirect causes of colds

"Just a cold?" But what will it lead to?—The first signs of influenza, pneumonia, and other dangerous diseases are often mistaken for "just a cold."

To take cold easily is to advertise that your living habits are wrong. By following simple health rules you are likely to keep well. But if in spite of all your care, you do take a cold—do not treat it lightly. See your doctor. Remember, it is not a sign of weakness but a mark of wisdom never to neglect a cold.

The amount of absenteeism in large business establishments is seldom realized until the facts are thoroughly reviewed. Common colds are among the chief sources of loss of time.

In a group of about 8,000 clerical employees of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company at the Home Office, records show that colds which involve disability for work affect 2 out of every 5 employees during the course of a year.

Among school children, colds are probably the cause of more absenteeism than any other illness—with consequent falling back in grades and extra expense to the tax payer.

Medical supervision of schools is becoming more thorough from year to year and is doing much to prevent serious epidemics and thus save lives. Parents should cooperate with school authorities in working to stamp out these minor illnesses which frequently have fatal consequences.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a pamphlet, "Prevention of Pneumonia" which will be mailed free to everyone interested in guarding against this dangerous disease which ranks second only to heart disease in the death rate. Send for it.

Permission is gladly given to any individual, organization or periodical to reprint this page wherever it may serve the interests of community welfare.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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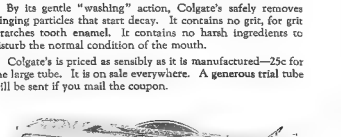

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Green Eyes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

impregnable. Behind the mask of his steady, well-kept beard his mind hid like a spider. And his black eyes were hard and brilliant, so that there was nothing to be learned from them. She always pictured him as he stood talking to her, or rather listening to her, outside the house, his hard, black eyes, his sandy beard, his bowler hat, his black continental overcoat, his rolled umbrella. He had always been a dutiful son—and very loyal to her in the matter of the Judds, but they had never been sweethearts. They had been allies. It was known that his wife was passively unhappy.

With his marriage, tho, his potentialities in the feud against Nan ceased, and with his death he was missed by her as some cumbersome piece of old time furniture would always be missed, as one might say: "At the wall there will stand grandfather's sideboard." And as against the wall there would always be a void that could not be filled by a modern thing, so there would be also a void in her life. But worse might have happened. Nan might have died, and if Nan had died unrepentant, as a fact if she died at all now, all reason for the being of Mrs. Alexander Tyson would have passed. To her the dying of Nan would be as to the human people the dying of God. Life's thrill would be done. Unthinkable!

She could not love, she could not dominate Alexander, but the daughter whom he left, Sunny, she could both dominate and love. She cherished the child because it seemed to her that the child was herself in the late teens. The same hair, the same face, the same smile, and tho her eyes were hazel instead of china-blue, some gestures, certain postures, particular preferences for things were so much Mrs. Alexander Tyson's own at Sunny's age! And she all but took an oath that here was one whose life would not be blighted as hers had been by a woman's treachery.

As the girl grew up, she gave in more and more to the domination of the elderly lady. There was never any clash, any conflict, but more and more she was shaped and guided under Mrs. Alexander Tyson's manipulation. So much always was the idea of the elder woman with her that the thought arose in the girl's mind: "What would granny think of this?" "What would granny do under these circumstances?" To defy the grandmother, to take a contrary course to that which the grandmother would approve, would seem to her blasphemy.

THE conversation between these two, or rather the talk to which the girl would listen, was remarkable in that it was always of love. And to hear Mrs. Alexander Tyson discourse on love you would have imagined her to be an old romantic spinster, such strange ancient concepts did she have. You would never have thought from her conversation that she had been married and had borne children. Her idea of a lover was a young adventurous sort of person, a little wild, not quite respectable, whom a young and devoted wife might tame into a state of domestic welfare. The lineaments of this hypothetical lover were strangely like those of Jim Lockwood. The wild youth, the romantic gestures, the man killed in a duel—but then Jim Lockwood had married a creole lady instead of taking to wife a New England girl who would have led him to reputable citizenship. And that was his mistake!

Also she was never tired of telling the girl to beware of making friends with women, for her best friend would betray her. And she told her in a vague way, and of her very vagueness making a viciously evil thing of it, of how she had been wronged in her girlhood by her best friend.

"Your father, my dear, knew of it, and when an opportunity offered he resented the wrong done me. He never forgave Nan Lockwood or Nan Lockwood's children. He was a good son."

"Poor granny! Poor granny!" And Sunny's eyes would fill with tears. "Your life spoiled. How terrible!"

A few years later Nan's grandson, Lockwood Judd, came East to visit her It was the little boy who had been brought to California in his infancy, and was now grown to be a fine man, and a rich one, having inherited his grand-uncle Jim's money—not only his money, but his looks, being so much like him that Mrs. Alexander Tyson, coming on him in the road unawares, was startled nearly to faintness, so great was the resemblance. The black hair, tall, straight figure, the little swagger, the smile that men liked as much as women. The ghost of Jim? And then she remembered hearing that Jack Judd's son was staying with his grandmother. Jack Judd's son! That name conveyed nothing to her of this figure of ancient dreams.

ALL Summer he stayed there, and Sunny must have met and danced with him a dozen times before he was spoken of in the Tyson house. The queries of Mrs. Alexander Tyson about him were guarded, tho eager, but Sunny's replies were vagueness itself. The girl showed a disposition not to discuss him, and the elderly woman thought it was tact on the girl's part not to speak much of the grandson of the woman who had so wronged her grandmother, and the son of the man whom her father had ruined. There was a decent reticence between them. It was sort of agreed that he didn't exist, that his appearance counted no more than that of any other visitor So Sunny all through that Summer continued meeting him and dancing with him—what else could she do, the old lady thought?

The old lady thought also what a pity that Nan had shown herself to be such a sly, bad woman, such an impenitent woman, too. For seeing herself in the girl and seeing Jim in the boy, it seemed to her that here were two people exactly suited to each other. If Sunny were to marry, as Sunny must, here was a love out of dreams for her, and she was a bride to dream of, with her auburn hair, her hazel eyes, her sweet disposition. And they both had money, Lockwood his uncle Jim's, and Sunny the fortune of her father and her grandfather. If his grandmother had been a decent woman, how desirable a match it would have been!

And for all she thought about it so much, she experienced a shock to the depths of her being when Sunny came to her at Summer's end.

"Granny!" In her face were love and fear.

"Yes, Sunny."

"Granny, would you be very angry if I told you something?"

"Have I ever been angry with you, Sunny?"

"No, Granny, but——"

"But what, Sunny?"

"Granny," her voice sank to an awed whisper, "I love a man and he loves me, and we want to get married."

"Who is it?"

"Granny!"

"I say, who is it?" There was no doubt in her mind; she knew.

"It is Lockwood Judd, Granny."

The old woman was silent. Her china-blue eyes were dull and cold.

"Oh, Granny," the girl pleaded, "all you are thinking of happened so long ago. So long ago, Granny, so long ago."

"I think," the old lady said slowly -she had to speak slowly, such venomous waves of passion rolled within her —"I think I would rather see you dead than married to one of that vile breed."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 37

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Green Eyes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

"Granny, Granny, it wasn't Locky's fault, or mine. And so long ago, Granny, so long."

"If you want to marry him, Sunny, do so. Marry the grandchild of a woman who did me the greatest injury that could be done. Marry the son of your father's worst enemy. But never come near me again. When you do, Sunny, you will leave me alone in my old age, the old age of my spoiled life, but I will never see you again."

"Granny, Granny!"

"You are a free woman, Sunny. You can choose."

The girl watched for a full minute accusingly. Great tears sprang from under her eyelids, hovered on her lashes, ran down her face. Her mouth quivered piteously. Her throat convulsed. No more piteous, more stricken figure was since time began. But Mrs. Alexander Tyson was a remarkable woman. The china-blue eyes never wavered. It was the stricken girl who turned away.

And a few days later Sunny's face was drawn and white, and her eyes burned out with weeping, and Lockwood Judd had gone away.

It was a very queer thing, but in spite of her harshness the old woman was torn in agony for the young girl. Her heart was set on this marriage, and she could have vicariously enjoyed the transports of the young couple, lived again in the young girl, as she thought was, but lived more fully than she had lived in her own life. She wanted to be the girl's confidant, her friend, her adviser, but when the child pleaded, some terrible possession, as of an evil spirit, arose in her and spoke harshly for her, bitterly, implacably.

She knew the evil spirit could be laid only by one thing: Nan's acknowledgment of guilt.

She had thought, too, that her forbidding of the match would have brought her ancient enemy to bay. She had all but expected a visit from Nan, who would have said: "Lucy, I am sorry for what happened long ago. I was a bad woman, a treacherous, evil woman, but don't, on account of my sin, keep these two young people apart. They love each other." And Mrs. Alexander Tyson was not the one to refuse forgiveness, even tho she could never forget. She would have said: "Very well, Nan. You have poisoned my life. You brought ruin on your son. But if you are sorry I am content. The young people can get married. I will not stand in their way. I hope I am sufficiently a lady to be magnanimous." But no! Nan had never come. She had been afraid. She hadn't been straight enough to come and acknowledge her sin.

SHE felt a great sorrow for Sunny, whose happiness Nan was blighting by her ancient sin. The girl was silent, white-faced. And on the one occasion Mrs. Alexander Tyson had attempted consolation, the effect had been disastrous. Moved by the girl's drooping spirits, she had ventured wisdom.

"Never mind, Sunny. Remember, there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

With a low moan the girl had broken from the room, and had stumbled blindly away, hitting things in her piteous flight, and her wild, tearing sobbing came in little gusts for days.

She determined to take her away for the Winter and Spring and Summer to the Carolinas, Florida, and Maine. But nothing seemed to do her any good, and in the Fall she brought her back to New Canaan. The girl's listlessness frightened her, and she called in a medical man to prescribe a tonic.

"What is precisely the matter with the child?" she asked.

"She is dying of a broken heart."

"Oh, nonsense! People don't die of broken hearts."

"What I mean is this: she has no desire to live. Her vitality is evaporating, so that a small accident, a shock, a cold, would carry her off. That is, unless she gets what her heart is set on."

"Nonsense, man, nonsense! What she needs is a good tonic."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Tyson was frightened, and she called it nothing short of providential when she heard that Nan, dying, had asked her to call and vouchsafe forgiveness.

IT SEEMED to her that she had been cheated when she saw the little frail lady resting in a couch with great heaps of cushions, and looking westward to where the sun was going down. She had robbed death of vulgarity and sordidness, and was dying as a gentlewoman should, without fuss or fear. The big buxom nurse gave a flick to the cushions and left the room.

"I thought you were dying, Nan."

"I am, Lucy. To-night, or to-morrow night, when the sun goes down."

"Aren't you afraid, Nan?"

"No. Why should I be?"

Mrs. Alexander Tyson felt baffled, felt vulgar, felt out of place. This was not the scene as she had anticipated it, a moaning, tossing figure pleading for forgiveness and fearing hell-fire. Was there a trick in it? She watched the dying lady with narrowed eyes.

"You are looking very well, Lucy."

"Yes, I am very robust."

"You are a remarkable woman."

There was another pause, very uncomfortable for Mrs. Tyson.

"And how is little Sunny? Is she well? Is she happy?"

"Quite well. Quite happy," Mrs. Tyson felt forced to say. Ah, now they were getting down to facts. Now she was on firm ground. "And Lockwood, your grandson, how is he?"

"Poor Lockwood," Nan sighed. "He has left on an expedition to the South Pole."

"Will he be coming back soon?"

"Not for many years."

Years! Years! The thought stunned her. Poor Sunny! She would never see him, never live so long. Oh, well, Mrs. Tyson had done her best, her very best —but poor Sunny!

"Lucy," Nan was saying, "would you please tell me what did you have against me these many, many years—these fifty years and more. Why did you persecute me?"

So cool, so calm, even in the face of death! How could she? Mrs. Alexander Tyson was trembling with an excess of nervous anger.

"Do you remember one night you said good-by to some one? It was very late, after midnight.

"Just before we ceased to be friends, just the night before," she prompted Nan's memory.

"And you were kissing him, and you were crying as he went away—a bright moonlight night."

"Ah, yes, I remember, I remember."

"Who was it, Nan?" Mrs. Alexander asked with cool, cruel triumph.

The dying lady turned from the window and looked at her in surprize.

"My brother Jim," she said. "Why?"

While the shock was still on her, there arose before her china-blue eyes a rush of ghosts—the dead poet; her all but barren marriage; young Judd and his wife going into exile; and Sunny with her despairing, stricken eyes; and young Locky trudging blindly toward the icy pole; and the ghosts of fifty raucous, withered years, like gaunt, stripped trees.

She pulled her jangled faculties together.

"I'm afraid I can't believe you, Nan," said Mrs. Alexander Tyson.

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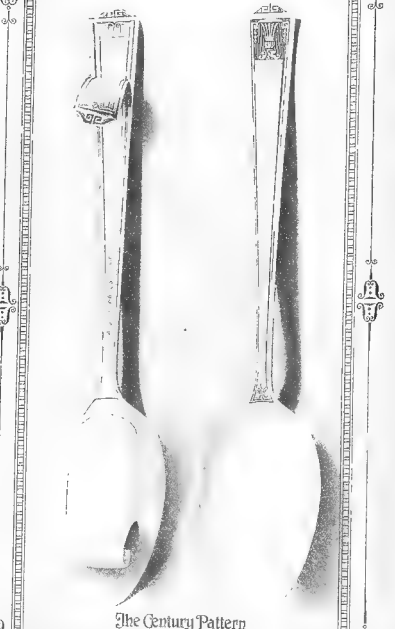

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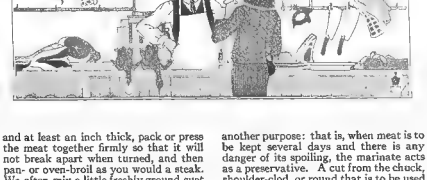
THE HOME BUREAU

Conducted by Marie Sellers

Cooking the Cuts That Cut the Bills

By Jenoise Brown Short and Gladys Beckett Jones



WHEN planning meals for the week, we mentally classify our meats into two groups: those that are tender and can be cooked quickly, requiring but little cooking other than quick browning to give them flavor; and the less tender cuts that must be given special care to make them into attractive, flavorful dishes. Cooking the less tender cuts of meat so that you have a savory dish that your family welcomes with the same joy that greets a porterhouse steak is no mean accomplishment. We do know of households where such dishes are so well prepared that the family frequently asks for stews and casseroles. Too many home-makers want to spend so little time on their cooking that they are only interested in meat that can be ready for the table in fifteen minutes or less, and forget the cuts that make excellent dinner-dishes at about half the cost of steaks and chops.

Even the cheapest cuts can be made very desirable if they come from choice, high-grade animals. This means that in order to market successfully the housekeeper must know the characteristics of good-quality meat. Don't take scraps for stew or casserole and expect to have the rich, juicy dish that you would have from freshly cut, fine-quality meat. Even if you are purchasing a cut that you know is one of the less tender, beware of meat that has coarse, stringy flesh. Never try to cook one of the so-called tougher cuts as you would a tender one, for you will only be disappointed if you do.

One of the main reasons for cooking meat is to loosen and soften the tissues, and the method of cooking should depend on the character of the tissues of the meat which you are using. Low-priced cuts generally require long, slow cookery. For this reason the pressure-cooker is a great advantage in preparing the less tender cuts, as it decreases the time required for cooking very considerably.

Three Basic Meat Methods

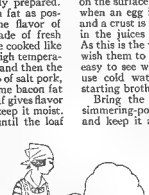
ONE cookery expert says that there are really only three ways of cooking meat. First, by the use of intense heat, which serves to keep the juices in, such as when broiling, roasting, and baking. Second, by putting the meat on in cold water and cooking at a low temperature to extract all the juices, as when making soups and broths. Third (a way which includes a combination of the first two methods), by first browning the meat at a high temperature so that most of the juices are retained and a delicious brown flavor given, then a hot liquid is added and the temperature reduced to simmering, the meat being cooked slowly at this temperature until it is tender. Stews, braized and fricasseed dishes, and casseroles are prepared in this way.

The quickest way to make one of the tougher cuts of meat tender is by chopping or grinding it into tiny bits so that the tough fibers and connective tissues are not noticeable when eaten. This is one of the reasons why the food-chopper is a great aid in reducing the meat bill. It makes it possible to give considerable variety to the menus. After the meat is chopped or cut into tiny pieces it can be cooked quickly as a tender cut.

One of the most attractive ways of serving ground meat is to shape it into flat fillets about three inches in diameter and at least an inch thick, pack or press the meat together firmly so that it will not break apart when turned, and then pan- or oven-broil as you would a steak. We often mix a little freshly ground suet or some softened butter with the ground meat before forming it into fillets to give them richness, and add a little water to keep them moist. When they are placed on a hot platter, sprinkle with salt and pepper an f pour a little melted butter over the top of each one, for the fillets lack the richness of a sirloin or porterhouse. The ground meat may be shaped into one large steak, placed on a baking-sheet, and put into a hot oven (350 degrees F.) about fifteen minutes. Use a large spatula when slipping onto the platter; season well and spread with melted butter. Hamburger steak, so prepared, is more juicy than when made into individual cakes.

Another way of serving the large Hamburger steak and one of the most attractive ways of utilizing ground beef is to put it on a plank and garnish just as you would a sirloin or porterhouse. Very few people make lamb Hamburger, but it is very delicious when properly prepared. Be sure to trim off as much fat as possible, for it may affect the flavor of the meat. A meat-loaf made of fresh lamb, beef, or veal should be cooked like a tender roast, that is, at a high temperature until the loaf is seared, and then the heat reduced. A slice or two of salt pork, a few strips of bacon, or some bacon fat spread over the top of the loaf gives flavor and richness and helps to keep it moist. Baste every ten minutes until the loaf is ready to be removed from the oven to prevent it from drying out.

Another way of "tendering" meat is to marinate it in a French dressing. To a tablespoonful of vinegar or lemon-juice add three tablespoonfuls of oil, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of pepper. Put the meat in an earthen bowl and pour the dressing over it. Turn the meat around and over so that every part of it is covered with the dressing, and allow it to remain in the bowl several hours. Do not drain off any of the marinate that may drip from the meat, but allow the meat to remain in it.



Marinating has two advantages: the vinegar makes the meat more tender by softening the connective tissues and the muscle-fibers, and the oil adds richness to a cut that is lacking in fat. It also serves another purpose: that is, when meat is to be kept several days and there is any danger of its spoiling, the marinate acts as a preservative. A cut from the chuck, shoulder-clod, or round that is to be used for pot-roast, and round or chuck steak, as well as most of the mutton cuts, are improved by marinating.

There are times when we want to extract the juices from the meat rather than keep them in. This happens when we are making soups and soup-stocks. The strength of the broth you will have will depend in part on what size pieces the meat is cut into, for the smaller the pieces the more surface is exposed and so more of the juices can escape. The temperature of the water which is first added to the meat, the temperature at which it is kept during the time of cooking, and lastly the length of time which is allowed for cooking, all influence the strength and quality of the broth.

After the meat is cut into small pieces and the bones cracked, cover them with cold water and add the seasonings. If the meat is plunged into boiling water or sautéd in hot fat, the albumin (protein) on the surface quickly coagulates, just as when an egg is dropped into hot water, and a crust is formed which helps to hold in the juices and the flavoring matter. As this is the very thing which we do not wish them to do when making soup, it is easy to see why it is most important to use cold water rather than hot when starting broth.

Bring the meat very slowly to the simmering-point (190 to 210 degrees F.) and keep it at this temperature during the cooking. Forcing the soup-kettle to bubble and boil does not extract the maximum amount of juice and flavor from the meat. The cold water and the salt, together with a long, slow cooking, extract the juices from the muscle and so give a full-flavored stock.

If a brown stock is desired, sauté about one-quarter of the diced meat in hot fat before adding the cold water. Two pounds of meat and bone will make one quart of soup-stock. The stock when properly made is very rich and satisfying, but despite this there is much good food left in the soup-meat which seems so tasteless. It is expecting altogether too much to have a rich broth and a well-flavored meat at the same time. The tasteless soup-meat really contains a great deal of the original protein, and when seasonings and vegetables are cleverly combined with it a dish can be made that will be full of flavor and very attractive. We can give you recipes for using the apparently tasteless soup-meat if you will write us for them.

Many cooks feel that the soup-pot is the place for left-overs. We think so, too, but much better soup is made if a cut of meat is trimmed well before cooking and the trimmings put into the soup-pot, rather than adding them as cooked left-overs. This does not mean that you should not put bones from cooked roasts, chops, or steaks into your soup-kettle, but that whatever trimming you can advantageously do before cooking will be better if added to the soup-kettle at this time. We can give you several basic recipes for soup-stock and will be glad to send them if you will write us.

Most of the less tender cuts of meat are prepared by using the third method we have given, which means browning the meat first, and then cooking in a hot liquid very slowly. The meat may be cut into small pieces as for stews, or left whole as for pot-roast. Grease the frying-pan with a little fat cut from the meat and brown the meat on all sides. Put the meat into a kettle or casserole large enough to hold it, and then add *hot* liquid (which may be water, or stock, or tomato-juice), cover tightly, and cook at the simmering-point until tender. Always remember that if there is only enough liquid to keep the meat from burning it will be browner and more flavorful than if a large amount of liquid is added. Most pot-roasts need but very little liquid, but the stews should be about half covered.

Pounding Makes Tender Steaks

THERE are several meat-dishes that belong in the less tender group that deserve special attention. Among these are the breaded veal cutlets, and Swiss steak into which flour is pounded before cooking. Cutlets and chops after breading are carefully browned with a small amount of fat, covered with a brown sauce, and cooked very slowly in this until tender. When this method is used a delicious, juicy cutlet is obtained. After the flour has been pounded into the steak and it is well browned in fat, a cup of boiling water may be added and the steak allowed to simmer until tender, adding more water if required. This way of preparing a steak of course takes more time than just *pan-broiling*, but makes a *delicious meat-dish*. The reason why meat is often pounded with a mallet or the edge of a plate, or scored with a knife, is to break the tough fibers and so make it more tender. This is frequently done when preparing round and flank steaks. Such a steak may then be *pan-broiled* and so do away with the long, slow cooking that might otherwise be required.

Poorly prepared food is almost a total loss, and whether these cheaper cuts that are used for soups, stews, casseroles, etc., are real economies will often depend upon your skill in seasoning. Tomatoes, celery, onions, turnips, carrots, bay-leaf, cloves, Summer savory, paprika, green pepper, mustard, garlic, and vinegar, all have their place in adding piquancy. Do not use all of your bag of tricks at one time, but distribute them over many dishes.

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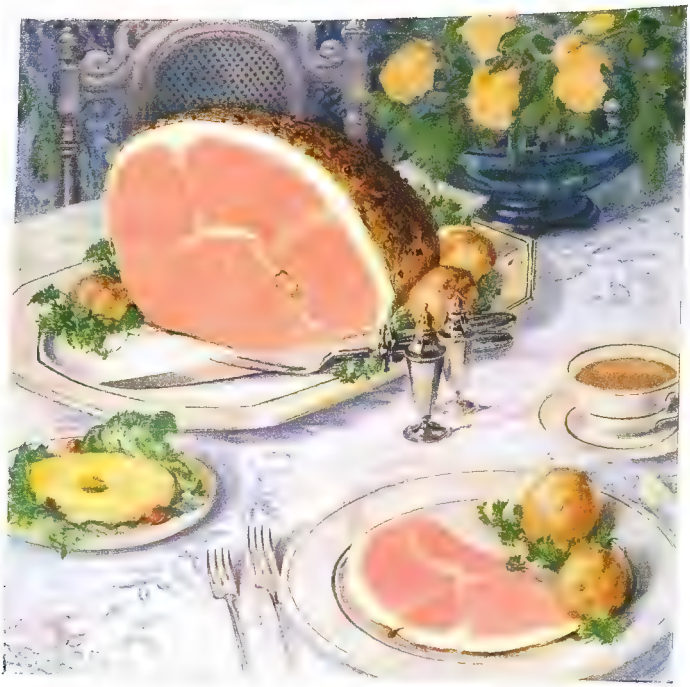

Guests fare alike in cottages and mansions when ham is served, for there seems to be a rule among hostesses everywhere that only Premium will do.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Ham

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Premium Ham Baked with Potatoes

Boil the butt end of a Premium Ham about 30 minutes to the pound. Peel off the skin. Cover the fat with brown sugar and stick cloves in the fat. Place peeled potatoes in the baking pan around the ham and bake one hour in a moderate oven

Swift & Company

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The kind you're proud to serve!

—filling so many menu needs—always welcome and fitting—yet one of the simplest and easiest dishes you can have

What a difference it makes—the *kind* of asparagus you serve!

If you want to be sure, in advance, of its tenderness and flavor, it will pay you well to insist on DEL MONTE.

Its convenience and ease of service make it the ideal vegetable or salad—not only for special occasions—but for the simplest lunch or dinner.

All DEL MONTE Asparagus is thoroughbred stock—grown from selected seed in the rich delta lands of California—cut at the moment of perfection and canned at once, before its fibre can toughen or its delicate flavor vanish.

Remember this when ordering

DEL MONTE Asparagus is packed and graded according to thickness or circumference of the spears or stalks—and each size is shown on the label—Giant, Colossal or Mammoth where extra large spears are wanted; Large, Medium and Small where a greater number of portions are necessary.

Three different sizes of cans, too—pictured actual size on this page. Long spears in the large can—tender tips in the smaller cans!

But no matter what the size of spear or can—you will find in each the same uniform tenderness and delicacy of flavor—the same superior quality—that you naturally expect under the DEL MONTE label.

Every woman will want this book

We have just published a new collection of recipes, "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book." You are sure to want a copy. It contains the favorite suggestions of America's best-known cooking authorities—and covers the service of DEL MONTE Canned Fruits for every occasion. Write for your free copy today. Address Department 31 B, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

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THE HOME BUREAU

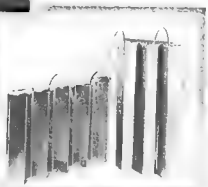
Tools for Women

Practical Devices for the Up-to-Date Housekeeper

AN ELECTRIC motor that runs a sewing machine, beats cream, eggs, and batter, as well as makes mayonnaise in large quantity, runs an electric fan, grinds and polishes knives, and cleans silver needs no champion. It is one of the most helpful of the electrical servants which the housewife has at her command. This motor operates the sewing machine without removing any of its parts—it is only necessary to disconnect the belt and the control pedal regulates the speed. The attachments are purchased separately at a moderate cost.

Motor attached to sewing machine, showing foot-control pedal.

THESE reservoirs for holding water which, when it evaporates, increases the humidity in the room, are made of corrugated galvanized metal and designed to be placed back of the radiator. They come in four sizes and are planned for low and high radiators.



STARTING a wood fire in the fireplace is easy if you have a Cape Cod Lighter. The fire-clay on the end will burn for twenty minutes or more when saturated with kerosene in the can. It does away with the need of kindling.

THE "enclosed chopper" cuts the sharpest onion into fine pieces without a tear, and chops parsley, mint, and giblets quickly.

SURELY small boys and girls would go straight to the bottom of their cereal dishes if they could only be certain of finding a saucy Little Boy Blue blowing his horn. The china dish is set in a metal container that can be filled with hot water so that the food keeps hot. It is also useful for the invalid's tray.

Armour's STAR HAM

The Ham What Am"

There are 60 Ways to Serve STAR HAM

IN more than a hundred thousand stores you will find **Armour's Star Ham;** safeguarded by this wrapper; guaranteed by this label; shown here so that you may always be sure of getting the very choicest quality —"The Ham What Am."

For our Book, "Sixty Ways to Serve a Ham," write Department of Domestic Science

ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago

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"They'll do you good, daddy!"

—and how good they taste! When a man bites into these golden-brown morsels of health and delight he doesn't wait for a second invitation to take another.

Have you eaten Pillsbury's bran muffins, made according to the popular Pillsbury recipe printed on the Pillsbury package? If not, prepare yourself for a genuine treat. Forget the flavor of any bran muffins you may have eaten heretofore. Get ready for a new and delightful appetite experience.

Order Pillsbury's Health Bran from your grocer. The tested Pillsbury muffin recipe is on the package. Try it today. Surprise your family. Bring on a plate heaped high with these toothsome titbits of health. Try, also, the Pillsbury recipes for appetizing bran bread and delicious bran cookies.

Pillsbury's Health Bran is natural bran, with nothing added, nothing taken away. Just pure, clean wheat jackets, sterilized and packed air-tight. The large, coarse, crisp bran flakes are Nature's own food-laxative, the enemy of constipation.

Because Pillsbury's Health Bran is *natural* bran, it lends itself to a never-ending variety of delicious bran foods. Twenty suggestions for serving are given in our Health Bran Booklet sent free on request. Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour · Pancake Flour
Buckwheat Pancake Flour · Health Bran
Wheat Cereal · Rye Flour · Graham Flour · Farina

Pillsbury's
Health Bran
One of the family

THE HOME BUREAU

A Little Touch of Orange

By Julia Gates

THE versatile orange is to-day so much of a commonplace in the average home that we are sometimes prone to forget the special "company" ways of using this universally popular fruit, which can be counted on the year around to lend color and beauty and flavor to any meal.

The careful hostess at a luncheon or dinner always considers her color-scheme while planning the foods to be served, and oranges are a useful aid to any yellow color-scheme. There are almost always yellow flowers obtainable at most seasons of the year. But a handsome bowl of golden oranges is by no means a poor decoration for the table or buffet.

Orange slices or a fruit-cup starts the meal off, and yellow foods galore can be thought of to carry out the color-scheme. And let no woman think that color-harmony in foods is a foolish notion. Things actually taste better when they are appealing to the eye. Oh, color is very important indeed when planning a meal.

Many are the ways in which the delicately fragrant flavor of the orange may be added to this or that dish to gain a distinctly appetizing zest. The juice of one orange squeezed over the apples in an apple pie, to furnish the needed moisture, will give the pie a truly epicurean distinction. Try it. Next time you are having a tea-party, prepare some flavored sugar for guests who like unusual things. Rub dominoes of sugar firmly against lemons and oranges until a goodly amount of the oily rind has been absorbed by the rough sugar. Keep in an air-tight box until needed. Served in tea or black coffee this orange-and-lemon-flavored sugar is delightful.

Here are some recipes for the ever-present, ever-popular orange:

Orange Pie

1 Cupful Sugar
¼ Cupful Flour
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Grated Rind 2 Oranges
1 Cupful Orange-juice
Juice ½ Lemon
3 Egg Yolks
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter

MIX the sugar, flour, salt, and grated rind. Add the fruit-juices and cook in a double boiler for ten minutes, stirring to prevent lumping. Add the butter and well-beaten egg yolks. Cook two minutes longer, stirring constantly, then pour into a baked pie-crust. Cover with meringue and brown delicately in the oven, or cool without covering, and just before serving pile high with slightly sweetened whipped cream.

Orange and Grapefruit Salad

ARRANGE on a bed of crisp, cold lettuce-leaves alternate sections of orange and grapefruit, free from all white membrane. In the center pile a few pitted white cherries, or white grapes skinned and seeded. Cover with narrow strips of sweet green pepper laid criss-cross, and serve with mayonnaise dressing or Golden Salad Dressing.

Golden Salad Dressing

1 Cupful Orange-juice
2 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice
2 Egg Yolks
2 Egg Whites
½ Teaspoonful Dry Mustard
½ Teaspoonful Salt
⅛ Cupful Sugar

MIX the sugar, mustard, and salt. Add the beaten egg yolks, stir well, add the fruit-juices, and cook in a double boiler until thick and smooth. Stir constantly to avoid lumping. Beat the egg whites until stiff, and fold in just before removing from the fire. One-fourth cupful of pineapple-juice may be added to this recipe if you happen to have it. This dressing is delicious with any salad mixture which contains fruits.

Sunflower Salad

ARRANGE sections of seedless oranges from which the white membrane has been removed, like petals of a sunflower on lettuce leaves. Chopped date- and nut-meats, mixed and formed into balls, make the dark center of the sunflower. Serve with any salad dressing.

Orange Jelly Salad

1 Orange
1 Teaspoonful Gelatin
1 Tablespoonful Cold Water
3 Tablespoonfuls Boiling Water
2 Teaspoonfuls Sugar
Few Grains Salt
1 Teaspoonful Lemon-juice
1 Red Pimiento

MULTIPLY this recipe by the number of portions to be served. Soak the gelatin in cold water. Peel the orange and cut in slices or separate into sections. Dissolve the gelatin in boiling water after it has soaked a few minutes in the cold water. Add the sugar and salt, cool, then add the fruit-juice and the orange and pimiento, cut into pieces or strips. Pour into a mold that has been wet with cold water, and set in a cold place until firm. Turn out on bed of lettuce on plate, and serve with any desired salad dressing.

FOR receptions and dances a clear, not too sweet fruit-punch is most refreshing. Many hostesses make a mistake in providing a thick, over-sweet punch, filled with too much cut fruit and many rich sirups, which would make a fine fruit-cup but is far from refreshing.

Lemon-juice, orange-juice, and cold tea are an ideal base for a zestful punch which will really refresh your guests. An increased zest may be given by adding charged water or ginger ale just before serving. Try sugar-syrup for sweetening punches. To make it put two cupfuls of sugar and two cupfuls of water in a saucepan; stir until the sugar is dissolved; boil five minutes; cool, and bottle. The syrup may be kept in the refrigerator.

TWO ORANGE LUNCHEONS

Sliced Oranges or Fruit-Cup
Fried Chicken Glacé Sweet Potatoes
Creamed Yellow Turnips
Apple, Celery, Bermuda Onion, and Raw-Carrot Salad
Saltines
Orange Sherbet Golden Cake
Coffee

Jellied Consommé
Veal Cutlets, Breaded Glacé Carrots
Hot Biscuits Butter
Orange Marmalade
Sunflower Salad, French Dressing
Cheese-Sticks
Orange Bavarian Cream
Sponge-Cake Coffee

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THE HOME BUREAU

The Babies' Health Department

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

Good Health Habits for the New Baby

THOUSANDS of new babies will be born during 1925. If all their mothers would make a New-year resolution to start them off in life with good health habits thousands of homes would be happier and thousands of babies would be healthier.

From the very first day a baby is born his good health habits should be commenced. He is a little creature of habit and will take to good habits just as readily as to bad ones. A wise mother can make him practically anything she likes if she begins early enough and does not allow too much interference on the part of others.

The mother should have a good talk with the nurse, or whoever is to take care of her and the baby, before he arrives, to settle the hours most convenient for her and the household for the baby's bath, feeding, airing, etc., and then make the nurse agree to follow this plan until the mother is strong enough to take charge herself.

The health habit of quiet and sleep is of the utmost importance for the new baby. He positively must be let alone —not held, handled, or played with for the first few weeks of life, at any rate. To take him into a room with many people in it, full of bright light shining in his eyes, and allow each one in turn to "hold the new baby" is exceedingly bad for the infant.

He must be fed every four hours for the first two or three days, then every three hours, after the milk-supply has come in well, during the daytime and every four hours at night. If he is a bottle-fed baby the three-hour schedule may be begun from the first day. He must have his daily bath at a fixed hour in the morning (usually half an hour before the second morning meal is the best time for this); he must be undressed and sponged off at 5:30 P. M., fresh night clothes put on, and put to bed for the night. The rest of the time he should sleep alone in his crib or basket. The room in which he sleeps should be full of fresh air and sunshine, but the baby should never be so placed that the sun or bright light can shine in his eyes.

He must be changed when necessary, turned from one side to the other, given a little warm boiled water two or three times daily between meals, and let alone. If he is handled, rocked, walked with, talked to, played with, and shown off generally he will be nervous and irritable and finally a very much spoiled baby. Under no circumstances should a new baby sleep with his mother or with any one else. Very bad habits of night nursing are formed if this is done. In some cases a young infant has been smothered by his mother turning over on top of him while she was asleep. A hot-water bag, carefully covered, or an electric pad may be used in the baby's own crib to keep him warm enough.

It is a great mistake to let a baby sleep past his regular meal-hour; if this is done he will be so very hungry when he does wake that he will eat too fast, take too much, and have indigestion and colic as the result. He must be gently waked at the exact time every meal-hour; before long he himself will be as regular as a little clock.

If a baby wakes and cries an hour or more before meal-time, he may not be getting enough food or it may be of inferior quality. To tell this the milk must be analyzed, and the baby weighed just before nursing and then again just afterward. If it is a bottle baby the doctor should be asked about the formula. Altho he cries for food, the baby should *never* be fed before the regular hour. Find out the cause for the crying and then remedy that, but keep to the time-schedule just the same.

One of the greatest mistakes young mothers make is to think the baby is hungry every time he cries. He may be crying because he is wet, because he has gas or colic, because he wants water, because his clothes are uncomfortable, and for many other reasons. If he is making a steady gain in weight every week (from four to six ounces) he very seldom cries because he is hungry. More babies are upset from over-feeding and from irregular feeding than from almost any other cause. Some crying every day is needed by the new baby.

"Some Rules for Early Training of Infants and Children," will be sent to any mother upon request if she will enclose a self-addressed, U. S. stamped envelop.

The best New-year wish I can give our Mother Club is *Good Health for All the 1925 Babies.*

Enroll Your Baby

IF YOU have a baby under six months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, receiving free monthly help until the baby is two years old. Send in the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you.

If you want general health advice about older children up to the age of twelve, send for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class. No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

Enclose a self-addressed U. S. stamped envelop with every request to Dr. E. L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

The most important New Year's Resolution you can make

A CREED OF HEALTH FOR EVERY MAN AND WOMAN

I want to be well---By "well" I mean positively, buoyantly well. I am not satisfied merely to be "not sick"---I believe that being completely well is the condition most fundamental to happiness and success---I realize that I cannot get something for nothing. I realize that to achieve buoyant health, I must regulate my life in accordance with certain natural laws---But I am convinced that nothing which I must deny myself is worth a fraction of that which I will gain---Therefore during this coming year I shall as far as possible live the natural life which makes for health.

THIS is the personal platform of those who would make 1925 an outstanding year. It will mean new energy, new optimism, a firmer grip on life for every one who adopts it and practices it. And it is not a difficult program.

Health is natural. Sickness is man-made. In the midst of all our achievements we would do well to remember with shame that we have so largely disregarded the laws of nature as they apply to our own bodies.

We neglect exercise. We try to see how little sleep will suffice us. We deny ourselves fresh air. We eat the wrong things. And worst of all, we unthinkingly load our systems with drug stimulants which contribute nothing of real value, but which slowly and surely rob the body of its reserve strength.

Perhaps the most widespread offender among these artificial stimulants is caffein. It has absolutely no food value. It seems to give new energy, but actually it lashes the tired nerves to action when they really need rest and nourishment.

For the last twenty-six years, the Postum Cereal Company has been preaching right living. This is not a campaign to sell merely a product. It is a campaign to sell health! Postum is not a cure-all. Of course, it is not a substitute for exercise, fresh air, or sleep. It is simply a delicious drink, made of roasted whole wheat and bran, intended to take its place on the tables of those who wish to be wholly well. By drinking Postum, and leaving off caffein, millions of people have eliminated one of the causes of nervousness, headaches, indigestion and sleeplessness. They have taken one big step toward enriching their lives with health.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO A NEW YEAR, with new opportunities—and, we hope, a new record of physical fitness. As one easy step in the right direction, we want you to try Postum for thirty days. This is only a step—but it is a part of the most important New Year's resolution you can make! Accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer! "I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply, and my own directions for making it.

"You will be glad to know, too, that Postum costs much less per cup.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply and my personal directions right away."

Convenience and economy! Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal (the kind you boil) is also easy to make, but should be boiled twenty minutes. Either form costs less than most other hot drinks.

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. P.R. 1-25

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of

Instant Postum . . . . . ☐ Check which
Postum Cereal . . . . . ☐ you prefer

Name_____

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In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ont.

Free—mail coupon now

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Beautiful Lips

"How vine in show . . . . . those kissing cherries tempting grow."

Beautiful lips, satin smooth, delicately tinted by Nature, are the simple result of sensible care—which means the *judicious* use of an absolutely pure pomade.

ROGER & GALLET
Lip Pomades

are absolutely pure, pleasing and effective in use, protecting the lips against the chapping winds of winter. Automobilists and lovers of outdoor sports, men as well as women, find them *indispensable*. The sale of millions of these ROGER & GALLET tubes each year in the United States is a tribute to their superior merit. Ask for them by name.

"*Fashions in Fragrance*" our colorful little book, of Parisian toilette specialties, tells all about Lip Pomade as well as the many other ROGER & GALLET creations. *Complimentary on request.* Address:

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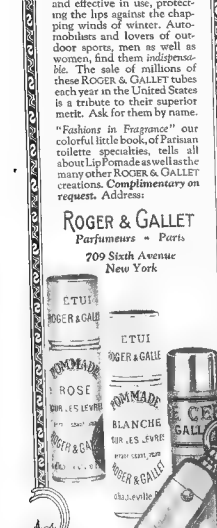

Sauce for the Goose

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

That beast behind her. And that little fool.

"They want the earth, Sally, and heaven thrown in; yes, I know, I know."

"But that's just what *you can't* understand about girls. They've got to have the earth and all heaven, yes, on a golden platter. But what they've got to have —just as unspeakably—is all of hell. Hell, too!"

"To bring down high heaven, you might say, and 'raise hell,' eh? Which reminds me, young lady; are you going to have a dance left for Mephistopheles to-night? · When the poor devil comes to ask you for one?"

"But there'll be so many—there always are—and all in masks."

"But not so many, well, playing booky, say, and having a *fine*' all alone at the last table on the café terrace out in the Allées at eleven sharp?"

"Ohhh—I see."

"And, by the way, you're not too original either. There'll be millions of harem beauties—in millions of veils—and millions of masks——"

"But not with—let me think—think —but not with a red, red rose."

The last was hardly more than a whisper, for they had all come together at the cab.

AS SHE lay in bed with a hot-water bottle at her feet, a cold towel on her head, and the shutters drawn against the sun, there was no fraud about Emily's wretchedness. It was as tho, once routed, all the ills staved off for months came trooping. She was tired; dizzily and deathly tired.

As in a fever, she saw all things magnified. Turn her eyes where she might she saw Gunnar Browne more than ever gigantic, his smile more than ever disarming, paralyzing, his abominable health, his dominance, his inevitable purposes, and his troubling look of some one seen somewhere, some time, before.

"What are you?" she had asked him on impulse the day they met. He had answered, with that grin of his, as larking as a farm-boy's: "Englishmen say I'm an American; Americans say I'm an Englishman. I'm a mining engineer."

"And what do you find to mine, I'd like to know, on the Riviera here?"

His eyes had gone to Sally, lace-white and shadowed rose-petal in the sunshine of the port. "Better than gold." And turning back, he had given Emily a wink; the kind of a wink, it struck her, that one man would give another.

The memory came, trailing a hundred others, brutal, simple, and pitiless, down to that last silly mooning whisper: "But not with a red, red rose."

Sally! Oh, little Sally!

SHE could hear Sally moving about the neighboring room, and for a wink it was as tho her murderous hatred of the man brimmed and spilled over on that child, who could be so stubborn and wicked a simpleton.

Sudden, weak, fantastic violences plucked at her imagination. What could she do? Lock the doors! The windows! Pride and grace and continence, what were they? Overboard with the lot! Tie the hussy to a chair! Threaten her! She was not to set foot from that room. Not till to-morrow! Not till the very hour of train-time, to-morrow! On pain of—of —*what?*

What? What? And who was this in the sick dusk of the room? Sally, herself, on tiptoe. And what was this she was saying? So vaguely?

"It's the limit, Mother. I so wanted you to go to-night, poor darling."

"And I hate to have you miss it too, Sally. It seems a shame."

"Oh—me? Oh, but—but—the Brenner girls will be there—and——"

"When I was your age, Sarah—"

(Again that bitter cry: "Why do you do this to me? What right have you to make me sound like this?")

"I hope," said Sally, "you're not talking about *chaperons!* Not *again!* Mother, do come out of the *grave!*" She clapped a hand over her mother's mouth, refusing to hear such stuff. It was cool and heavy, as heavy as the tire of the wheel of Juggernaut. Emily fought it away. She got off the bed, fled to the window, flung back the shutters, wanting air.

"I feel much better," she announced with a scared brightness, keeping her face the other way. "Run on about your business, child; I'm all right now."

The sun had gone down behind the old town, throwing the beach and the esplanade that curved above it into a penumbral dusk the color of wine, peopled sparsely beneath the lacework of the trees by shapes fantastic and fugitive, and full of the scent of flowers and rumors of band-music-streets away. And as she stared down into it, forgetting herself little by little, her spirit came to rest at last and lay unguarded and sensitive to what would touch it. The wine of the dusk went to her heart; she saw that it was not the color of surrender and the end, but of a beginning and a challenge. It wanted, not courage, but another face of courage; not simply regathered resolution, but a resolution she had never known till now, stripped, keen, reckless, ruthless, and oddly and adventurously eager.

Even the outer sea was losing the light now. The isle of St. Marguerite, holding the sun to the last on the green rock of its western cliff, in a sudden and floated mist-blue between sky and water, and presently lights pricked out in the pavilion in the pines, the rendezvous of lovers.

SALLY opened her eyes at her mother when she appeared in the room where the girl was tucking and tugging at the costume she had laid out on the bed.

"And where's mine?" demanded Emily. "Or *is* that mine?"

"But, Mother!"

"Lazy pig!" Emily had fled to the wardrobe to rummage. "Did you really think for a *minute?*"

Sally gaped at her. "Widow, what have you gone and taken?"

At that limpy awed look of the young ster's Emily's heart seemed to miss a beat; then it raced, and she felt the warmth of it sweeping her cheeks.

"Some dear!" was all Sally could say.

They had a snack in their room, and between that and their dressing they took hours, but even hours weren't long enough to let the girl get used to this new thing under the sun. There was hardly a moment when her gaze was not edging toward this glowing stranger who was somehow in the same room with her, a person never dreamed of before.

Not one of those uneasily admiring peeps did Emily miss; even with her head turned the other way she counted them. She had the queer sensation of being two things at once with a bitter, black heart, the other with mantling cheeks and daring eyes. She could have slapped Sally for her idiotic spying. She could have hugged her. "Don't be such a ridiculous goat!" she laughed when the girl, taking refuge from weirdness, broke over into pure gush:

"Widow woman, did you ever stop to think how perfectly *deadly* alike the Lord built you and me? *Look* at us—like this! Except for legs. Widdy, Widdy, if I had your legs, from the heel to the knee——"

"Animal!"

"But you *know* it's *true! Wasn't* it brilliant of me to think of our going dressed alike to-night as the perfectly harem twins! Yes, it was *not!* I see my finish now. You'll go and put it all over me, and all I'll get will be the crums, you —you——"

Emily went to the window and stood looking out.

"—you—you—*adventuress!* Hear that, Widdy? *Crimson adventuress!*"

"Heaven, if you could know!" But Emily said it in silence, and the shake of her head was half abstracted: in the pane before her eyes, a star-spotted mirror, she was trying to see what Sally did at the table that held the bowl of roses one of the Spanish boys had sent in the night before.

The girl's back was turned; she had thrown the *haik* that came with the costume overhead, and its voluminous white folds helped to hide the bowl and the table too.

Emily controlled her voice: "I see the taxi below. Run on down, Sally; I'll be along."

As she stood over the bowl of red blossoms, when the girl was gone, the skin of her face seemed dry and brittle; catching sight of her eyes in a neighboring mirror, she had a queer fright and masked them quickly and went down

EMILY danced that night as she hadn't danced in years. In the white blaze and the whirling colors of the Ambassadors she found herself in the arms, now of a whispering pirate, now of a bold monk, now of a Chinese mandarin smelling of briers and pale ale: she seemed to listen to what they had to say; she seemed to meet the glint of their hooded eyes with hers; all she could feel was the beatitude of this wild breathing-space of chaos, and all she could think was: "Who cares?" They were nobodies and she was no one; she was a mote swept in the wind. She needn't worry about time, for time had ceased to be.

Then the clock that was down in the bottom of her mind gave a whir; she slipped from the arms of a viking in mid-dance, went straight to a table in a corner of the hall, noted that Sally's *haik* was still there over a chair, took up her own from another, and threw it over her head. So it was a quarter before eleven, and she was at the door.

The fox-trot had come to an end. Waiting till, across the crowd, she saw the blue and gold and flushed gauze of Sally's figure making for that table and the robe over the chair, Emily slipped through the revolving door and ran along under the bright windows till she came out of the Casino's shadow and into the girl's empty glare. The air was fresh here; she discovered that her hands and feet were icy; she shivered; the white robe ballooned about her as she ran.

At the end of the jetty the Allées lay before her; already she was in the outskirts of the throng of fantastics that surged along the pavements and milled around the band-stands under the lantern-hung trees, but all she could see was the white glare over the café terrace beyond the thick of them, and all she could think was: "Will he be there?"

IT WAS a mercy, for it kept her from thinking of what she was doing, she, Emily Cornwall, and what a lifeful of grace and dignity and pride she was giving up. She had to duck through volleys of confetti and tear loose from arms thrust to catch her, but she did it all without knowing what she did, wondering only: "Will he be early? Will he be there?"

He was there. He sat at the last of the tables under the tubbed magnolias, a silky devil, horned and plumed, his fingers playing with the stem of a little glass and his masked eyes roving over the harlequinade, from which, at any instant, Sally might come stepping, as she, Emily, was stepping now.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

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(At left)

"A physical wreck—I was irritable, nervous, debilitated. I tried the rest cure, the milk diet, and nearly every curative treatment known to science, but to no avail. I was simply depleted of nervous energy. When I heard of Fleischmann's Yeast I was skeptical of the wonderful results attributed to it. In a week's time, after using the yeast, my digestion became better, my complexion brighter, and I slowly regained lost vitality. Is it any wonder that I am a convert to the curative qualities of Fleischmann's Yeast?"

(Extract from a letter of Mr. Claie C. Cook of Los Angeles, California)

(At right)

"We restaurant eaters must force greasy, quickly fried food into our stomachs in a hurry. No wonder they get sluggish and refuse to perform their duties. And our next move is 'take one of these pills each night!' Even the best stomach cannot stand such treatment. It must soon stop functioning and instead of taking nourishment and health out of our food, it becomes semi-active and just passes it on.

"On the advice of a friend I ate my first yeast cake. Now I feel like the man who puts coal on a fire. He gets heat units, while today I'm enjoying health and vigor units, and am glad to be out of the 'glass of water and pill' class."

(Mr. Thomas Leyden, of Elizabeth, N. J.)

(At left)

"I knew my headaches and unwholesome complexion were caused by constipation. To take frequent cathartics was my regular program and even by doing this I was tired and dopey. 'I like what yeast does for me' said one of my customers and asked if I had ever tried it. I acted on this suggestion and began to drink yeast in milk regularly. Soon people began to comment on how well I was looking—my husband said I grew younger—the mirror told me my complexion and eyes were clear and bright. Cathartics are now a thing of the past."

(A letter from Mrs. Mabelle Cummiskes of Marathon, N. Y.)

(At right)

"'And my Fleischmann's Yeast cakes as usual.' For almost three years I have given this order to my grocer several times each week and will continue indefinitely. Three years ago as a young mother in a run-down condition, with boils rendering me almost helpless, I felt that the end of my endurance had been reached. In desperation I sent for Fleischmann's Yeast cakes. The boils began to dry up. I slept better—had a keener appetite, felt better and by Spring had regained my strength and vivacity. Now I eat Fleischmann's Yeast cakes to keep me feeling 'top notch'."

(A letter from Mrs. Helen M. Raup of Linthicum Heights, Maryland)

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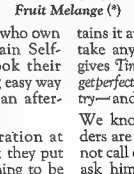

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Sauce for the Goose

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There was no time to think; the chance for that was gone. Drawing the rose she had stolen from the bowl from her *haik*, she tossed it through the air.

She saw it fall on the table. She saw the devil start slightly, turn his eyes, push back his chair. A prickle of faintness ran over her. Had there been time she would have leaned against the tree beside her for an instant. But there was no time. Wheeling, she walked straight back into the crowd.

For all she could do, she began to run. Two bands were blaring against each other; confetti got into her eyes and down her throat; she tripped over legs. Between the red moons of the lanterns and the black snakes of the boughs all sight was distorted and queer. The weight of her heart against her lungs was suffocating. The pack was endless. She ran, but it had no end.

Just when she was sure of this she discovered herself in emptiness, still running, the stars above her, the beach of the port falling away under her feet, the shadows of cradled boats all around her, and the tumult of the fête, confused and rhythmic, like surf, left behind.

She stopped and pulled the white cloak about her. She was weak and shuddery. She began to revile herself: "Why did I run? I've spoiled it all."

For some reason she began to count: "One—two—three—" At the count of seven she heard the crunch of a footfall on the sand.

"Hullo, hullo, there!" It was Satan speaking. "I hope you're not really in the hurry you seem. You came near losing me; I swear you did."

As yet he made no offer to touch her. Thank God for that.

And then: "But why doesn't he? What's wrong? Ought I to speak?"

THEN it came to her that he still had everything to fight with, while she had nothing, nothing but a dumb mouth and a hung head. For as yet, till she had him much farther away, beyond all chance of getting back, she *dared* not speak. She clenched her fists between panic and anger; tears wet her eyes under the mask, bitter with hate and salt with pity.

She had a sense of deflation, swift and complete. The sand was crunching again. It was all a fiasco. He was gone. Back to that table and that girl.

No! New breath filled her lungs. A hand encircled her arm, *hers* and all. For hours she had been schooling herself to suffer this first touch without flinching, and now she couldn't, quite.

At something that seemed to divine in the gesture he laughed under his breath. It sounded indulgent and content. "The question is," he said, now that he was ready to speak again, "whether you're really in such a hurry to get back to the bright lights and the bad air and everything—or not?"

She dared not speak. But she had to do something. She shook her head.

"Or would you be as happy for a while out here with me?"

It wasn't that she dared not; actually, physically, she *could* not have dirtied her mouth with the words: "I would."

"That's settled then," he said. "No one would know it if you were gone for *hours*, as a matter of fact, with the mob that's there. There'll be a moon in a little while. Have you ever seen the moonrise from the island out there? Better than the white lights at the Ambassadors, I'll promise you that. And speaking of angels—there's the launch now—filling up for a run over to the pavilion—there at the jetty-stage—see? It must be supper-time. Supper without unmasking. I'll bet. Nobody will know who any one is, from now till doomsday. Eh? What?"

Anything! Anything to make the minutes to go! Anything to widen the precious distance between a girl like Sally and—*just this!*

Out on the bay the *fête nautique* was coming home, flotillas of fat, hot stars. Above the lantern-hung fleet the stars in the sky were needles, blue as ice. Beyond Antibes the horizon paled where the moon was going to rise.

The stem of the launch cut the water with a hissing sound; it carried on under the racket of the crowd back in the cockpit, a penetrant whisper, a note, like no other note there is, of commitment, deepening instant by instant, and of sundering, fathom by fathom of black water, from the known and the past.

Emily felt it, and yet she felt her spirit freed and her strength restored. Crouched on the narrow deck forward, she drew the folds of the *haik* half away from her face and let the drops of spray from the bows sting her skin. A kind of exultation she had forgotten could exist warmed and possessed her, and she thought to herself: "I've beaten him. It's the trapper that's trapped this time."

GUNNAR sat beside and above her, on the house, bundled in his black cape. Shrewdly indulgent of the mood he imagined he read in her attitude, he was content to remain for the while as rapt and silent as she, one of his hands resting on her shoulder, half friendly, half forgotten.

She no longer "suffered" that touch. She trembled to it, but the tremble was mirth now. She wouldn't have missed one of those discreetly progressive pressures for any happiness life had given her. She began to lift her shoulder to meet them; it was as tho it were her shoulder that gave the caresses to his duped hand, like the paw of a cat at play. And she thought to herself: "How completely and hideously *sick* he'll feel! Wait! Ah, wait! When he finds how he's been done, and what an ass he's made of himself! Wait till we see his face! All that smug simplicity of heart, all that masterful bigness and large ease, all wiped away. And all the sneaky, little, dirty, scheming ugliness of the beast—Oh, I shall laugh! laugh! laugh! laugh!"

She hugged herself under the enveloping cloak. "Shall I laugh? Or shall I simply stand and look at him and let him stammer? Shall I look at him like that: 'You cur! You *little* cur! Do you see what you've done? You've made it impossible for me even to hate you. I can only despise you now, without even being amused. So please don't make me have to see you again.'"

The hand gave her shoulder a franker squeeze. "The landing-stage awaits, oh, apple of the Calif's eye! Honestly, tho, hasn't it been perfect?"

"Let them go first," he said, when they were up, balancing on the house.

THE launch emptied quickly, everybody scuffling and screeching, and the boatmen, after the flitterglibbets up the wharf, bellowing that the who was not back within the half-hour would be left, marooned, irretrievably, *sans blague*. By the time Emily and Gunnar reached shore the rest were out of sight up the path leading to the pavilion.

"That's better," said Gunnar as they mounted. "Smell the pines."

The moon was up. When they had reached an angle of the path where its light fell they began to walk more slowly. It was Emily that lagged.

Gunnar stopped dead and studied her. "You're mysterious to-night. You know, I think I like you mysterious. And yet—" Pushing back his cowl with its horns and skinny plume and slipping off his mask, he stood barefaced. "Come on!" he grinned and wrinkled his eyes. "Out of breath?" He swung an arm around her. "Why, by Jingo, you *are!*"

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Sauce for the Goose

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It was her heart. It pounded and pounded.

"Now!" it pounded. "Now's the time. To do it and have it done! Now!"

The bliss of holding this creature's self-love in her hand, to crush!

Yet wait! Wait! Yet, why wait? Why endure that hugging arm one instant more than enough, besmirched and smothered? Yet wait! One wink more! Give the fool enough rope and let him—let him—the blind fool—

Too long. "It's Carnival!" he laughed, and, pushing back her hood, he held her head and kissed her on the mouth, once, and twice.

SHE would have liked to spit. Her lips felt puffed and hot. And it was *this* he would have done to her child. Curse him! Curse the beast!

Her face was naked; still laughing, he had flicked off her mask.

It was worse than naked; his violence had given it no time to frame a sneer; she had a savage picture of it hanging there, flabby, foolish, and blank. It was bitter. She wasn't to have the time even to see what *his* face looked like, much less to gloat. A chance loose stone in the path gave under his foot, and he saved himself from a bad spill only by going down on a knee.

"Heavens!" he breathed. And then presently: "Ooooh!" He wrapped his hands around his ankle, his chin in his neck. "Guess it's only a turn, tho; be all right in a second or so."

Poor ankle! Little by little she could begin to sneer. Poor thing!

It wasn't bad, after all. He got up and tried it by stamping, his brow all wrinkles. "Right!" The wrinkles went away: he was Gunnar Browne again.

"I wish you'd never wear anything but just that," he vowed, looking her over with his admiring true blue eyes. "You're beautiful, beautiful!"

"And you," she said in a level tone, "are wonderful."

"And you're a mystery, still. My Lady Enigma! Do you realize that that's the first time you've opened your mouth since we—met—to-night?"

So there, he squirmed! He floundered! Yes, yes; no matter how incomparably well he hid it; she knew it! She adored it.

Of a sudden he took hold of her arm. "Come on, Beautiful: what's it to be? A *petite terre* at the pavilion?" He studied her sidewise, thinking swiftly, as he could at need. And with a new inflection: "With that noisy mob? Or would you rather—just a step up here there's the wide world spread out to see—under the moon of Carnival. Eh?"

The more flawless the mountebank's posturing, the sweeter the sweet poison of her revenge, could he but have known it. As she climbed, letting herself be carried along, a tranquil dead-weight, she thought to herself: "If he had simply caved in and groveled it would have seemed flat beside this. Give him rope—all he'll take—and he'll hang himself *too* gorgeously!" She shivered with a strange delight. "I didn't know I could be so *murderous!*"

"*There's* a pull!" He blew extravagantly. "Sit on the wall; it's dry."

There was a wall in ruin. There were pines behind with thick black tops and clean boles, like masts, throwing a sprawl of shadows on the turf and laying a scent of gums in the air. Beyond the cliff's edge the world really was spread out to see, as he had promised, all in silver masses; the water, the sky, between them the town-starred ribbon of the Coast of Azure, the hills behind, piling up dimmer and dimmer to the mountains and the snow.

Beauty! Yes, and the Beast! It made her catch her breath to think to herself: "I've never been so happy in my life."

He sat on the grass, his back to the wall, his arms hugging his knees. He had been silent for minutes. Industriously. All the prosperity he enjoyed had come from making swift, industrious, and whole-hearted use of what the gods chose to give him, without time-wasting regrets. When he was ready he spoke:

"I've never been so happy in my life, do you know?" He began to pluck the grass between his feet. His voice was a wonderful thing, an incomparable instrument. "Why am I so lucky? There wasn't a chance in ten you'd overhear; yet I tried it. Then there wasn't a chance in another ten you'd catch what my silly babble behind you was driving at—nor that you'd even *want* to come—bringing the 'red, red rose' I had maneuvered that blessed infant into—"

"You lie!" There was no sound to it. Emily's lips had fallen open, that was all.

"And now," the fine loose-fibered baritone went on, "lo and behold, we're here. After these—how many weeks? There was only the one chance left—"

Emily was on her feet. Her nails were claws. Tears squeezed between her lids. "*You lie! You lie!*"

He was up too. A spot of moonlight coming through a gap fell on his head. It was ducked a little, as if he had taken an unlooked-for and unfair blow. His eyes seemed confused and unspeakably hurt.

"I –I'm sorry you said that. And I —I—I don't understand."

Then the cords made bigger knots in his neck; his face hardened; he stepped forward and caught her shoulders in his hands. "Look at me! No; straight in the eyes! Straight! *Do I look like a liar?*"

She tried to shut him. She tried to shrug her imprisoned shoulders. What strength the brute had!

But the strength was gone. "There's the launch whistling," she heard him say, dully. His hands slid from her shoulders. "We'll have to run."

It was she that ran. "The liar! The liar!" she panted. "I won't be besmirched—be-be-*belittled*—by listening to his lies!"

Her foot met the rolling stone this time. Gunnar found her in a heap under the *hask*, her head bent and her face hidden.

"What is it? Ankle?"

No answer. An animal caught in a corner and badly wounded is like that.

"What cursed luck! And what's worse, there's that boat again! Well, here goes!" Bending, he put his arms around her shoulders and under her knees and picked her up. "I'll float you down like a feather."

HE WAS mistaken. She fought with an astounding strength and savagery. "You liar! You liar!" She strained away, her eyes dilated, her face bright red. "I won't be touched by a liar! I could kill him!"

"All right." He set her on her feet and looked away, nipping his lip. Presently she went down in a heap again. He said: "We'd never have made it, anyway. There she goes now; see? That settles *that*." He pawed for his watch, and had none. "First thing, we've got to do something for *you*."

"You can do something for me, Mr. Browne." The voice from the heap was as flat and cold as pond-ice. "You can tell me that what you said was a lie."

He seemed to weigh that. "I suppose I could tell you I was a liar, and it would be true, because I would be a liar."

She began to cry. "If you knew wh-what you were-d-d-doing!"

She was really frightened by what was happening, not to the present, but to the past. Or trying to happen, insidiously, seductively. Unless she could find somewhere about her the will to say, "Stop!

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Sauce for the Goose

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

No!" Those two weeks! As tho by any trick one could change what's finished, remember drabs as flaming colors, defeats as victories; as tho one could look back and see the serenity of conquest sitting and gazing at islands across the sea from a seat where anger and helplessness had seemed to sit.

What was this he was saying? Down on a knee beside her, one hand fumbling at her hands to pull them from her eyes, the other smoothing her brow.

"Is it because it hurts? I can't bear you to cry. And yet—yet—it's rotten of me, perhaps—but simply to know that you *can* cry—after these weeks when you've seemed—oh, ice—inhuman, almost—off by yourself a million miles from the world of us who have tears——"

THE devastating thing about this fellow Browne was, of course, that he wasn't fooling. He meant it. As soon as he said it, it was true. Always.

"Liar!" She had so little breath left. "Liar, liar!"

Again he gathered her up in his arms, growling: "You can't stay there!"

Again she fought, but she hadn't the strength. "Let me down," she wailed. "Why?"

"Because I —I —I'm—I'm too heavy!"

He carried her back and let her down on the wall. He stood off and studied her.

With all the light of space behind him he looked black and gigantic; she saw herself small again and helpless, and she was afraid of him. Now it was just as it had been ten hours ago, in the afternoon.

Yet it wasn't. She would never have known it for the same.

"Why so silent, Emily Cornwall? Beginning to realize that you're cast away on a desert island—with me?" He looked back at the lights of the town. "Or worrying about the youngster, perhaps?"

"No." It was quick. "Sally's all right. Sally's funny——"

"Sally's a darling. She's a cunning kid."

"Do you honestly, really—" Oh, now she would have given her hope of life to know, to *know*. "Do you honestly and really and truly——"

"Sally? She tickles me to death. I'm awfully fond of her. What's more, when that kid grows up she's going to have a lot of the very real thing about her; don't you worry. When she's your age——"

"Why be an ass? Why be a brute?" There was laughter mixed with it, tho. "You're blatherskiting, and you know I know it; so why?" Yet the blood ran hot in her cheeks. "What—what I was trying to say—Sally's funny. You wouldn't think it, but she's *quite* up to looking out for herself."

"I'll bet a hat!"

"I know I fuss sometimes, but really, deep down, I'd trust her almost anywhere. I know I wouldn't mind her doing dozens of things *I* couldn't have done."

"But the things you—not that you *could* do—but that you *did* do—would you mind her doing *them*?"

"I don't think I—I don't quite understand what you—" She sat up straight and stared at him, the color going from her face; she turned it away, the color rushing back. "When I was Sally's a-a-age—there were such things as chaperons."

"I know. *Don't* I know? I was in college then."

She spoke on a rush of impulse: "Where have I ever seen you before?"

"I didn't know you had. I was just thinking of, well, all of us."

He was busy cropping the grass with his fingers, so that he did not hear her sigh.

"Since Adam," he mused. "What I'm wondering is: why is it that we're most afraid, for our children, of the things we're not afraid of for ourselves? Why is it that precisely the memories that make memory worth keeping are the memories we'd forbid them to dare to have?"

"Well—perhaps—don't you think it's because we see the perils——"

"Is it that they're perilous? Or is it that they're precious? Is it that—well, hang take it—they're *ours*?"

Swinging her legs, hurt ankle and all, over the stone fence, Emily got up and walked away into the woods. When Gunnar caught her she drooped. He held her chin up and looked into her eyes.

"Emily!"

"I—I don't feel like arguing, that's all. It isn't always Carnival."

He held her chin higher and looked deeper into her eyes. "You love!"

In the middle of the woods the treetops made a black roof, and all around in a ribbon, through the columns of the trunks, shone the far-off silver of the world outside.

Once Gunnar said: "You're crying."

"No; laughing."

"At what?"

"At a blind idiot that sat in a chair and looked at an island."

"Do you mean *me*?"

There was a gay, perverse little instant. Then she nodded.

"You mean because I—yes, darling, I'll confess it—because I thought, sometimes, you weren't altogether too happy to have a man like me playing around with your little girl?"

Her hands were on his shoulders, shaking them. "Oh, but *then*, dear; *then*, Gunnar, Gunnar; how could I know *then* what you really *are*?"

An island fisherman, going to market, took them home.

IT WAS graying to the dawn when Emily found Sally sitting on the bed in the hotel bedroom, big-eyed, indignant, and worried. It was almost shabby not to let the child explode, but it simply couldn't be; for her own sake and the world that is she had to be forestalled, and her crimsoning mother had to do it.

"Where *have* you been? How perfectly *mean* of you, Sarah! Where *haven't* I been hunting you all this wretched night long? How *could* you?"

It served. Too tired and hurt and bewildered to fight against such fighting, Sally leaped down in tears.

And now it was done it was almost too much. Emily had all she could do, of a sudden, to keep from kneeling at the bedside and throwing her arms around that bundle of wo, crying: "How good you are! How pathetically and unbelievably dear you are, and how I love you, my baby own!"

As she turned her back and walked to the window, resolutely, to gaze out, she thought to herself: "Never have I known, not half, till now, how I love her."

It was a curious light that spread among the branches of the trees and over the shore and the sea. In another moment the sun would be up and everything would be what it really was again. Just for this wink it was too eery; nothing was what it ought to be; it was as if her soul had turned to a house of glass, through which the unearthly cool and colorless ray ran unobstructed, bringing all its hidden corners to sight. Anarchic impulses swayed her. She wondered: "But why shouldn't I tell her everything? Why shouldn't I tell myself everything, always? What is there about truth —"

"Sally," she implored aloud, "don't cry so! Don't, don't take it to heart so. I didn't mean——"

She ran and knelt and put her arms around the weeper and pillowed the tired head on her breast and rocked it.

"It's only because I love you so, my baby, that I so want you to be good."

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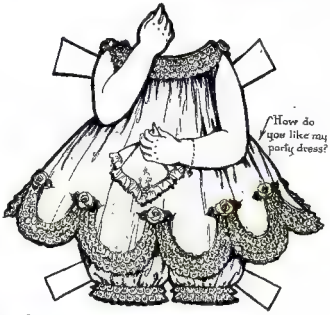
· THE · BETTY · BOBBS · FAMILY ·

Introducing – Betty Bobbs, herself
Drawings by Orpha Klinker



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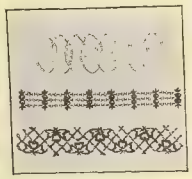
New Designs Include Beaded Bags

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No 12985, yellow only, 25 cents—1/-, furnishes the shape and design of four beaded bags and one beaded powder-puff case. Black silk moiré or velvet with the designs developed in steel beads are most appropriate. Other materials which may be used are duvetyn, taffeta, satin, corded silk and poplin. Changeable taffeta, edged with fancy guimpe, makes an attractive lining. The design also includes the entire alphabet in 1¼- and 1¾-inch sizes. With beading so much in vogue for embroidery work in general, it is not surprizing that beaded bags are popular. This design includes styles for all occasions. Full directions for making these bags given on envelop.

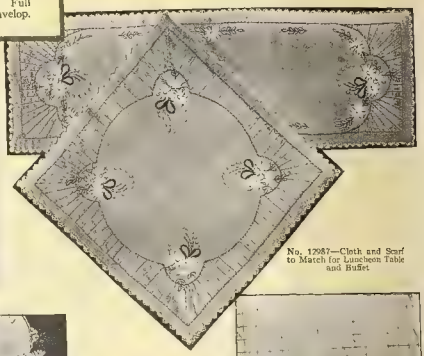
No. 12985—Beaded Bags

No. 12986—Appliqué Motifs

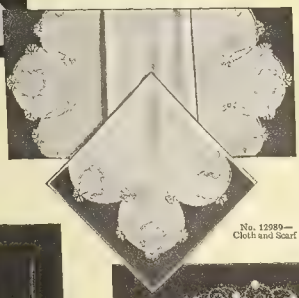
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No 12986, blue or yellow, 40 cents—1/6, furnishes two each of two appliqué motifs with cutting guides. The smaller motifs are 9½ inches high, the larger ones 13½ inches. Leather, satin, velvet, and flannel are appropriate materials to use for developing these striking motifs. On black satin, the motifs are unusually effective in white satin.



No. 12983—Trimming Borders

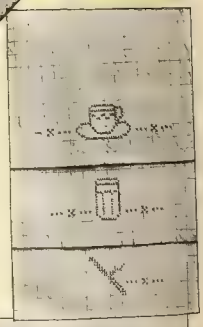


No. 12987—Cloth and Scarf to Match for Luncheon Table and Buffet



No. 12989—Cloth and Scarf

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12987, blue only, 40 cents—1/6, furnishes the shape and design of one 24-inch cloth and of one scarf 45 inches long and 18 inches wide. On blue linen, it is effective if the flowers are made of white floss with yellow centers and green stems and leaves, the bow and lines in black and white.

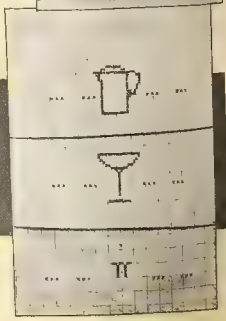


No. 12982—Beading Designs and Neck Motif

No. 12984—Trimming Borders and Motifs

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12984, blue or yellow, 20 cents—9d, furnishes two yards each of three borders and ten motifs. The borders are ½, ¾, and 2 inches wide, and the motifs range from 2 to 7 inches in height.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 69



No. 12988—Cross-Stitch Motifs

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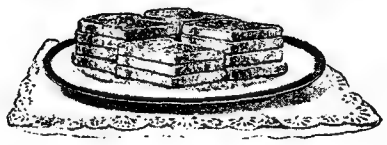
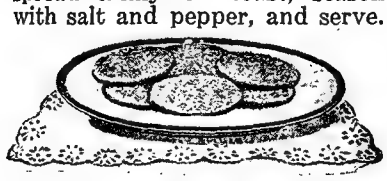
TWO
LEMCO
DISHES
WELL WORTH TRYING



Lemco Toast
An excellent savory and a favorite with children.

Dissolve a teaspoonful of ***Lemco*** to a creamy consistency. Mix with equal amount of butter, spread thinly on toast, season with salt and pepper, and serve.



Lemco Biscuits

Take sufficient quantity of flour and equal amount of butter. Cream the butter. Add flour, cayenne pepper and salt, and a teaspoonful of ***Lemco*** to each 2 oz. of the mixture. Mix and roll into little balls. Flatten out to shape, and bake in a slow oven.

LEMCO COOK BOOK FREE
Send a 4 oz. *Lemco* wrapper for *"Dainty Dishes with Lemco"* to Lamont, Corliss & Co., 131 Hudson Street, New York, U. S. Distributors for Oxo Ltd., London, Eng.

Lemco is the original and only genuine Liebig Company's Extract of Beef. It is the most highly concentrated form of beef known.

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For the Best Reasons Why
SKINNER'S is The Superior
MACARONI-SPAGHETTI-AND PURE EGG NOODLES
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DELICIOUS
FLAVORING EXTRACT
VANILLA
"COSTS LESS—WHEN USED"
—the original vanilla with *the true tropic flavor* and natural color. Insist on getting it—there is no substitute for it.

Safe Milk
For Infants, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers
Avoid Imitations

Glory Be! McGlathery

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

as to protect him. He felt sure that Cavanaugh would not begrudge him a place. He had always been a good worker.

After seven "Our Fathers" and seven "Hail Marys," said on his knees, and a litany of the Blessed Virgin for good measure, he crossed himself and arose, greatly refreshed. There was a strange conviction in his mind now that he would never come to real harm by the power of water. He bustled out of the church and over to the water-front where the deserted shaft was still standing, and, sure enough, there was Cavanaugh.

"Yis—an' what are ye here fer?" he asked rather amusedly.

"I was readin' that ye was about to start work on the tunnel again."

"An' so we are. What av it?"

"I was thinkin' mebbe ye'd have a place fer me. I'm married now an' have three children."

"An' ye're thinkin' that's a reason fer givin' ye something, eh? I thought ye said ye was shut av the sea?"

"So I did, but I've changed me mind. I'm needin' the work."

"All right, then. Come to-morrow mornin' at seven sharp. An' mind ye, no worryin' or lookin' around. We've a safe way now."

McGlathery smiled gratefully at his old superior and departed, to return the next morning, still a little dubious but willing. St. Columba had certainly indicated that all would be well with him. But a man is entitled to a few doubts, even when under the protection of the best of saints. He went down with the rest of the men and began cleaning out that nearest section of the tunnel where first water and then earth had oozed and caked, and later helped to install the new pilot-tunnel.

Nothing happened, of course, for days and weeks and months. Under Cavanaugh's direction the work progressed swiftly, and in due time he and Denis became good friends again. Denis soon became an expert bracer or timberer, and worth seven a day, which he did not get. Still, he was no longer a mere ditcher. They were soon shifted from day- to night-work, which somehow was considered more important. Just the same, overhead was the heavy river—he could feel it pushing at him at times, pushing at the thick layer of mud and silt above him.

BUT nothing happened for months and months. They cleared a thousand feet without a hitch, and McGlathery began to feel rather comfortable. Every night he went down, and every morning he came up, as hale as ever, and every second week a pay-envelop was handed him containing the handsome sum of seventy-two dollars. Seventy-two dollars! Naturally, as a token of gratitude to St. Columba, he contributed liberally to his Orphans' Home, a dollar a month, lit a fresh candle before his shrine every Sunday morning after high mass, and bought two lots out on Goose Creek water-front (on time), on which some day, God willing, he proposed to build a model Summer and Winter cabin.

And then—! Well, as he thought afterward, it might have been due to the fact that his prosperity had made him a little more lax than he should have been. Anyway, one night, in spite of St. Columba—or could it have been with his aid and consent in order to show his power?—the wretched, sneaky river did him another bad turn, a terrible turn.

It was this way: While they were working one midnight under the new form of bracing and with an air-pressure of two thousand pounds to the square foot, which so far had sufficed to support the iron roof-plates which were being put in place behind the pilot-tunnel day after day, the concrete men following to put in a form of arch that no river weight could break, the very worst happened. For it was just at the point where the iron roof and the mud of the river-bottom came in contact behind the pilot-tunnel that the danger-spot lay. Cavanaugh was always hovering about that, watching it, urging them to be careful, "takin' no chances with it," as he said.

"Hurry, men!" he would urge. "Up with it now! Up with it! In with the bolts! Quick now with yer riveter—quick! quick!"

And the men, how they worked when there was sufficient space to allow a new steel band to be segmentally set! How they tugged, sweated, grunted, cursed, in this dark, muddy hole, lit only by a few glistering electric arcs! Stripped to the waist, in mud-soaked trousers and boots, their arms and backs and breasts mud-smeared and wet, their eyes bleary—it was an artist's dream of bedlam, a heavenly inferno of toil.

AND overhead was the great river, Atlantic liners resting upon it, with thirty, sometimes only fifteen or ten feet of soil between them and its bottom, and this thin strip of mud, sustained by two thousand pounds of air-pressure to the square foot, was all they had to protect them, to keep the river from bleeding water down on them and drowning them like rats!

"Up with it! Up with it! Now the bolts! Now the riveter! That's it—in with it, Johnny!"

Cavanaugh's urging voice became like music to them, their gift of energy, their labor song, their power to do, their *Ei Uchnam.*

But there were times when the slow forward movement of the pilot-tunnel, encountering difficult earth, left this small danger-point unduly exposed to the rotary action of the water overhead, which was constantly operating at the bottom of the river. Sometimes leaks had been discovered, small tricklings and droppings of earth, which brought Cavanaugh and Henderson to the spot and caused the greatest tension until the evil had been remedied.

The air had a tendency to bore holes upward through the mud, but these had always been stanched with clay or, if serious, with bags of shavings or waste, the air-pressure being sufficient to hold these in place if the breach were not too wide. Even when "all hands" were working under a segment wide enough for a ring of plates, one man was always tolled off to "kape an eye on it."

But on this particular evening, after twenty-eight men had entered at six and worked until midnight, seven of them (they were tolled off in lots of seven to do this) were allowed to go up to the mouth of the tunnel to a near-by all-night saloon for a drink and a bite of food. There was always a disturbing transition period every half-hour between twelve and two, when one group was going and another coming, which sometimes resulted in a dangerous indifference which Cavanaugh had come to expect.

On this night one Dowd, ditcher, who was keeping an eye on the breach, was replaced by Patrick Murtha, fresh from the corner saloon, a glass of beer and the free-lunch counter still fresh in his mind. Meditating on the excellence of hot frankfurters and jesting with the men who were about to leave, he forgot to "kape an eye on it."

"Ssssssst!"

Came a sound like the blowing off of steam. Cavanaugh was just outside the pilot-tunnel showing McGlathery and another where certain braces were to be put so that the pilot-tunnel might be pushed forward a few inches and a new ring of plates inserted; but he heard it. At a bound he was back through the pilot-hub, his face aflame with fear and rage.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

Not Just Playing—Growing

THEY think it's play when they go romping out in the snow—sliding down hill and trudging up again. But it's really the way that Nature makes them work to *grow.* Sturdy little bodies are built by fresh air, exercise, rest and nourishing food.

See that your children have plenty of strength-giving, energy-making foods in their diet.

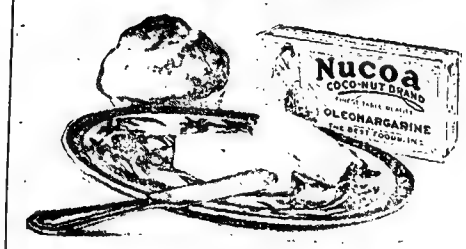
Best Foods
Nucoa
The Wholesome Spread for Bread

furnishes more than twice the quantity of strength and energy which the same amount of sugar or starchy foods produce.

You know how nourishing cocoanuts are. Many people in southern countries live almost entirely upon them. It is principally from rich, ripe cocoanuts that Nucoa is made. The fat is pressed from the delicate, snow-white meat and blended with pasteurized milk. Nucoa, a table delicacy of exquisite flavor and rich nutriment, contains the Vitamins essential to growth and health.

Use Nucoa on your table and lavishly in your cooking. You can afford to—it costs so much less.

Finest Table Quality about half the price



THE BEST FOODS, Inc.
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Hello!

I am Baby Bowe, and I live in Somerville, Massachusetts. When I was one month old, my mamma's milk was not enough for me, and I used to cry and did not gain a bit. So, my mamma sent for a sample of

Nestlé's Milk Food

and she tells everybody that, 'on the very day she gave me Nestlé's Food in the morning and in the afternoon, to help out my nursings, I stopped my crying, and started to get big and strong, and I have never had a sick day since'.

I guess you better send for a sample for your baby if you want him to be well and happy like me.

Mail this coupon to us today

and we will send you FREE a sale size tin of NESTLÉ'S MILK FOOD, and our 72-page Mother Book, which tells you how to keep your baby well and strong.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD COMPANY
130 William Street, New York

Name..... City..... State.....

My Baby is..... months old.

Glory Be! McGlathery

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

"What the ——'s this?" he was about to exclaim, but seeing a wide breach suddenly open and water pour down in a swift volume, his spirit sank and fear overcame him. "Back, men! Stop the leak!"

It was the cry of a frightened and yet courageous man at bay. Where a moment before had been a hole that might have been stopped with a bag of sawdust (and Murtha was there now attempting to do it) was now a rapidly widening gap through which was pouring a small niagara of foul river water, ooze, and slime. As Cavanaugh reached it and seized a bag to stay it, another mass of muddy earth fell, striking both him and Murtha and half blinding them. McGlathery came staggering back, frightened and not knowing what to do.

"Quick, Denis! Into the lock!" called Cavanaugh, himself holding his ground. "Hurry!" But Denis, realizing the hopelessness of it all and his own danger, thought to run past. He was stopped by the downpour of water and mud. "Quick! Quick! Into the lock! Can't ye see what's happenin'? Through with ye!"

AND McGlathery, hesitating by his chief's side, fearful to move lest he be killed, uncertain whether or not to leave his chief, was seized by Cavanaugh and literally thrown through, as were others after him. When the last man was through, Cavanaugh plunged after, wading to his knees in mud and water.

"Quick! Into the lock!" he called, and seeing McGlathery near the door but waiting for him, he added: "In, Denis, in!" There was a mad scramble about the door, floating timbers and bags interfering with them; and then, just when it seemed that all would reach safety, an iron steel-plate overhead, loosened by the breaking of plates beyond, gave way and felled one man in the half-open doorway of the lock, which blocked and pinned it in such a way that it could be neither opened nor closed. Cavanaugh and those who came with him were shut out, and McGlathery, on the other side, could do nothing. A few of them tried to draw the dead man in, all the while calling to Cavanaugh to know what to do. But Cavanaugh was dumfounded and helpless. The plate across the dead man was too heavy, and already the ooze was pouring over him into the lock.

The men in the lock, realizing that they were still in danger of losing their lives, became frantic with fear. There were animal roars of terror. McGlathery, seeing that his Nemesis, water, had overtaken him and was likely to slay him at last, was completely paralyzed. St. Columba had promised him, to be sure, but was this not the vision he had had, that awful sense of encroaching ooze and mud? Was he to die thus, after all? Was his patron saint deserting him?

"Holy Mary! Holy St. Columba!" he began to pray. "What shall I do? It's a tight place I'm in now! Tower av ivory! House av gold! Can't we git 'im in, boys? Ark av the covenant! Gates av heaven!"

As he gibbered and chattered, the others screaming about him, some pulling at the dead man and others pulling at the door, the still eye of Cavanaugh outside the lock, waist-deep in mud and water, was surveying it all.

"Listen to me, men!" came his voice in rich guttural tones. "McGlathery! Denial Are ye all crazy? Take off yer clothes an' stop up the doorway! It's yer only chance. Off with yer clothes, quick! Those planks there—stand them up! Never mind us. Save yerselves. Mebbe ye can do something fer us afterward." He saw that if only the gap in the door could be closed and the compressed air allowed to fill the chamber, it would be possible to open the other door into the next section, and so they could all run for safety.

His voice subsided, commanding, never quavering, even in the face of death. About and behind him were a dozen men huddled like sheep, praying and crying. They had got as close to him as possible, still trying to draw upon the sustaining force of his courage, even while they were praying and moaning.

"Yis! Yis!" cried McGlathery, suddenly awakening to a sense of duty and that something better in conduct that he had repeatedly promised himself and his saint. Tearing off his coat and vest and shirt as commanded, he began pushing them into the opening, calling to the others to do the same. In a twinkling bundles were stuffed into the gap and the air prevented from escaping, but the foreman and his men were shut out completely.

"It's awful! I don't like to do it!" McGlathery kept crying to his foreman, but the latter was not so easily shaken. "It's all right, boys," he insisted. And then to the men behind him: "Can't ye stand still an' wait? They may be comin' back in time. Kape still. An' say yer prayers if ye know any, an' don't be afraid."

But altho the air pressing outward toward Cavanaugh held the bundles in place, still this was not enough to keep all the air in or all the water out. It poured about the dead man and between the chinks, rising to their waists also. Once more it threatened their lives, and their one hope was to pull open the shoreward door and so reach the chamber beyond; but this was not to be done unless the escaping air was completely blocked or some other method devised.

Cavanaugh, on the other side, was the only one who realized what was to be done. In the panel of the door which confronted him, as in the one they were trying to break open, were thick glass plates, or bull's-eyes, and it was through one of these that he was peering. He saw that the men would not be able to open the farthest door, and his voice was heard above the tumult:

"Break open the outside bull's-eye! Listen to me, Denis! Listen to me! Break open the bull's-eye!"

Why did he call to him? Denis often asked himself afterward. And why did he hear him so clearly? Through the bedlam of cries he heard, but he realized that while the escaping air would improve their chances of opening the door, the lives of Cavanaugh and his helpless companions would certainly be destroyed. The water would rush in from the river, filling up this chamber and the space where Cavanaugh stood. Should he? He hesitated.

"Knock it out!" came the muffled voice of his foreman. "Knock it out, Denis! It's yer only chance." And then, for the first time in all the years he had been working for him, McGlathery heard the voice of his superior waver slightly: "If ye're saved," it said, "try an' do what ye kin fer the rest av us."

IN THAT moment McGlathery was reborn spiritually. He ceased to tremble, almost ceased to hurry, and awoke to a new idea: one of undying, unfaltering courage. What! There was Cavanaugh outside, unafraid, and here was he scrambling about like a rabbit for his life! He wanted to go back, to do something, but what could he do? Instead he assumed command here. The spirit of Cavanaugh seemed to come over him and possess him. He looked about, saw a great stave, and seized it.

"Here, men!" he called with a great air of command, "help knock it out!" and with a will born of terror and death a dozen brawny hands were laid on it. With a mighty burst of energy they assaulted the thick plate and burst it through. The air rushed in, the great

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

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Don't look wistfully at winter pleasures

DOES sore throat throw you out of step with winter sports? Don't let it. There's no need of looking longingly at out-door pleasures this time of year because sore throat locks the door.

Guard against this trouble by taking the simple precaution of using Listerine systematically as a preventive for throat irritations and the more serious ills that so often follow.

When you feel that first "dry hitch" on swallowing, gargle with Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Don't let sore throat stand in your way just when you want to feel your best for business or pleasure.

Have Listerine handy always in your bathroom. It's the ideal, safe antiseptic. Its dozens of different uses are fully described on the circular that comes around every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

Listerine is made only by the Lambert Pharmacal Company. To avoid possible fraudulent substitution, insist upon obtaining this antiseptic in the original brown package—14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce.

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A Mystic Shampoo

Science has found something new

By Edna Wallace Hopper

Let me offer you a free test of a new shampoo.

Every scientist, the world over, knows me. For 40 years I have consulted them on aids to youth and beauty.

Whenever they discover a great innovation, they bring it to me first.

Last spring, the greatest scientists I know offered me a new shampoo. They said it cleaned in an amazing way. It would not dry the hair. Its fruity products would benefit the hair.

And they said it contained two new ingredients—secret factors they had spent years to find. And those factors would give hair amazing glint and beauty.

They were right. That shampoo immediately multiplied the beauty of my hair.

Thousands see me daily, on the stage and in society. They marvel at the luster of my hair. This new shampoo has changed it.

I could not believe its results. So I sent out a thousand bottles to men, women and children. I asked them to report on results. From everywhere came demands for more.

I am supplying many beauty products which my world-search has discovered, but never one has proved even half so popular as this.

Now I am supplying through all druggists and toilet counters this identical shampoo. They quoted me a fabulous price. But by contracting for enormous quantities, I supply it to you at 60 cents per bottle.

I ask you to test it at my cost. Just send this coupon —clip it now. It will be a revelation to you, as it was to me. The name is Edna Wallace Hopper's Fruity Shampoo. For your own sake, find out what it does.

A Free Shampoo

Just mail this coupon with your name and address inserted to

Edna Wallace Hopper,
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. 718-P.R.

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Glory Be! McGlathery

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

door gave way before them, and they were swept outward by the accumulated water like straws. Scrambling to their feet, they tumbled into the next lock, closing the door behind them. Once in, they heaved a tremendous sigh of relief, for here they were safe—for the time being, anyhow.

Denis, the new spirit of Cavanaugh in him, turned and looked back through the bull's-eye into the chamber they had just left. Even as they waited for the pressure to lower sufficiently to permit them to open the inner door he saw this last chamber slowly fill with water and mud. It was horrible—his foreman and a dozen fellow workers buried within; but what could he do? Only God, only St. Columba, could tell him; and St. Columba had saved him—if he were saved—and fifteen other men, the while he had chosen to allow Cavanaugh and twelve others to perish! Had St. Columba done that—or God—or who?

"'Tis the will av God," he murmured humbly. But why had God done that?

BUT the river was not done with him yet. Denis he prayed constantly for the repose of the souls of Thomas Cavanaugh and his men and avoided the water for all of five years, still there was a sequel. By now McGlathery was the father of eight children and as poor as any average laborer. With the death of Cavanaugh he had forsworn the sea and all its works and had worked at ordinary house-docking and timbering, only—well, it was hard to get enough of this work at good pay.

He was faring very badly indeed. And then one day, when he was about as hard up as he could be, from somewhere was wafted a new scheme in connection with this same old tunnel. According to the papers, a celebrated engineer from England had appeared with a new device. Greathead was his name and he had invented what was known as "the Greathead shield," which finally, with a few changes and adaptations, was to rid the tunnel-work of all its dangers.

McGlathery, sitting in his doorway overlooking Bergen Bay, read it in the *Evening Clarion*, and wondered if it could really be true. He did not understand this new shield idea even now, but in spite of himself some of the old zest for tunneling came back to him. What times he had had down there! What a life it had been, even if it were a dog's life—and Cavanaugh, what a foreman! And his body was still down there entombed, erect, no doubt, as he had seen him last. He wondered. It would be only fair to dig him out and honor his memory with a decent grave.

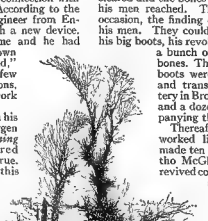
Old memories came back to him, old fears, old enthusiasms; and here he was now, with a wife and eight children, earning three a day or less, while tunneling paid seven and eight to such as himself. If this work should start up again and they advertised for men, why shouldn't he go? His life had been miraculously saved on two occasions. Still, would it be again?

In the Spring the papers were full of the fact that the work would soon be resumed, and shortly thereafter, to his utter amazement, McGlathery received a card from the same Mr. Henderson under whom Cavanaugh had worked, asking him to come and see him. Feeling sure that it was the river that was calling him, he went over to St. Columba's and prayed before his saint, putting a dollar in his orphans' box and a candle on his shrine. He arose greatly refreshed and heartened, and after chatting with his wife journeyed over to the river, where he found the old supervisor in a shed outside the shaft. He offered McGlathery an assistant foremanship under a new foreman, one Michael Laverty, at seven dollars a day. McGlathery stared in amazement. He an assistant foreman in charge of timbering! And seven dollars sure every day!

MCGLATHERY, listening, was dubious, and yet he was not thinking of the shield now nor of the extra pay, altho that played a big enough part in his calculations, but of one Thomas Cavanaugh, mason foreman, and his twelve men buried below there in the ooze; also how he had left him, and how it would be only fair to take his bones out and give them a decent Christian burial.

He owed that much to Cavanaugh, and anyhow hadn't St. Columba protected him so far? And wouldn't he in the future, seeing the position he was in? Wasn't this a call? He felt that it was. But he was nervous and troubled and went home and consulted with his wife again, then over to pray in front of the shrine of St. Columba. Once more spiritualized and strengthened, he returned and told Mr. Henderson that he would come back. Yes, he would come.

Now he felt actually free of fear, as tho he had a mission. And the next day he began by assisting Michael Laverty to get out the solid mass of earth which filled the tunnel from the second lock outward. It was slow work and they were well into the middle of Summer before the old or completed portion was cleared and the bones of Cavanaugh and his men reached. That was a solemn occasion, the finding of Cavanaugh and his men. They could recognize him by his big boots, his revolver, his watch and a bunch of keys, all near his bones. These same bones and boots were reverently lifted and transferred to a cemetery in Brooklyn, McGlathery and a dozen workmen accompanying them.



There on the new shield worked like a charm. It made ten feet a day, and altho McGlathery, despite his revived courage, was intensely suspicious of the river, he had little of his old fear. Something kept telling him that henceforth he would be all right. The river could never hurt him any more.

But just the same, about eight months later the river did take one last slap at him, not so fatally as might have appeared on the surface, and whether with or without St. Columba's consent he never could make out. The circumstances were so very odd. This new cutting-shield was a cylinder thirteen feet long, twenty feet in diameter, and with a hardened steel cutting edge out in front, an apron, fifteen inches long and three inches thick at the cutting edge. Behind this came what was known as an "outside diaphragm," which had several openings to let in the mud displaced by the shield's advance.

Back of these openings were chambers four feet in length, one chamber for each opening, through which the mud was passed. These chambers had hinged doors, which regulated the quantity of mud admitted, were water-tight, and easily closed. Behind these little chambers were many steel jacks, fifteen to thirty, according to the size of the shield, driven by air-pressure to drive the shield forward. Back of them came what was known as the tail-end of the shield, which reached back into the completed tunnel and was designed to protect the men who were putting in the new plates (at that danger-point which had killed Cavanaugh) whenever the shield had been driven forward far enough to permit a new ring of them to be inserted.

The only danger involved in this part of the work lay in the fact that between this lining and the tail-end of the shield was always a space of an inch or an inch and a half, that was left unprotected. Under ordinary circumstances this small opening would be insignificant, but in some instances, where the mud covering at the top was very soft and not very thick, there was danger of the compressed air within, pushing at the rate of several thousand pounds to the square foot, blowing it away and leaving the opening exposed to the action of the water above. This was not anticipated, of course.

Some time during the following Winter, however, the shield encountered a rock which turned its cutting edge. A bulkhead had to be built, once sufficient stone had been cut away, to permit the repairing of the edge. This took exactly fifteen days. In the meantime, at the back of the shield at that little crevice described, two thousand pounds of compressed air to the square foot was pushing away at the mud outside, gradually hollowing out a cuplike depression eighty-five feet long (Mr. Henderson afterward had soundings taken), which extended backward along the top of the completed portion of the tunnel toward the shore. There was then nothing but water overhead, as the engineers now discovered.

The river, being raked by the outpouring of air from below, was rolling gravel and stones about the tunnel top and pounding on it like a drum. It was easy enough to remedy this temporarily by stuffing the crevice with bags; but one of these days, when the shield was repaired, it would have to be moved forward to permit the insertion of a ring of new plates, and then what?

At once McGlathery scented trouble. It was water again, up to its old tricks with him. He was seriously disturbed, and went to pray before St. Columba, and when he was at work he hovered about this opening like a wasp. Mr. Henderson, at Laverty's and McGlathery's request, came down and surveyed it.

"When the time comes to move the shield," he said, "you'll just have to keep plenty of bags stuffed around that opening, everywhere except where the men are putting in the plates. We'll have extra air-pressure that day, all we can stand, and I think that'll fix everything all right. Have plenty of men here to keep those bags in position, but don't let 'em know there's anything wrong. Let me know when you're ready to start, and I'll come down."

WHEN the shield was eventually repaired and the order given to drive it just twenty-five inches ahead so that the new plates could be adjusted, Mr. Henderson was there, as were Laverty and McGlathery. Indeed, McGlathery was in charge of the men who were to stuff in the bags to keep out the water. If you have ever seen a medium-sized, red-headed Irishman when he is excited and determined, you have a good picture of McGlathery.

The shield started forward. The extra air-pressure was put on; the water began to pour through the crevice; the bags were put in place and stopped most of it, but where the iron-workers were riveting on the plates it poured in so heavily at times that the workers became frightened.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71

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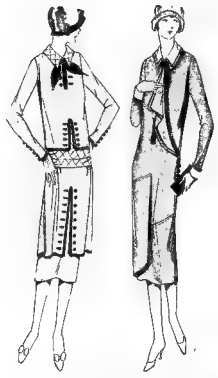
Modèle Parisien

Un Service Exclusif

The advance models illustrated on this page comprise a *chic* collection specially selected by our personal representative resident in Paris through an exclusive arrangement with the greatest *couturiers* of the *Champs Elysées, Rue de la Paix,* and *Place Vendôme.* To meet the requirements of those who demand the most advance creations of the Paris world of fashion Modèle Parisien Patterns will be shown on this page every month. The first collection of models appeared in the December issue.

Modèle Parisien Pattern **No. 28**
34 to 42 bust—16 to 20 years—$1.00
Ombre chiffon, shading from flesh color to deep rose tints in the petals, fashions this lovely model for dining or dancing. The frock is fitted slightly over the hips by means of fine tucks.



Modèle Parisien Pattern **No. 21**
34 to 42 bust—16 to 20 years—$1.00
A youthful tone is achieved by the smart Eton jacket effect.

Modèle Parisien Pattern **No. 22**
34 to 42 bust—16 to 20 years—$1.00
The spiral curve is an important point about this chic frock

Modèle Parisien Pattern **No. 24**
34 to 46 bust—$1.00
Silver lace is often used to achieve the flared effect that Paris favors.

Modèle Parisien Pattern **No. 26**
34 to 44 bust—$1.00
Like many imported models, this velvet frock fits snugly about the hips.

Modèle Parisien Pattern **No. 23**
36, 40 and 44 bust—$1.00
The circular movement predominates in evening wraps as well as frocks. Rose-color velvet with a white fox collar fashions this model.

Modèle Parisien Pattern **No. 27**
34 to 42 bust—16 to 20 years—$1.00
Of velveteen is this frock with the irresistable flare.

Modèle Parisien Pattern **No. 25**
34 to 44 bust—16 to 20 years—$1.00
Party admires the pleated line of this draped tunic

Advance patterns of these special models are on sale at all leading merchants under the name of

Modèle Parisien Patterns

Price, $1.00 each

If your favorite store does not yet carry them, place your order with that store or send direct to the address below.

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In response to many requests from exclusive dressmakers, we offer a special yearly subscription consisting of individual fashion cards for each Modèle Parisien design together with handsome art leatherette binder for only $6.00.

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4 out of 5
Dental statistics show that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are victims of dreaded Pyorrhea. Will you escape?
Afraid to smile—Pyorrhea's price
A needless victim of Pyorrhea
She alone knows the penalty
Tooth neglect demands its toll

Protect your gums and save your teeth

Just as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do the teeth under the gum-line. If the gums shrink, serious dangers result.

The teeth are loosened. They are exposed to tooth-base decay. The gums themselves become tender and bleed easily. They form sacs which become the doorways of organic disease for the whole system. They often disfigure the mouth as they recede.

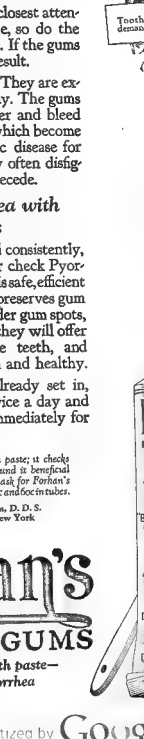
Prevent Pyorrhea with Forhan's

If used in time and used consistently, Forhan's will prevent or check Pyorrhea's progress. Forhan's is safe, efficient and pleasant-tasting. It preserves gum health and corrects tender gum spots, hardens gum tissues so they will offer proper support to the teeth, and keeps your mouth fresh and healthy.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's twice a day and consult your dentist immediately for special treatment.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York


Just as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do your teeth under the gum-line
Forhan's
TRADE MARK
FOR THE GUMS
BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT
FORMULA OF
NEW YORK
Specialists in DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
DENTAL PROFESSION

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Happy New-Year!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

capable of mowing down line after line of soldiers! Happy New-year!

What time and money, and what genius, have been used in the development of these death-machines! The newest modes of torpedoes direct themselves, are self-stabilizing and self-propelled. They are magnetized so as to be attracted by the iron- and steel-work on a ship. How science has triumphed!

The range of guns has been doubled, the speed of tractors trebled, and the destructiveness of aeroplane bombs increased tenfold. The deadliness of the individual soldier, *through the concentration of American inventive genius on the technique of killing*, has been greatly increased by semiautomatic shoulder-rifles far more effective in range and in weight than rifles of the sort used by France in the late war. Before the armistice a bomb weighing 400 pounds was considered huge, but "modern" 1924 bombs weigh 4,000 pounds and carry one ton of explosives.

Colonel James L. Walsh, Chief of the New York Ordnance District, says: "The ordnance engineer brought together the best thought of all branches of science and engineering, the results of these united, coordinated efforts being in many cases truly remarkable. Our 'seventy-five,' as developed since the armistice, has a maximum range of 15,000 yards, as compared with the 6,000 yards maximum of the 'soixante-quinze' used by the French in the World War." Proud boast!

Even "Scientists Gasped over New War Guns" when the Chief of our Ordnance Department made his report at a recent meeting of eminent scientists.

Is it any wonder that despite the fact that we are a peace-loving nation Lieutenant-General Kenejo Wada of the Japanese army said: "America is more militaristic than Japan. No people are more interested in military matters than the Americans"? Signs of war everywhere, amid the talk of peace.

The lesson of all this is plain. If we mean what we have said concerning peace we have got to turn all of our machinery for making war into machinery for making peace.

Why can we not "bring together the best thought of all branches of science and engineering" to the end that "united and coordinated efforts of our greatest men" may be used for the purposes and pursuits of peace?

Diplomats and statesmen, generals and geniuses of the world, attention! You have helped us to make war; now will you not help us to make peace? We need you. Without your co-operation there can be no peace.

It is far simpler to destroy than it is to create. Brute strength, sheer power of might constitute a tremendous force for destruction. As clever as you have been, how much cleverer you could be if you would use the methods you have devised and the machines you have made, for saving, for building, for creating! A cyclone can destroy in a few awful moments what the genius of generations has created, but a cyclone has no sense.

WE LOOK forward hopefully to the coming year. We believe that the statesmen of the world have, with patience and with poise, with tolerance and with wisdom, done their part toward the beginning of the establishment of an order of world peace.

But we earnestly believe that peace can come only when the plain people of all nations have a definite will toward peace, and when the creative genius, the constructive ability of the whole world are definitely and forever away from thoughts and purposes of war.

Then, and then only, can we say without mockery, "Happy New-year to the World!"

In the Spotlight for Forty Years

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

About this time I came across a very remarkable bit of "stage-illusion" work. I was playing *Terry* in "Kathleen Mavourneen" at the Market Street Theater. They used what was called the "Pepper Ghost" device. To one not acquainted with the trick it was most startling—one might almost say convincing. Max Reinhardt has since used the same thing very effectively in his work in Germany, but it originated, I am convinced, in San Francisco. Lowell Sherman's father was the man of all work at the theater, and had a great deal to do with this in the beginning.

I doubt if motion-pictures of to-day could beat that "Pepper Ghost" trick for illusion. Only those in the very top boxes, looking down upon the stage, might have "tumbled" to the way in which it was done. A large mirror was placed vertically upon the stage, at the rear. No one would have detected the presence of the looking-glass, so adroitly was it staged. In front of this was a large open trap, and underneath the trap an inclined platform on which the actors lay and did their parts. Their reflections in the mirror had all the semblance—silent-moving, ghastly, and mysterious—of the common idea of the well-regulated ghost.

DURING the "jumble," so to speak, of things theatrical I was doing at this period, I had a very amusing experience.

San Francisco had a considerable German population, and conspicuous artists of that nationality were every now and then appearing there. It so happened that Madame Ellemreich, following in the footsteps of such artists as Modjeska and Janauschek, who had come out there and done successful work, was playing *Adrienne Lecouvreur* at the California Theater. Joseph Grismer was leading man. Madame Ellemreich had done her entire repertoire—"Camille," "Mary Queen of Scots," "Ingomar," parts requiring that heavy, robust, Amazonian type—in her native tongue. But it was announced that she would do *Adrienne* in English, a language with which she had small acquaintance. Let me explain. Madame Ellemreich was a beautiful woman, but her most conspicuous feature was her gorgeous black hair. In fact, her hair was her fortune.

At one part of the act Joseph Grismer, as *Maurice de Saxe*, was doing a most impassioned love scene with *Adrienne*, who was reclining on a couch in her boudoir, her amazing tresses flowing onto the floor. *Maurice*—Grismer—was kneeling at her side, with uplifted, impassioned hands, pleading. Suddenly he stood up, and *Adrienne* was supposed to rise at the same time. But it happened that Grismer in his nervousness in playing the part for the first time, had accidentally stepped on the actress's hair, which act, when she would have arisen, held her head back on the couch. Madame Ellemreich, her head jerked back, uttered a scream. Grismer never moved. Then she began to jabber in German. Grismer, thinking she had unconsciously reverted to her native speech and was simply giving him his cues—for he couldn't understand a word of German—proceeded with his responsive lines, still standing on her hair.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

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Radio's Greatest Achievement

is embodied in this newest and most remarkable of musical instruments—*The Brunswick Radiola*

What it is and does. How in combining the world-noted Brunswick Phonograph with the superlative in Radio, the Radiola Super-Heterodyne and Regenoflex, it places all the music of all time at your command—*beautifully, exquisitely, wonderfully*

HERE is an instrument unique in the annals of musical art. An instrument immeasurably in a field of its own, educationally, musically and as a never ending source of home entertainment.

Multiply whatever previous ideas you may have had of the miracle of radio; and yet— you will be amazed when you hear it. Multiply your previous ideals of the ultimate in a musical instrument, and still you will fail in rendering it justice.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction, which in recent years has attracted virtually every famous artist of the New Hall of Fame to the Brunswick Phonograph, has been subsidized to do for radio that which it did for phonographic music. The result is a musical revelation.

The Brunswick Radiola—what it is

The Brunswick Radiola marks the joint achievement of the leader in musical reproduction with the leader in radio. A scientific combination, developed by the Brunswick laboratories in connection with the Radio Corporation of America, which embodies the best that men know in music and in radio.

It is in nowise a makeshift (simply a radio receiver set in a phonograph), but a perfected, tested and proved combination. An instrument you can buy with the same positive and absolute assurance of lasting satisfaction through the years to come, as a regular Brunswick phonograph.

* * * *

At the turn of a lever, you have radio's greatest thrill, the amazing Radiola Super-Heterodyne or Radiola Regenoflex to bring the mysteries of the air into your home, with tonal possibilities multiplied.

At another turn, you have the recorded music of all time at your command—your favorite records as only a Brunswick can play them.

Nothing in music—music in the making, the current triumphs of famous artists of the New Hall of Fame, the music of yesterday, today, tomorrow—is thus beyond your reach.

Moderate prices—Liberal terms of payment—Instruments now on display

So as to bring this instrument within the means of every home, many different types and styles have been developed—and liberal terms of payment provided.

Some are priced as low as $190, embodying the master craftsmanship in cabinet work which characterizes Brunswick.

Some embody the noted Radiola Super-Heterodyne. Others the Radio Regenoflex, the Radiola No. 3 and 3A.

Special demonstrations, day and night, at the "Sign of Musical Prestige"—your Brunswick dealer.

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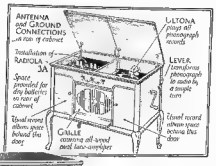
record exclusively for the Brunswick Phonograph and the Brunswick Radiola


ANTENNA and GROUND CONNECTIONS ...on rear of cabinet
Installation of RADIOLA 3A
Space provided for dry batteries on rear of cabinet
Vocal-acoustic album space behind the door
CABLE entering all-wood inset base-compartment
ULTONA plays all phonograph records
LEVER transforms phonograph to radio by simple turn
Record album space below the door

Remember—

Brunswick now offers the choice of two supreme musical instruments: the Brunswick Phonograph alone without radio, and the Brunswick Radiola, which is a phonograph and a radio in one.

Brunswick Radiola No. 35
$285.00

The Brunswick Radiola No. 35

—some remarkable features:

1. Four-tube receiver set. Last two tubes connected for balanced audio amplification. This eliminates distortion.
2. *Special double-purpose tone amplifier,* added to Brunswick oval wood horn, gives to the Brunswick Radiola a decidedly *superior tone quality.* Batteries and radio enclosed in cabinet. (See technical diagram above.)
3. This instrument gives remarkable receiving results and you have an outstanding radio set and phonograph at an unusually attractive price.

BRUNSWICK RADIOLA NO 350
A phonograph to play your favorite music for you always
The music of the air at the turn of a lever

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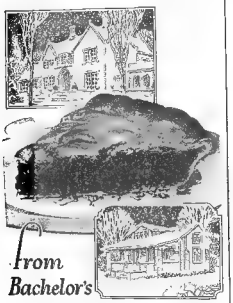

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Watch the big smile of welcome that will greet a good mince pie of your own baking. It is so easy, too, to make good pies with—

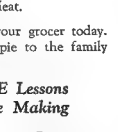
NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

A few minutes' time and a package of None Such produce a luscious filling just brimful of the goodness of apples, raisins, currants, prime beef, and the piquant spices that go into None Such Mince Meat.

Buy it from your grocer today. Serve mince pie to the family tonight.

FREE Lessons in Pie Making

Send for this book today. It teaches pie making to the novice—and suggests short cuts for the expert. Just mail the coupon.



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In the Spotlight for Forty Years

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

At this, losing all control, *Adrienne* shrieked:

"No, no, —— you! Get off! You're standing on my hair!"

Would you believe it? So tense was the excitement in the audience at the scene, there was not a sign or a sound—not even from an irreverent gallery god—to indicate that the audience had caught on.

I mentioned at the opening of this chapter that the actor plays many parts. That is literally true, but few persons realize what kinds of parts he plays. Most people imagine it's an old man, or a young man, or a hero, or a villain, but always a human being. The actor at times makes a departure into the animal kingdom. For instance, Henry E. Dixey used to play the hind legs of a heifer, in comic opera. David Belasco played "Bruin"—the bear—all growling and shaggy—in "Michael Strogoff." Later, clever young Wendall played the dog in "The Bluebird." But I went these gentlemen one better. I played "horse" to a hypnotist.

Understand, a hypnotist's horse is nothing more nor less than his subject—the traveling companion upon whom he performs hypnotic stunts, fake or otherwise. Sometimes the hypnotist is a rank fraud—nothing else—all the time. Sometimes he is wholly genuine. Then, again, he may be a fraud half the time and genuine the rest of the time. For when the hypnotist does genuine work he has to give out a great deal of himself. It is a fearful tax upon his nervous energy. Naturally, whenever possible, he seeks to conserve his forces.

Many a hypnotist's horse is a genuine subject. But I was a warrant fraud. No one could ever have put me to sleep in that way—any more than he could have put the devil to sleep—a quite unheard-of thing, I am told, for Satan himself is above all others the arch-hypnotist. I simply acted it out. Simulation of the hypnotic state was not difficult.

THE gentleman for whom I was doing pseudoeerie stunts was one Satanella, a young Jewish doctor who was gifted along this particular line and had come to San Francisco to capitalize the fact. Satanella was in every respect the conventional, or at least the ideal, hypnotist.

He was a typical *Svengali*—even his name lending itself picturesquely to his business.

He was tall and slender, with long, slim, claw-like fingers. He had long, wavy, black hair—the kind women adore—and languorous brown eyes. His nose was large, delicate, beautifully shaped—in a word, classic. And of course he dressed the part, frock coat, rather snugly drawn trousers which accentuated his slenderness, and a flowing tie to heighten the artistic quality of his appearance. He was not like *Svengali* in one respect—he was not dirty. Satanella's voice was low, cultured, caressing.

Being horse to a hypnotist was quite a step-down from having trod the boards with Edwin Booth and from having done important parts in legitimate plays. But it was a part of the show business, in a sense. And, believe me, it was discipline. For our audiences were not made up wholly of easy marks. There was always present a generous sprinkling of the "I'm-from-Missouri and I'm-here-to-be-shown" fellows, with hawk eyes, who were watching for and eager to seize upon any little slip that we might make. So we had to be very careful.

It was comparatively easy for me or anybody else to grunt like a pig, or bark like a dog, or lie down and roll over, or swagger about with my head rolling from side to side like a grizzly. But the rest—such as the trick of sticking a pin into a hypnotized subject without his even suspecting it, or pressing a lighted cigar against his flesh—was not so easy. The latter was accomplished most deceptively by putting a kind of fire-non-conducting lotion on my wrist. Or Satanella would render my lips and part of my cheek numb by means of a local anesthetic.

Satanella used to make the boast that he could hypnotize a person, bury him in a coffin under six feet of solid earth, and exhume him at the end of a week in perfectly good shape with the exception of a slight cave-in in the stomach. At a certain town, no one seeming overeager to submit himself to this supreme test of the hypnotist's power, Satanella proposed that I do it.

"What's to prevent my suffocating?" said I.

"There's a pipe leading from the coffin to the surface," said he.

"Suppose it should rain—I'd be drowned out."

"We'd put an umbrella over it," said Satanella. "A little tin umbrella."

"I have no faith in little tin umbrellas," said I. And then—"Supposing some playful boy should throw pebbles down the pipe or fill it with sand?"

"We'd have it watched."

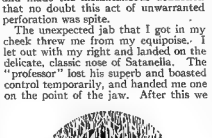
"Well," said I, finally, "I have supreme confidence in you, but I'm not taking that kind of a chance."

FROM that moment I fancied Satanella didn't love me any more.

I've often thought that this little disagreement led to the parting of our ways. For only a few days after I had refused to permit myself to be entombed for the pleasure and profit of my classic employer, we were doing a stunt in a certain opera-house. I had run the gamut—grunted and barked and rolled over and swaggered about—greatly to the delectation of the people out in front.

Satanella had successfully subjected my wrist to the customary fire-test. Then he started to stick a needle through my cheek. But somehow or other he had got just outside the limit of the anesthetized zone. I felt the penetration of the needle with an acuteness that is sometimes described as painful. Instantly I thought of my refusal to be buried alive and Satanella's resentment of it. I connected the two circumstances and made the instantaneous deduction that no doubt this act of unwarranted perforation was spite.

The unexpected jab that I got in my cheek threw me from my equipoise. I let out with my right and landed on the delicate, classic nose of Satanella. The "professor" lost his suspets and boasted control temporarily, and handed me one on the point of the jaw. After this we



threw off all semblance of reserve and indulged in a fierce set-to at fisticuffs—plain rough-house—nothing hypnotic about it. There we were, long-haired, white-faced, glorious brown-eyed "professor" and horse, rolling about the stage in a rough-and-tumble combat, much to the consternation of those who had pinned their faith to Satanella and much to the delight of the "I-told-you-so" heretics, who had come to scoff. I was told afterward by members of the audience that to see our fight was worth the price of admission—about a quarter.

Satanella having thus automatically ceased to be my financial backer, I made tracks for San Francisco on foot.

No sooner had I got home than I found our old friend Alexander Zanfretti, the great pantomimist who used to do the "Brazilian Ape" with so great effect in New York.

Pantomime was one of the few forms of dramatic art that I had not yet tackled—had not even contemplated it. But "All's fish," you know, to the actor or would-be actor. I joined Zanfretti in his production of the "Seven Dwarfs" at the Grand Opera House.

I had absorbed, from watching pantomimists do their work, some of the secrets of their art. At any rate, Zanfretti, after putting me through a course of sprouts, decided that I had enough of the art to play *Pantaloon*. Offhand that doesn't sound so big, but it really meant a lot to me. There were two other Californians with the Zanfretti outfit, one playing *Harlequin*, the other *Columbine*.

Pantomime is the most difficult kind of stage work. It has been for some time practically a lost art, I am sorry to say. But the signs are that it is coming around with the cycle of things.

People have conventionally associated pantomime with the *Clown, Pantaloon, Columbine*, and *Harlequin*—nothing else But it has its place no less in the serious spoken drama.

The most effective bit of pantomime work I ever saw in legitimate drama was done by Charles Fechter in a play called "No Thoroughfare." The scene was a room in a Swiss inn. An Englishman is sitting asleep at the fireside. Fechter is stealing in to kill him. There is a door at the back. The door starts to open. The very stealth of the movement suggests the sinister; all attention is instantly riveted on it. After what seems an age of listening, caution, a face appears, peeping around the edge of the door—then a stealthy foot. Tense excitement. Fechter lowers himself to his knees in order that the sleeping man, if he should awake and turn around, may not observe him.

THAT bit of pantomime, tho it happened nearly forty years ago, is as vivid as on that particular night. I don't know of an audience that could sit still and see him do it.

Another bit of pantomime work I witnessed as a youngster and never forgot was in "Ruy Blas." It was high art. The Spanish courtier, jealous of the Queen who had repulsed him, and wishing to be revenged upon her, so intrigued as to make his valet Prime Minister The Queen promptly fell in love with him—the Prime Minister. Later in the play, to show his power, the courtier dropped his lace handkerchief to the floor, in the presence of the Queen, and then with a suggestive forefinger—no word spoken—imperiously indicated to the Prime Minister to pick it up. The business of the actor—the highest official of the kingdom—hesitating, glancing sidewise at the Queen, apparently struggling with himself, and finally giving way to the inferiority complex that possessed him, stooping and picking up that handkerchief, is never to be forgotten.

Motion-pictures are developing a great assemblage of pantomimists—girls and boys who can't speak lines at all, but still can act for the screen. But the work of these people, remember, is very largely made possible by wonderfully clever camera work and adroit direction. For instance, the incredible stunt of having a man murdered and then, as his corpse lies on the floor, making his spirit ascend from it and disappear through the ceiling. The great popularity of motion-pictures is the return of the pantomime in another shape to the theater.

Zanfretti was a great teacher. He

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The Winter Mode for Afternoon and Evening

Tunic Blouse 2477
Bodice Skirt 2236
Beading 12840

Tunic Dress 2504

Dress 2509 Dress 2508 Dress 2514

Tunic Dress 2449

2449—Ladies' Tunic Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Tiber green faille silk—1½ yard 36-inch silk lining. This is a season of triumph for the tunic. In many new and interesting versions it ranks foremost in the Winter mode. On this afternoon model, its interpretation takes the form of raglan sleeves and fulness below the low waistline. The slip has plaits at the under-arm seams and is finished with shoulder straps. Buttons trim the shoulders and sides of the tunic.

2505—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 2236—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The costume in size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch Attar of Roses Georgette crêpe for tunic—2⅛ yards 40-inch Attar of Roses satin for slip—⅛ yard 40-inch rose ash satin for collar—1⅜ yard rose ash ribbon. Kimono sleeves are an attractive feature of this smart tunic, which is slashed up from the lower edge. Silk braid is used to develop design, 12966.

Tunic Blouse 2505
Bodice Skirt 2236
Braiding 12966

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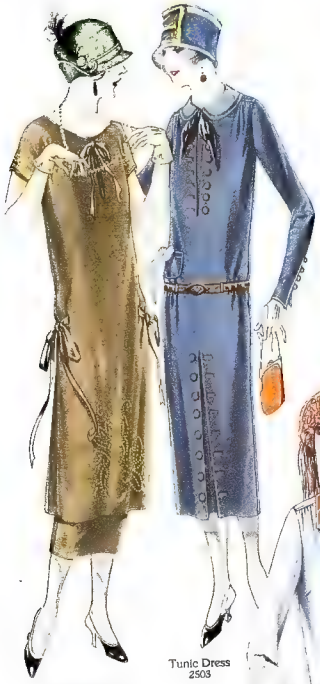
New Interpretations of the Important Tunic

2510—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 2236—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch light green satin—⅛ yard 36-inch dark green velvet—⅞ yard 36-inch silk lining. Design 12872 is used as allover trimming for the tunic, flared at the lower edge.



Tunic Blouse 2473
Bodice Skirt 2236
Beading 12785

Tunic Dress 2503

Tunic Blouse 2510
Bodice Skirt 2236
Embroidery 12872

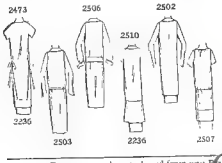
Tunic Dress 2502

Tunic Dress 2507
Beading 12972

Dress 2506
Monogram 686

2473—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 2236—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch brown bengaline—⅞ yard 36-inch silk lining—2⅛ yards dark brown silk binding—4½ yards dark brown ribbon. Trimming the lower edge of the tunic is design 12785 developed in tan wooden beads.

2503—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch navy blue kasha—⅞ yard 36-inch light blue silk crêpe. Bright red satin makes vivid buttonholes to match the round wooden buttons and novelty leather belt which are distinctive features of this smart frock. A flowing black silk tie completes the costume. Slashes at the top and bottom of the frock are characteristic of the mode.



2506—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch gray charmeen—⅓ yard 36-inch red satin. Box plaits provide fulness for the skirt of this good-looking frock. The monogram, 686, is developed in red floss to match the trimming.

Long sleeves, slightly gathered at the wrists, are slashed up from the lower edges. The front-closing is one that is sponsored by Paris couturiers for informal frocks of this type.

2507—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch black Georgette crêpe—2 yards 40-inch black satin—1⅞ yard 40-inch flesh-color satin. The border design, 12972, is developed in beads.

The short sleeves are set in the armholes of the slip of this lovely frock which is appropriate for afternoon or informal evening affairs.

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Godets and Eton Effects Emphasized in Paris

2505—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. 2236—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for sizes 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The costume in size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette—2¾ yards 40-inch satin. The vogue for sheer fabrics finds chic expression in this slim costume, the blouse of which is of Georgette trimmed with satin. The V-shaped neckline and kimono sleeves are attractive features of the blouse. Trimmed with beading design 12975.

Tunic Blouse 2505
Bodice Skirt 2236
Beading 12975

Tunic Dress 2484

Dress 2498

Dress 2428
Beading 12974

Eton Dress 2500

Tunic Dress 2451
Beading 12667

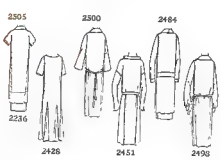
2484—Ladies' and Misses' Coat Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet—⅝ yard 8-inch vesting—1⅛ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine lining for upper part of dress. The many small buttons which decorate the vestee and the long, close-fitting sleeves are a smart note, as is the long two-piece collar.

2498—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch dotted crêpe de Chine—2¾ yards ribbon for sash—⅛ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe for collar—⅛ yard frilling for collar. Small plaits on the shoulder give desirable fulness in front. The long sleeves are finished with cuffs closed with buttons.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

2428—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crêpe satin. The dull and lustrous sides of the material are used in fashioning this tube-like one-piece dress which achieves distinction by inserting godets made of the reverse side of the material in the skirt. The plain sections are sewn with beads according to design 12974. The dress is dart-fitted at the underarm seams.

2451—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch bengaline—⅞ yard 18-inch lace for collar—2 yards ribbon for belt and bow. Small buttons outline the applied trimming band and the graceful, circular tunic which ends at the sides is trimmed with beading design 12667. The lace collar is flattering to the wearer. Kimono sleeves are lengthened with flared sleeve sections.



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The Smartly Dressed Business Woman

Tunic Blouse 2480
Bodice Skirt 2236

Dress 2443

Dress 2376

Dress 2497
Monogram 573

Dress 2415
Embroidery 12939

Ensemble Jacket
Costume 2400
Embroidery 12967

2480—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. No. **2236**—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—¾ yard 36-inch satin for collar—⅜ yards braid—⅛ yard 36-inch silk lining. This trim tunic blouse, distinguished by its simplicity, is slashed up from the lower edge and is gathered on the shoulders in front.

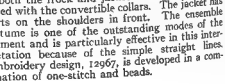
2443—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch velvet—¾ yard 36-inch silk crêpe for vestee and binding—1¼ yard ribbon. The deep open front with simple tailored vestee makes this frock exceptionally appropriate for business and general wear. Fronts of the frock are crossed and closed at the left side-front.

2376—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch twillcord —5⅜ yards braid. A straight collar gathered at the back finishes the oval-shaped neck. The trimming band at the left side of the front is stitched at the top to form a pocket. Darts at the under-arm seams make the frock fit nicely.

2497—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch twill—¼ yard 36-inch satin for collar—3½ yards braid. Fronts of this trim, youthful frock are tucked on the shoulders; the round neck is finished with a neat collar of contrasting material. Frock is slashed and closed at center-front, the simulated opening at the left side being merely a trimming of braid and buttons. Monogram 573 is developed in raised satin stitch.

2415—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch charmeen —5½ yards braid for trimming. Frock is gathered on the shoulders in front and finished with a pointed collar. Long, one-piece sleeves have turn-back cuffs of unusual shape. The narrow belt is closed in front. Embroidery design 12939 is developed in one-stitch.

2400—Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Jacket Costume. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 54-inch flannel for dress and lining of jacket—2½ yards 54-inch wool check for jacket. The straight-line frock is sleeveless and buttons all the way down the center-front. Fronts of both the frock and jacket are underfaced and rolled with the convertible collars. The jacket has darts on the shoulders in front. The ensemble costume is one of the outstanding modes of the moment and is particularly effective in this interpretation because of the simple straight lines. Embroidery design, 12967, is developed in a combination of one-stitch and beads.



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Fashions for Women of Slender Hips

Dress 2294

Dress 2282
Beading 12972

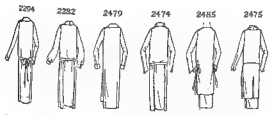
S. H. Dress 2474

S. H. Tunic Blouse 2485
Bodice Skirt 2261
Beading 12506

S. H. Tunic Dress 2475
Beading 12785

Dress 2479
Beading 12681

2282—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch crêpe satin —1½ yard 40-inch printed chiffon—⅞ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for camisole. Extremely gracious are the lines of this dress, with its long collar and two-piece tunic which ends at the sides, leaving the back modishly plain. The tunic is longer than the skirt, giving the new and desired uneven hem-line. The front of the waist is slashed in from the armholes and the lower edges gathered. The waist is adjusted on a front-closing camisole with a straight upper edge finished with shoulder straps and long, one-piece sleeves are gathered to straight bands. The attached two-piece skirt is closed at the left side. The beading is design 12972.



2294—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards flannel—¼ yard 54-inch check flannel for collar and cuffs. The front of this fashionably simple dress is tucked on the shoulders. The long, one-piece sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs. Exceedingly smart are the notched collar and the button-trimmed inserted pockets and inset front.

2479—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch charmeen—5 yards silk binding. By means of an applied front, which is included in the underarm and shoulder seams, this straightline frock achieves the chic tunic effect. The narrow belt is crossed in front and closed at the sides. Trimmed with beading design 12681

S. H. 2474—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 46 requires 5 yards 36-inch crêpe faille—1 yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe faille for collar, facing panels, and binding. The button-trimmed applied trimming band and the panels, which are longer than the skirt, add illusionary inches to the wearer's height. The front of the dress is dart-fitted under the arms, slashed at center-front, underfaced and rolled with the collar, showing the vestee.

S. H. 2485—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. No. 2261—Ladies' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in size 46 requires 5⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine —1¾ yard frilling—3¼ yards ribbon for ties—1 yard 36-inch lining for bodice. The V-shaped neckline, the close-fitting, set in sleeves, and the trim, beltless lines of the blouse are particularly becoming to the woman of slender hips. Trimmed with beading design 12506.

S. H. 2475—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 52 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 46 requires 6½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard ribbon for trimming vestee—1⅝ yard 36-inch lining. The tunic is slashed from the lower edges at center-front and center-back and is left free part way at the side seams. It is attached to the waist, which is slightly gathered on the shoulders. The sleeves flare smartly at the wrists and are sewn to the armholes of the slip. The beading is design 12785.

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These Are the Frocks Young Girls

2506—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch flannel. Three box plaits in the center of the skirt give it the fulness that active youth demands. The turn-back collar and trimming piece are characteristic of tailored frocks of this type. Long sleeves are made slightly full at the wrists and are finished with straight bands. An attractive Egyptian motif, 12820, is developed in raised satin stitch.

2503—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch dark satin -¾ yard 40-inch light contrasting satin for trimming. The front of the frock is gathered on the shoulders and slashed at center front with sections inserted forming inverted plaits. Front and back are slashed in from the underarm edges and the lower slashed edges gathered. A patch pocket and narrow belt are smart.

2497—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch flannel—⅜ yard 54-inch contrasting flannel for trimming. The front of this good-looking straightline frock is tucked on the shoulders. A novel trimming of buttons and contrasting material simulates the opening of the frock which is at the center-front. Front and back are slashed in from the underarm edges and the lower slashed edges gathered.

2504—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 5 yards 40-inch crêpe satin. Tucked on the shoulders as are so many of the new frocks, this model is distinguished by a flat appearance that is so becoming to youthful figures. Long, close-fitting sleeves are slightly flared at the wrists. The border design 12807, trimming the lower edge of the tunic, is developed in beads.

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2514—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch mirror crêpe—2⅝ yards 27-inch lace. A lace panel is posed at the low waistline on the left side of this delightfully chic frock for afternoon and informal evening affairs. The short sleeves are also made of lace. Pleasing symmetry is given the frock by the wide crush girdle, tied in a large bow on the right hip. The bodice is trimmed with embroidery design 12933.

2501—Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch charmeen—⅜ yard 36-inch satin for trimming—1⅜ yard 36-inch silk lining for upper part of slip. Simplicity is the keynote of this stunning tunic frock designed for the girl who likes to wear tailored costumes.

2508—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 5⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—¾ yard 40-inch contrasting satin—1 yard ribbon—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for lower part of slip. A daintier or more youthful dance frock than this could scarcely be imagined. Crystal beads are used to develop the lovely beading design 12974.

2450—Misses' Tunic Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 18 requires 4½ yards 36-inch velveteen—⅜ yard 36-inch satin for trimming—1½ yard 36-inch silk lining. Raglan sleeves, slashed up from the lower edges and gathered to wristbands, feature this smart frock, slashed and closed at the center-front.

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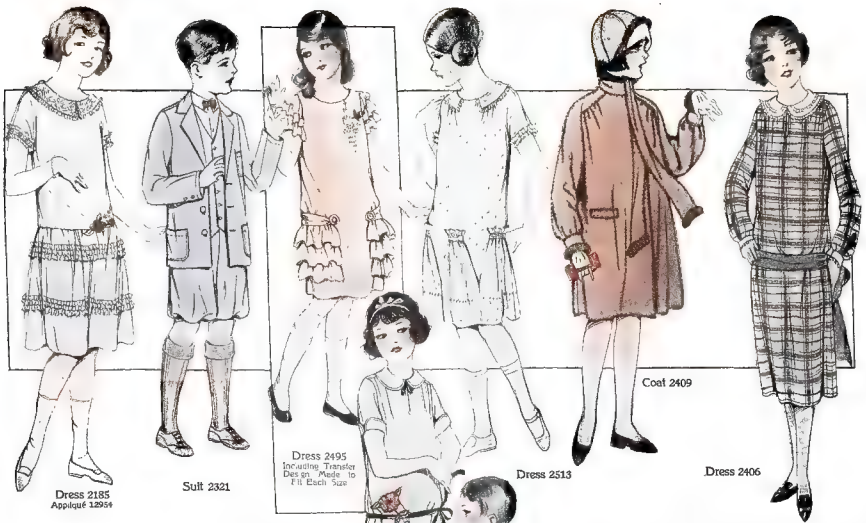


Simplicity Is the Basis of the Juvenile Mode

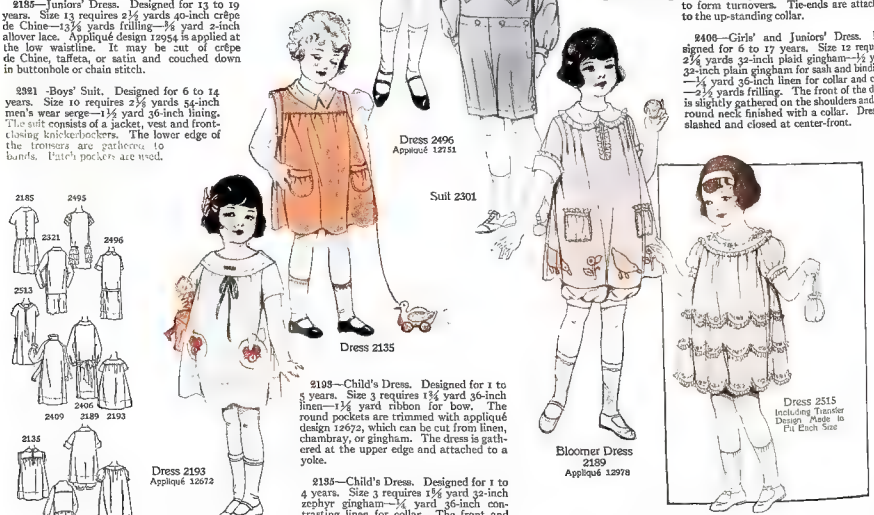
2185—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 19 years. Size 13 requires 2½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1⅜ yards frilling—⅜ yard 2-inch allover lace. Appliqué design 12954 is applied at the low waistline. It may be cut of crêpe de Chine, taffeta, or satin and couched down in buttonhole or chain stitch.

2321 -Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch men's wear serge—1½ yard 36-inch lining. The suit consists of a jacket, vest and front-closing knickerbockers. The lower edge of the trousers are gathered to bands. Patch pockets are used.

2513—Girls' Dress. Designed for 8 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards 40-inch dotted voile—2 yards frilling for the sleeves and collar—¼ yard 27-inch allover embroidery for collar. Trimming pieces are gathered in a novel fashion.

2409—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch fawnskin—2¾ yards 36-inch silk crêpe for lining—1¼ yard fur banding. The coat has smart raglan sleeves gathered to deep cuffs which are rolled back to form turnovers. Tie-ends are attached to the up-standing collar.

2406—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—½ yard 32-inch plain gingham for sash and bindings—⅛ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs—2½ yards frilling. The front of the dress is slightly gathered on the shoulders and the round neck finished with a collar. Dress is slashed and closed at center-front.



2193—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 3 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch linen—1¼ yard ribbon for bow. The round pockets are trimmed with appliqué design 12672, which can be cut from linen, chambray, or gingham. The dress is gathered at the upper edge and attached to a yoke.

2135—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 3 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch zephyr gingham—¼ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for collar. The front and back are gathered to a square yoke. Patch pockets are gathered to straight bands. Dress closes at back.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

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Dress 2320 Appliqué 12883

1374 1987 2278 1240 1149

6997 5969 2347

2341

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MODELS DESCRIBED ON PAGE 69

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Embroideries and Fashions

Embroideries

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12982, blue or yellow, 40 cents—1⅞ furnishes 2 yards each of two borders, 1 and 3 inches wide, 1 and 1 reverse of a 22-inch motif, two motifs 20 inches high, and two neck motifs. They may be developed in pearl, satin or small glass beads. The design is of Grecian inspiration and makes a beautiful trimming for afternoon dresses, tunic blouses, and evening gowns.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12983, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/—furnishes 1⅝ yard each of three trimming borders 1⅝, 2¼, and 3½ inches wide. They are smart for trimming dresses and tunic blouses. One-stitch, French knots and lazy-daisy stitches in combination with nail heads, bugle beads or small round beads may be used.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12989, blue only, 40 cents—1/6, furnishes a cloth 28 inches square and a scarf 18 by 45 inches to match. Appliqué guides are supplied for the border which is most effective in contrasting color. A beautiful set may be made of white linen, outlined around the inside edge with white floss in one-stitch, alternating each stitch with a French knot.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12988, blue only, 25 cents—1/-, furnishes two each of six kitchen towel motifs, and 6 yards ⅝-inch border, to be developed in cross-stitch. The towel motifs are 2¾, 3¼, 3½, 3¾, 4¼, and 4 3-16 inches high.

Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

2477—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 2288—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch black chiffon —1⅝ yards 40-inch black satin. The design, 12840, is developed in beads.

2209—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch black chiffon —3½ yards 40-inch black satin for slip.

2508—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch gold satin—2 yards 36-inch gold brocaded lace—1¾ yard 36-inch silk lining for lower part of slip.

2514—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Diana (blue) crêpe de Chine—1¼ yard 36-inch silver lace.

2504—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 40-inch gray mirror crêpe—2⅞ yards ribbon for sash.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

2502—Ladies' Tunic Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch fuchsia flannel—1¾ yard gray binding. A slender line is achieved by the pointed vestee and tapering revers.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

2300—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for sizes 34 to 42 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch flannel—3⅝ yards binding to trim.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

2308—Girls' Dress. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch wool rep—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting flat crêpe—2½ yards ribbon for sash.

2409—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch crêpe faille—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting faille—2¾ yards ribbon for sash. Embroidery design 12935 may be developed in outline chain, running, lazy-daisy, long-and-short and French knot stitches.

2200—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch kasha—¾ yard 54-inch plaid kasha. The Eton jacket effect and puffed sleeves are new and youthful.

2311—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 40-inch crêpe marocain —1⅞ yard 27-inch lace flouncing—2¼ yards 2-inch ribbon.

2207—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch light satin—1⅞ yard 36-inch lining. The effective appliqué trimming is design 12901.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

2513—Girls' Dress. Designed for 8 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch velveteen—⅝ yard 40-inch embroidery for collar. Trimmed with appliqué design 12954.

2505—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. No. 2286—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in size 16 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch silk crêpe for tunic—2½ yards 36-inch contrasting duvetyn—⅞ yard 36-inch silk lining. The design, 12757, is developed in one-stitch.

2509—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 40-inch velvet—1¼ yard 40-inch chiffon. Design 12935 is developed in beads.

2410—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting satin for trimming—1⅜ yard binding—1⅞ yard 36-inch silk lining.

2495—Girls' Dress, Including Transfer Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3 yards 40-inch flat crêpe. The lovely design is developed in lazy-daisy and satin stitches.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

2495—Girls' Dress, Including Transfer Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3 yards 40-inch voile.

2496—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch flannel—⅝ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs—2¾ yards binding—2 yards ribbon for sash. Trimmed with appliqué design 12771.

2301—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 7 years. Size 6 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch flannel—⅜ yard 54-inch contrasting flannel for collar and cuffs—2 yards braid.

2189—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 3½ yards 32-inch gingham—½ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs—2¾ yards frilling. Trimmed with appliqué design 12978, cut from scraps of chambray or gingham and couched down in blanket, buttonhole or chain stitches

2215—Child's Dress, Including Transfer Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch voile—⅛ yard 36-inch contrasting voile for yokes and sleeve bands—8¾ yards frilling.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 67

1582—Ladies' Dressing Sack. Designed for 34 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 27-inch challis—1¼ yard ribbon for tie.

2491 Ladies' Blanket Bathrobe. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1 blanket 70 by 82 inches—1⅝ yard 27-inch satin for facing, 2½ yards cord.

2490—Ladies' Set in Combination. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch longcloth—1 yard ribbon for shoulder straps. Trimmed with embroidery 12956.

2442—Ladies' and Misses' Guimpe Set-in. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—3⅜ yards narrow edging—2½ yards wide edging.

2494—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch nainsook—1¾ yard 5⅛-inch lace banding—1¾ yard edging—1 yard 1-inch ribbon for shoulder straps—2 yards narrow ribbon for draw-string.

2496—Misses' Blanket Bathrobe. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch blanket cloth—2¾ yards 2-inch ribbon for sash.

2487—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch flannel.

1934—Clown Suit and Hat. Designed for 32 to 48 chest. Size 32 requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch light percale—4⅜ yards 36-inch dark percale.

1528—Girls' Chinese Costume. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch sateen—⅝ yard 36-inch figured sateen.

1934—Clown Suit and Hat. Designed for 6 to 19 years. Size 10 requires 6¼ yards 36-inch muslin.

1546—Ladies' Fancy Dress Costume. Designed for 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch satin.

2236—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch charmeen —⅝ yard 36-inch silk crêpe.

2486—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch nainsook—1⅝ yard edging—1 yard ribbon for bow. Trimmed with embroidery 12367 carried out in raised satin and outline stitches with white mercerized cotton floss.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 68

1974—Infants' Hood and Cape. Designed for one size. Requires 1¾ yard 54-inch broadcloth—1⅝ yard 40-inch silk crêpe for lining. Trimmed with scallop 11659 and embroidery 12237.

1987—Child's Rompers, Including Transfer Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 32-inch light gingham—1⅛ yard 32-inch dark gingham.

2078—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch chambray—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting chambray to trim. Trimmed with cross-stitch design 12977.

2152—Ladies' Scarfs. Designed for one size. Requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch light crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 40-inch dark velvet.

1826—Children's Bonnets. Designed for 1½ to 2 years. In size 1 year, Bonnet No. 1 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch sateen—⅝ yard narrow frilling—1¼ yard ribbon for tie-strings—¼ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. Trimmed with embroidery 12390, worked in raised satin and stem stitches In size 1 year, Bonnet No. 2 requires ⅜ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1¾ yard 3-inch lace plaiting—1¾ yard ribbon for tie-strings —¼ yard 36-inch silk for lining.

2508—Men's and Youth's Shirt. Designed for 32 to 50 chest. Size 32 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch cotton broadcloth.

2067—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch checked gingham—4 yards binding. Trimmed with appliqué design 12978, cut from chambray and couched down in blanket stitch.

2241—Ladies' and Misses' Slip. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Trimmed with design 12182, carried out in raised satin and outline stitches with mercerized cotton floss.

1940—Ladies' Two-piece Step-in Drawers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 2 yards 36-inch longcloth. Trimmed with design 12367.

1149—Ladies' Bloomers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch sateen.

2809—Men's Smoking Jacket. Designed for 36 to 44 chest. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch plain flannel—⅞ yard 54-inch wool plaid

2320—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—½ yard 36-inch linen—5¼ yards binding. Trimmed with appliqué design 12978, cut from chambray, gingham, linen or percale and couched down in buttonhole stitch.

2347—Ladies' and Misses' Kimono. Designed for 34 to 50 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch dark satin—⅛ yard 40-inch light satin—1¼ yard fringe.

2008—Men's Two-piece Pajamas. Designed for 36 to 48 chest. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 36-inch cotton broadcloth. Trimmed with monogram 543. Worked in raised satin stitch using mercerized cotton floss.

0997—Child's Legging Drawers. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 2 requires ⅝ yard 54-inch flannel.

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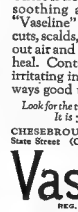

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In the Spotlight for Forty Years

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

used to stand us up in line and instruct us thus:

"You are going into that baker's shop and ask for some bread. You expect to get it. The baker is going to refuse to give it to you. You express surprize. You express scheming to get it, which fills the audience with suspense. Presently you grab the bread and make for the street. The bakers and others pursue. You express terror, which will make the audience laugh, for disaster, happening to some one else, is the basis of comedy."

Associated with such a genius as Zanfretti, could any one but a dunce help absorbing a whole lot?

THE most terrifying experience I ever had was rehearsing with bloodhounds in a dark room under the stage. I had joined the McFadden's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company. I played *Marks*, the lawyer, the most contemptible character in the play, not even excepting *Simon Legree*. I shall never forget the terror of it. We had to dress in semilighted rooms underneath the stage. When my particular rehearsal was called, the director, with many comforting words—I fancy he was something of a practical joker—fastened a great leather collar about my neck. To this was attached a piece of reddish rubber about the size and shape of an old-fashioned sausage and much resembling the same in general effect. I was dubious about the purpose of this pseudosausage.

"Brace up," the director reassured, and pushed me into the enclosure that encompassed the bloodhounds. Reason told me that this practised director would not expose me to real danger, but at sight of the ferocious creatures reason fled! Chills and fever chased each other up and down my spine. But my agony was short lived. For just then somebody unleashed one of the monsters, and he launched himself into space and landed on me, the impact throwing me violently to the floor. He fixed his teeth in the rubber sausage—experience not wholly unfamiliar to a good many of us Thespians who had been compelled to lunch at railroad stations—and proceeded to tug and wrestle and otherwise shake me up, as a terrier would a rat.

I survived the ordeal, terribly mauled and much enlightened. Then the humorous director advised me that the ferocious-looking bloodhound "was in reality nothing but a great, good-natured, lumbering brute—more playful than anything else—that he would have played with the make-believe sausage quite as violently whether it had been on or off the neck of the actor. Why didn't he tell me that before?

You may say, how did we keep this hokum—the sausage trick—from the audience? Easy enough when you think of it. We diverted attention at the crucial moment—an old trick with directors no less than with conjurers. *Elisa* was made to appear at the back of the stage—some of the bloodhounds pursuing her—picking her way over the floating blocks of ice—soap-boxes painted white. *Marks* appears in front, his back to the audience. Every one is watching *Elisa*. Bloodhound, on opposite side of stage from *Marks*, spies sausage on collar, leaps across six or eight feet of space, knocks *Marks* down, and proceeds, apparently, to eat him up, while the house goes wild with joy.

I conceived while with this "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company a great scheme for shirking work. It was so simple I wonder somebody hadn't thought of it before. Don't misunderstand me when I say "shirking." I was always full of energy—ready to do my bit—but the Irish in me rebelled at anything like injustice. Sometimes a man has more work put upon him than he justly deserves. He is oppressed. He is not in a position to protest with his fists or his voice. He has to use his wits in some way.

It was the practise at the time to have an actor "double in brass," as they called it, which was to have him, in addition to acting his part, play the fife, cornet, or big bass drum. Doing a musical bit was one of the necessary accomplishments of any actor who attempted to travel in anything less than a first-class company. He had not only to parade with the rest of the drafted, coerced, and often rebellious musicians through the streets, no matter how hot the afternoon, but also do his bit with the band on the hotel balcony or in front of the theater, up to within a few minutes of the rising of the curtain, scurry to the back of the house, put on his make-up, and appear as *Phineas Fletcher, Marks*, the lawyer, or what-not.

I pondered this injustice a bit and resolved to find a way out. I was assigned to play the big bass drum, a most dominating, drowning-out instrument, and one most suitable to my purpose. I was a skilful drummer, if they'd only known it. But I simply played the greenhorn—I wouldn't keep time. So I went right ahead, regardless of everything and everybody—bom, bom, bom! The leader frowned at me. The other musicians confided, turned and stared at me. But I went right on, oblivious—bom, bom, bom! until a loud expletive from the leader halted me.

Try as they would, they never could train me to keep time. So I was ignominiously thrust out, and the property man was promoted to the job of manipulating the drumsticks on hot afternoons and evenings, while I lolled in the shade of some cool barroom.

I never revealed to any one my scheme for avoiding "doubling in brass." I used this same work-avoiding scheme to very good effect later when I joined the Ben Cotton Minstrel Troupe. We started out from San Francisco to British Columbia and the Northwest, sailing on the *Queen of the Pacific* for Victoria. On this ship were a considerable number of Chinamen who had been transferred to our ship from the *City of Tokio*. We had not been at sea more than twenty-four hours when some one, I don't know who—an official evidently—told our captain that there had been cases of smallpox on the *City of Tokio* and that the thousand or more Chinamen on the *Queen of the Pacific* might be menaced with the plague. In fact, the ship's doctor discovered one case among them.

WHEN we arrived at Victoria we were quarantined and held there for eighteen days. Notwithstanding this fact, we were permitted to send ashore the vegetables and meat, and so forth, intended for Victoria. "Consistency, thou art a jewel." Not a soul was allowed ashore.

We devoted our time to devising time-passing schemes and jokes. I particularly pride myself on two. It was the time of the Blaine-Cleveland campaign. It was proposed to have an election of our own on board ship. Bets were registered. There were about nineteen first-class passengers, and the voting stood nearly even. Then I, who was for Cleveland strong, went below decks where the Chinamen were segregated, and, having hear of any alleged malady that might be prevalent among them, voted the Celestials—every mother's son of them—for the Democratic candidate and elected him by an unparalleled majority, the almost all of his supporters had never set foot in the United States!

This is the fourth of a series of articles on the American stage by William A. Brady. The next will appear in an early issue of Pictorial Review.

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Glory Be! McGlathery

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

"Come, now! What's the matter wid ye! What are ye standin' there fer? Give me that bag! Up wid it! Do ye think ye're goin' to be runnin' away now?"

It was McGlathery's voice, if you please, commanding—McGlathery, after his two previous experiences! And his very soul was quaking with fear at this moment.

And then — What was it that happened? For weeks after he himself, suffering from the left-over effects of "the bends" in a hospital, was unable to get it straight. Four of the bags of sawdust had burst and blown through, he remembered that—it was a mistake to have sawdust-bags at all!—and then, in stuffing others in, they found that they were a bag short, and until something could be found to put in its place, for the water was streaming in like a waterfall, he, McGlathery, defiant to the core and not to be outdone by the river this time, commanded the great thing to be done.

"Here!" he shouted. "The three av ye," pointing to three gaping men near at hand, "up wid me! Put me there! I'm as good as a bag of saadust any day. Up wid me!"

Astonished, admiring, heartened, the three of them jumped forward and lifted him. They held him against the small breach, through which the water was pouring, while others ran off for more bags. Henderson and Laverty and the iron-workers, amazed and amused and made braver themselves by his sheer resourcefulness, stood by to help. And then, if you will believe it, while they were holding him there, one end of the great shield itself was lifted eleven or thirteen or fifteen inches by the tremendous pressure below—whatever space a medium-size man could be forced through —and out he went, McGlathery and all the bags, up into the river above, the while the water poured down and the men fled for their lives.

It was a terrible moment, as you can well imagine, just long enough to swallow up McGlathery, and then the shield, having responded at first to too much air-pressure and now responding to too little (the pressure having been lessened by the escape), shut down like a safety-valve and stopped most of the water.

But McGlathery! What of him?

Reader, a miracle!

A TUG captain steaming down the Hudson one bright December afternoon was of a sudden astonished to see a small geyser lift its head some thirty feet from his boat, and at the top of it, lying on it, was a black object which at first he took to be a bag or log. He soon made it out well enough, for it plunged and bellowed.

"For the love av Mike! Git me out av this! Oh! oh! oh!"

It was McGlathery, alive and howling lustily, and even trying to swim. For some thirty or forty seconds he had been edded swiftly along the top of the tunnel at the bottom of the river, and then coming to where the air ricocheted upward he had been hustled upward like a cork and literally blown through the air at the top of the great volume of water, out into space. The sudden shift from so many pounds of air-pressure to none at all had brought him down again, and in addition had brought on the severe case of "bends" which carried him to a hospital. But St. Columba had not forgotten him. Altho he was suffering horribly and was convinced that he was a dead man, still the good saint must have placed the tug conveniently near, and into this he was now speedily lifted.

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Captain Hiram Knox, eying him in astonishment. "Where do you come from?"

"Oh! oh! oh!" bawled McGlathery. "Me arms! Me ribs! Oh! oh! oh! The tunnel! The tunnel below, av course! It's dyin' av the bends I am! Git me to a hospital quick!"

The captain, moved and frightened by his groans, made for the nearest dock. It took but a few minutes to get an ambulance, and but a few more to drive McGlathery to the nearest hospital. The house physician, having seen a case of this same disease a few years before, had meditated on it and thought that the hair of the dog must be good for the bite. McGlathery was at once carted off to one of the locks of the tunnel, where he was stared at as one who had risen from the dead. But, better yet, under the high pressure now applied he recovered sufficiently to relieve him of the bends or distorted muscles to become host and tell his story; another trick of the good St. Columba, no doubt.

The whole city, if not the whole country, was astounded by the accident, which all the newspapers published, and McGlathery became a true nine-days' wonder. Indeed the papers were full of this strange adventure, with large pictures of McGlathery ascending heavenward, as well as of the shield.

AND again the four weeks spent in hospital were the happiest of his life. For he was interviewed by no less than five representatives of Sunday editors and eleven reporters for city dailies, all eager to know just how it was he had been blown through water and air up through so great a thing as a river, and how he felt while en route. It was a triumph. He talked and talked.

Rivers may be smart, but saints are smarter, glory be!

And to top it all off, since his right hand and arm might possibly be crippled for life, and in grateful appreciation of the fact that he had refused to deal with various wolfish lawyers who had descended upon him and urged him to sue for a large sum, he was offered by the company a substantial pension or its equivalent, work at good pay, for the rest of his life, and a cash bonus into the bargain; which solved his very uncertain future for him and put him at ease. Once more the hand or the head of the saint, you see.

But above all there was the peculiar spiritual consolation that comes with the feeling that you have done your duty and that a powerful saint is on your side. For if all these things didn't prove that St. Columba had kept faith with him, what could? The river had tried to do its worst and had caused him much fear and pain; and perhaps St. Columba didn't have as much control over the river as he should, or maybe he (McGlathery) had not always deserved the good saint's support; but, nevertheless, in the final extremity he had certainly acted.

If the saint had not been trying to help him how was it that the tug was just at hand as he arose out of the water two thousand feet from shore? And how was it that the hospital doctor had hurried him off to a lock just in time? Incontrovertible facts, all.

At any rate McGlathery thought so, and on Sundays and holidays, whether or not anything of importance was being celebrated in his church, he might have been seen kneeling before his saint and sometimes eying him with both reverence and admiration. "For, glory be," as he frequently said in narrating the wonderful event, "I wasn't stuck between the shield an' the tunnel, as I mighta been, an' killed entirely. An' it lifted up just enough to let me go out like a cork, an' then, God be praised, it shut down again an' didn't drown the others. But here I am, glory be, an' no worse fer it—tho it do be that me hand wrenches me now an' then."

And as for the good St. Columba——

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Kansas Has a Big Idea

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

names, ages, birthplaces, etc., of the parents, grandparents, brothers and sisters of the parents, and children; if dead, cause of death, etc. This list of names is transcribed to the margin of each of twelve examination records, which are distributed to the various examiners.

As we pass the eugenic expert's table we hear him ask, "And what diseases did John have before he was twenty-one?" Or "Did any member of your family ever have fits or fainting-spells?" If we were to be impolite to "listen in" for about an hour, we would hear the mother and father vigorously brushing up their memories and trying to give a complete history of the health, education, and achievement of every member of their respective families.

BEFORE long one would be impressed that the average American family has no written record beyond that of births and deaths in the family Bible, and also that the average American family knows little that is accurate or complete about its own ancestry. By dint of much patient effort, however, Professor W. R. B. Robertson, who teaches heredity and eugenics in the University of Kansas, manages to get fairly complete and often very significant family histories.

After the mother has passed the clerk and eugenist she goes into the psychology booth, where Professor Dean Worcester, director of the bureau of mental measurements at the State Normal at Emporia, is conducting intelligence tests. When this is completed she goes to the booth presided over by Dr. Karl Menninger, a psychiatric specialist, who tests her nerve-reflexes, emotional and intellectual responses, etc.

She next goes into the booth for women's structural examination. (The structural examinations are under the direction of Dr. James Naismith and Dr. Martha Bacon of the department of physical education at the University of Kansas.) Here she is given the measurements and strength tests of a student entering the athletic department of the gymnasium.

When this is completed she goes to the booth for the medical examination of women, which is in charge of Dr. Elvenor Ernest and a corps of women physician assistants. (The men's medical booth is in charge of Dr. B. K. Kilburne of the State Board of Health.) Here our mother receives a complete physical and organic examination, with blood-pressure, hemoglobin, and Wassermann tests.

We have still to see this mother pass the review of a dentist and an eye, ear, nose, and throat expert before her twelve pages of record are filled. It has taken her at least three hours to complete these various procedures.

As the rest of the family examinations are recorded on the same sheets, this family has, when completed, a full record of the known history and present physical and mental status of every member of three generations.

Each judge scores on his own findings. The sum of these constitutes the total score of the individual. The average of the individual members of a family gives the family score.

Families are classified as—small: father, mother, and one child; medium: father, mother, and two to four children; large: father, mother, and five or more children.

The Kansas group seem to have proved that to understand the child and do justice to him it is necessary to understand his family back of him and that this movement is therefore the logical next step in the child-health movement.

The public seems ready to receive the idea that it should begin to keep permanent eugenic family records and that periodical health examinations are valuable, and many more families apply than can be accommodated. The scientific world has also shown that it is ready to collaborate in this. The professional people of Kansas have given unstintedly of their time and effort in developing methods and making the examinations. These records and examinations are not only of value from a scientific point of view, but have much value in positive health.

So it does look as if they have started something in Kansas, doesn't it?

The Red Peril

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

first, quietly, reasonably. That would be best. He would consider other means if this failed, but his duty to the family demanded that he make this attempt first.

He waited in his room until he heard her come in for lunch and followed her down the hall.

"I have something important to say to you, Anne," he said with quiet firmness, following her into her room and closing the door. "Sit down, please."

She smiled irritatingly and drew up a chair.

"What is it, old scout?" she asked, sitting down. "Have you robbed a bank?"

"This is no time for petty foolishness or trivialities," he remarked gravely. "I'm coming to you this way because you already did me a great favor this Summer and I owe something to you. I'm coming to you before any one else to ask you to consider all the issues of this thing that I'm going to talk to you about before you take any false step that you may regret as long as you live."

"False step? What are you trying to make of me—a wronged heroine or something? What's the latest? I'm prepared for anything now."

He was calm. He prided himself on that for a moment as he paused to look toward the door. It was still closed, he discovered.

"Anne," he said, "by the purest accident I found out a little while ago that you are innocently mixed up in one of these terrible radical movements that are spreading over this country and seeking to——"

"Oh, that's it!" She glanced over at the desk and saw the letter lying there. "The cat's meow is out of the bag. Snooping again, eh? We'll have to lock things up where little boys won't be able to find them."

HE MAINTAINED a fine dignity under the trying circumstances.

"I was *not* snooping. I saw it accidentally, and when I read the heading I felt it was my duty to read it all. I guess there are times when duty and—well, when one's duty to something higher than mere petty personal things gives one a—well, when one has a perfect right to do anything if what he's after finally is the best thing to do, if you can understand what I mean."

"I understand perfectly"—she was scornful now. "It's an old argument—the end justifies the means."

She got up and, moving over to him, gently felt his forehead.

"You've got some kind of fever or something," she said. "I think you'd better lie down for a little while. I'll fix

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The Red Peril

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an ice-bag for you. It'll cool your brain." He pulled away from her and stood up.

"I'm serious," he said. "I guess from the way you kid me all the time you think I can never be serious about anything, but this time you're mistaken. I'm so serious about this thing that I'll—well, I'll do something drastic, something terribly drastic if you force me into it. You'd better look out—you had."

"Something drastic, eh?" she mocked. "You can't have me deported, you know. I'm a citizen."

"Yes, a fine citizen you are," he retorted with bitter scorn, "consorting with a lot of enemies of your country and such like people and forgetting your plain and simple duty to the community and to your family and home. Why, it's simply terrible, Anne—it's worse than that—it's simply—why, it's simply awful! It's—it's unspeakable!"

His face was flushed with excitement, and his earnestness touched her for a moment.

"It really isn't as terrible as you imagine, old dear," she said. "Lots and lots of the students at school belong. It's just a sort of leaven that may work out in a fine and splendid way when—but you don't understand. I'm afraid you *couldn't* understand if you tried."

"Oh, couldn't I? I guess I understand enough to make me know that I'm not going to allow any sister of mine to belong to any such despicable organization as that. Are you going to write out your resignation?"

"Of course not."

"I ask you—for the last time—for the sake of your family if for no other reason—for the sake of your father and mother—are you going to disgrace *them* by continuing to belong to this red, radical outfit?"

Anne nodded complacently. Her brother strode to the door and stood with his hand on the knob.

"Because you're my sister and because you helped me out of a great difficulty once," he said dramatically, "I have tried to be patient. I have given you every chance. You have seen fit to ignore me as if I were just some petty nuisance or something like that, but you will find out when it is too late that there are things to be reckoned with that you know nothing of. I'm sorry, but I've got to do something drastic. You force me to it."

He opened the door with a sweeping gesture, passed through and closed it with a resounding slam. The house knew him no more for hours. He spent the afternoon aimlessly driving all over the countryside trying to figure out what that "something drastic" was going to be. His plans were still extremely nebulous when he returned home for dinner. The only thing he had definitely decided upon was that his father and mother should be apprized of this newest vagary of their daughter. It would be a terrible blow to them, he knew, and he would like to spare them, but there seemed to be no other way out. Perhaps if they combined forces and reasoned with her more desperate measures would not have to be taken.

ANNE was dining out, and this made the breaking of the news possible without the tear-chamber proceedings which he had felt would be inevitable. He broached the subject with the coffee, having spent the early part of the meal in mentally rehearsing the opening speech, which had something in it about a "distinctly unpleasant duty" which he was obliged to perform. Both his parents seemed intensely interested in his narrative. Mrs. Jones kept gazing apprehensively at her husband in a frightened sort of way. Mr. Jones listened with his head cocked on one side and puffed calmly at a cigar. Wilbur finished in a fine burst of speed.

"And now you two have got to do something about it," he said breathlessly, "something drastic. I warned Anne that something drastic would be done—something decidedly drastic."

"As for instance?" inquired Mr. Jones, smiling quizzically.

"Well—well, you've got to take some step—some decided step for the honor of the family—to save it from disgrace and public scorn and everything."

Mr. Jones leaned back in his chair and laughed with outrageous heartiness.

"The honor of the family, eh?"—he went into another paroxysm. "Yes—yes, I guess that's got to be saved at all costs, eh, Mother?"

WILBUR made a gallant effort to preserve his dignity. He drew himself up to as much of his height as was possible in a sitting posture and spoke with a certain fine restraint.

"Perhaps I've made a mistake," he said. "I think I might have expected a sympathetic interest in a matter of this kind from my own father."

Mr. Jones knocked the ashes off his cigar into his coffee-cup and leaned toward his offspring. "It's all right, Son," he said amiably. "I'll do the gentlemanly thing. I apologize. You've got a slightly distorted view-point, that's all, and it struck my sense of humor. There really isn't anything serious about the whole thing at all."

"Nothing serious?" Mrs. Jones intervened. "Why, Henry, how can you possibly say such a thing? Do you want your only daughter to grow up into a Bolshevist? Why, the next thing you know, she'll be advocating free love or something equally outrageous."

"That's right, Mother," broke in Wilbur. "These people advocate flying in the face of everything that this and previous generations hold dear and sacred."

"You got that out of that Chamber of Commerce speech you heard yesterday," replied his father. "This thing will blow over. It always has. I'm afraid a little too much fuss is being made about it generally. Anne isn't serious about this at all. She'll forget it in a few weeks and go in for something else. It's just youth having a new kind of a fling—or I wonder if it's so new, after all? I was a pretty good socialist myself when I was just out of college and——"

"Henry, you *weren't!*" interrupted his wife incredulously.

"Sure. Used to attend meetings in a hall over a little German saloon on the East Side in New York and got a'l excited about the woes of humanity and the need for social justice and I don't know what all. Made a few speeches, too, all about wage slaves and the iron heel of capitalism and all the other stock stuff. Then I got married on some new line of thought—I rather think it was about that time that I met you—and—well, I sort of drifted away and left the proletariat flat on its back."

"You're not defending these radical theories, are you?" asked Wilbur, more than a little horrified.

"Of course not," replied his father emphatically. "They're all founded on sentimentalism. It's all rather soft bunk that won't work in a selfish world, but it isn't anything to get all worked up about. As for Anne—why, if I went to her and argued with her about it and tried to persuade her to give it up she'd go in for it seventeen times as strong as ever. I *know* her. Just let her alone. She'll drift back to sensible ways the same as I did. Maybe *you'd* like to try your hand, Mother.'

Mrs. Jones smiled helplessly.

"There's no use in *my* saying anything at all," she said. "I know her, too. I'm afraid I'd have a bad effect on her just the same way you say you would."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

The New, Easy Way

To Have Beautiful Waxed Floors and Linoleum

THE new, easy way to wax floors and linoleum is with Johnson's Liquid Wax, applied with a Johnson Wax Mop and polished with a Johnson Weighted Brush. This new method means that every one can now have beautiful waxed floors with very little effort—just a few minutes' time—and without stooping.

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The Red Peril

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

Wilbur decided that a dignified withdrawal was the proper course of procedure. He rose, holding himself firm and erect.

"I'm sorry I disturbed your dinner," he said. "I had counted on your support in this matter. Do not blame me if I seek aid and assistance elsewhere."

He stalked out of the room with a haughtiness that he felt to be extremely effective as a quiet rebuke. Distorted view-point, eh? He knew what members of the Jones family had distorted view-points. He'd show those certain persons that there was one member of the family who had gumption and backbone enough to do the right thing at all hazards. A letter which reached him in the morning strengthened his determination to go through with a plan which had matured in his mind during the night. It was written on the letter-head of the Lakeside Guarantee and Trust Company.

MY DEAR MR. JONES:

I note with great pleasure what you suggest about a formal protest against the release of the so-called "political prisoners," and I am calling a special meeting of the committee which has the "red menace" as its particular province. I will bring the matter up and I can assure you that we will draft a resolution which will serve as a model for other protests of a similar character. It will give me great pleasure to inform the committee that the suggestion for this patriotic move came from you.

It is a fine, inspiring thing to know that there is at least one young man in this city who has the true interests of the community at heart. Disturbing reports reach us of the existence of radical groups in our own city, and we will need the support of every one in stamping them out.

Keep up the fight. Good luck and my very best wishes.

Sincerely yours,
STANLEY JACKSON, *President.*

AN HOUR after the receipt of this letter Wilbur drove up in front of the City Hall, parked his car, and entered municipal headquarters for the first time in his life. A slight timidity assailed him when he found himself in front of the door marked "Superintendent of Police." He loitered for a moment and wiped his forehead. Then he swallowed hard and entered. An elderly policeman seated at a desk surveyed him curiously.

"Well, young fellow?" he questioned.

"I want to see the superintendent," Wilbur managed to say.

"Police business?"

"Why, certainly—I should say it was —yes—decidedly."

"Maybe I can help you out. He doesn't like to be bothered unless it's something really important. Can you give me an idea what you've got on your mind?"

Wilbur shook his head. No underling was going to get anything out of him.

"I'm afraid I couldn't," he said. "It's very important—it isn't anything trivial like an order to complain or anything like that—it's something of importance to the whole community—why, it's something that may probably shake this old town right down to its foundations. You just tell the superintendent that, please Say that Mr. Wilbur Jones, son of Attorney Henry Jones, would like to see him on an urgent matter—a very important matter."

The elderly policeman was visibly impressed. He waved Wilbur to a seat and disappeared through a door marked "Private." He emerged a minute later.

"He'll see you," he said. "I'd advise you to make it kind of snappy. He's busy this morning."

He held the door open and Wilbur presently found himself confronting Superintendent of Police Michael J. Driscoll. That official, a formidable-looking person with an iron-gray, bristly mustache and a dull-red complexion, was seated behind a wide desk in his shirt-sleeves. Michael J. had believed when first appointed to the force as a patrolman that one of the prime requisites of a police officer was a forbidding frown. He had cultivated one so assiduously these many years that it had taken permanent root on his face. His aspect slightly terrified Wilbur, who fumbled with his hat as he came within range of the glower behind the bushy eyebrows.

"Something on your chest?" questioned the head of the Ashford police force, viciously biting the end off a cigar.

"Well, yes—there is. I've thought it all out and I've decided that my duty to the community demands that I come to the police."

"Your duty to the community, eh? That's kind of a new one for a young fellow like you to pull. Sit down and spill the beans."

WILBUR sat down rather gingerly and looked up into Michael J. Driscoll's face for some sympathetic gleam of friendly feeling. All he could see was the permanent scowl.

"Well," he began hesitatingly, "what I have to say deals with the activities of the reds."

Michael J. showed immediate signs of interest. He leaned forward a little.

"It does, eh? Well, we're after the dope on them fellows and we're after it hard."

"Then you think they ought to be suppressed?"

"Suppressed? They'd ought to be hung—the whole bunch of 'em. This is a free country and what the —— right have they got to be fussin' about? If you ask me, it's too —— free—this country, I mean—for the likes of them. That's my belief and I'm not backward in sayin' as much. I told Mr. Stanley Jackson and a committee of citizens the same thing yesterday when they was in here talkin' about this thing."

Wilbur took heart at the mention of his patron's name.

"Mr. Jackson is with me in this," he said. "Well, of course not exactly in this particular case I'm going to tell you about, but in the general fight against this evil. Here's a letter I got from him this morning."

He took the precious document out of his pocket and pushed it across the desk. Michael J. laboriously adjusted a pair of spectacles and read it carefully.

"He's a big man, he is," he said as he passed it back, "and that's a —— fine sort of a credential for you. What is this thing you want to tell me about?"

"Well," began Wilbur, who was now fairly calm, "there's a group of the younger radicals who are going to have a special meeting to-morrow afternoon at Anderson's boat-house on the lake and there's a New York red going to talk on the situation in Soviet Russia, and the lessons we can draw from that bunch of blood-stained Bolsheviats, and, well, it's hard to tell just what pernicious activity this group isn't up to and just what they won't do to-morrow. That meeting should be suppressed."

Michael J. brought his hand down on the desk with a bang.

"You're —— right; it ought to be," he said emphatically, "if what you say is true—and with that credential I have no reason to doubt your word. We've been too lenient with these fellows, too lenient altogether. I'm glad the citizens are gettin' together to support us in any steps we take. What time is this affair to be pulled off?"

"Three o'clock."

"Well, take it from me, young fellow, the police will be there with bells on. I'm ready to make a test case now with all this support comin' from all sides. We'll show 'em we ain't goin' to stand for no revolutionary stuff in this town. Thank you for tippin' us off and don't breathe a word of this anywhere. We have to keep these things very confidential."

Wilbur nodded solemnly. The next moment he found his hand infolded in the brawny grip of Michael J., who personally conducted him through the outer office and who gave him a friendly little tap on the shoulder as he mysteriously whispered a final farewell.

"Remember to keep it dark."

Wilbur's mother was the only one let in on the secret. That still disturbed gentlewoman found herself led into her son's room that afternoon with a certain impressiveness that she well knew foreshadowed another important "announcement." Wilbur seemed extremely cool.

"Mother," he said quietly, when he had seated himself opposite her, "I have goae to the police."

Mrs. Jones paled perceptibly.

"The po-police?" she stammered. "Do you mean about Anne?"

"Well, yes, indirectly," replied her son. "I felt——"

"But what can I do—where do I come in?"

"It is up to you to keep Anne from attending that meeting to-morrow. It's going to be raided and I guess I've got sense enough to know that I don't want any sister of mine mixed up in a raid or anything like that even if it would do her a lot of good to find out that there's law and order in this world despite what she or her corrupt associates may think."

Mrs. Jones looked up at him dejectedly.

"But how on earth can I keep Anne away from anything?" she asked hopelessly.

"I've got it all figured out," replied Wilbur with easy jauntiness. "You've got to be sick—terribly sick, to-morrow morning. You've got to wake up sick—moaning and all that—and you've got to insist on having Anne with you—right at your bedside. You've got to plead with her not to leave your side for a minute all day. I guess that while she may have wild notions and all that she isn't totally heartless, and that a plea like that from her own mother will keep her at home. You can tell her you want her quiet influence with you and—why, my goodness, no daughter could resist a mother's appeal like that."

"I really believe there's something in what you say," replied Mrs. Jones. "only I'm never much good at playing parts."

At dinner that night Wilbur chose to drop his attitude of disdainful aloofness toward his sister. He felt that the substitution of a mood of decided gaiety and a display of interest in the trifling affairs of the neighborhood might have a tendency to disarm her. It certainly caused an occasional elevation of the paternal eyebrows and at least aroused vague questionings in the mind of Anne herself.

MRS. JONES began her play-acting out on the porch as twilight began to soften the outlines of the maples that edged the roadway.

"I'm getting a frightful headache," she said, leaning back in her chair and half closing her eyes. "I feel sort of strange all over. I think I'll go to bed."

Henry Jones displayed an immediate sympathetic concern, but Wilbur, adding another disarming detail, professed to believe that it was nothing at all.

"I think this breeze that's blowing here will be better for you than bed," he said. "It may be nothing serious. It'll probably pass off in a few minutes."

Mrs. Jones couldn't quite understand the implied subtlety of this observation, but she decided to let nothing stand in the way of her determination. She turned languidly toward her daughter.

"Anne, dear," she said in a weary tone. "I wish you'd help me up-stairs. I really feel frightfully wabbly."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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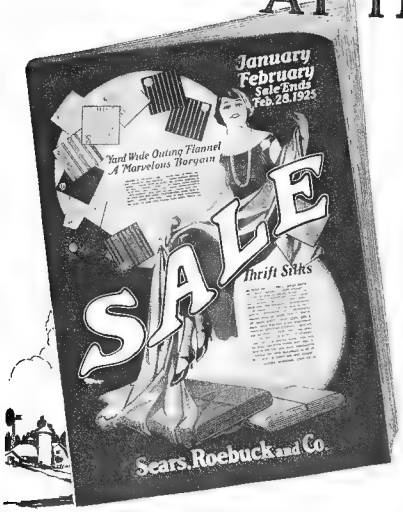

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The Red Peril

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

"I think you're foolish, Mother," persisted Wilbur, adding a final Machiavellian touch as Mrs. Jones, supported by Anne, walked slowly through the front door held open by her husband.

In the morning Wilbur found her in bed in a darkened room with a moist cloth across her forehead. Anne, cool and self-reliant, was sitting at the bedside holding her hand.

"Good morning, dear," called Mrs. Jones in a low voice. "I mustn't talk much."

"Are you really sick?" he inquired, affecting great surprise.

She raised her free hand to her forehead.

"Headache," she murmured. "Must keep quiet. I'll be all right in twenty-four hours. Anne here is so good—so very good."

She gently pressed her daughter's hand. That young person waved Wilbur away.

"Don't bother her," she whispered. "She needs perfect quiet. I'll look after her."

"I know you will," replied her brother with just the touch of complete confidence that he felt the situation demanded.

HE TIPTOED out of the room, entirely satisfied with the perfect working out of his plans. He was involved in a tennis match an hour later at the country club, and it was nearly three o'clock when he was spinning home again in the "little old boat." He experienced a soothing sort of personal pleasure in the realization that he was the instigator of the sensation which was about to be sprung on the unsuspecting citizens of Ashford. Little did these indifferent people lazily moving about in the Summer sun realize that the young man who was driving past them had pressed a button which was to put into movement within a short time the forces of law and order; little did they suspect that by nightfall the whole town would be burning with a choice item of news for which he, Wilbur Jones, was to be solely responsible.

He parked the car out in front of his home and was humming softly as he entered the house. He stopped short in the hall. He could distinctly hear his mother's voice. She was telephoning—in the living-room. It was mystifying. He darted into the room and at sight of him she hung up the receiver with a curt "Don't bother" into the transmitter.

"Wilbur—Wilbur," she said tremulously, "I've been trying to get you everywhere. I'm so glad you've come. Something's got to be done at once."

"What's up? Where's Anne?"

"She's gone—half-hour ago."

Mrs. Jones's face wore a look of singular anxiety. Wilbur tried to preserve his equipoise.

"Gone?" he muttered. "Gone where?"

"Gone to that terrible meeting, I suppose—gone to get arrested by the police"—her voice trailed into a wailing note.

"But how—what happened?"

"She kept trying all morning to take my temperature. I told her I was too weak, too nervous to have it done. I'm afraid she got suspicious. Just after two o'clock she actually forced the thermometer into my mouth. She said that if it was as serious as it looked we'd have to get Dr. Craddock in. What could I do? I couldn't spit it out, and she's so determined, Wilbur, so terribly determined when she makes up her mind to do anything. Of course, it was normal. I thought maybe my excitement would send it up a degree or so, but it didn't. She wasn't the least bit sympathetic from then on. She said there wasn't anything the matter with me at all—that it was all imagination or something else. She emphasized the *something else*. She flew into her room and was out of the house before I could put my clothes on. She didn't even wait for lunch. I told you I couldn't play a part. You've got to do something, Wilbur—right away. We can't have Anne arrested. You've got to call off the police or—or something!"

She had arisen from the chair and had seized him by the arms. He freed himself with an effort.

"I can't stop them, Mother," he cried. "I couldn't do *that*, but I'll stop her. I'll get out there before the police get there and I'll get her away if I have to use main force. I guess I'll show her where she gets off—stirring up this family and creating all this fuss and trying to disgrace us, and if any of those radicals try to butt in, they'd better look out! I guess anyhow if anything was to happen to any of them there wouldn't be any particular questions asked."

He finished this tirade breathlessly as he was half-way out of the house.

"Don't do anything desperate, dear," Mrs. Jones called after him.

"That's just what I *will* do—something desperate. I'm in a desperate mood, I am."

And he was. He slammed the screen door viciously and flew to his car. She was pretty smart, Anne was, but he'd show her that he was smarter. He'd get her out of this mess and save his father and mother from disgrace, if he had to break up the meeting himself to do it.

He slid into the lake road at a speed of fifty-five miles an hour and took the curving sweep at the upper end with a reckless abandon that sent approaching motorists scurrying to the gutters atremble with apprehension. The boat-house loomed ahead. He could see its white sides and green shutters gleaming through an opening in the surrounding trees. There seemed to be no signs of tumult visible to the naked eye as yet and he noticed as he slowed up that there was no one outside at all. A number of cars were parked in a field just off the roadway. They were all runabouts and sedans. There was no sign anywhere of Superintendent Driscoll's big red Cartier Six, the flashiest and best-known car in town. The police had not yet arrived. There was still time.

SOMEHOW his high and daring resolves began to vanish in the still afternoon air as he stepped down out of his car and surveyed the front of the boat-house. It seemed peaceful and serene enough, but mysterious dangers might lurk beyond its portal. A lump arose in his throat and a cold perspiration began to ooze out on his forehead. A path leading around the side of the building looked far more inviting than the main entrance. Perhaps a little careful reconnoitering would be the most sensible move, he said to himself.

He walked cautiously along the path, hoping to be able to peer through one of the windows. He found them too high to be reached without assistance. He looked around helplessly and a litter of abandoned vegetable-crates caught his eye. Assuring himself that he was not watched, he piled a number of these under one of the windows in such a manner as to afford himself a fairly safe vantage-point and climbed up on this rickety makeshift with considerable difficulty.

Trembling apprehensively, he gently tugged at one of the shutters and pulled it partly open. As he did so a blare of phonographic jazz music suddenly assailed his ears. He was startled at this development and pulled the shutter open far enough to reveal a glimpse of the interior. What he saw was more than disturbing. It was dismaying. There were perhaps forty young people in the hall, and the revolution seemed to be in full swing, only it wasn't exactly the sort of a revolution that Wilbur had figured on.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

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The Red Peril

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

The particular revolutionary movement in progress concerned itself with a complete circling of the room tightly clasped in the arms of a partner. The little group of serious uplifters seemed filled with a strange joyousness.

Wilbur could see Anne in the arms of a tall, muscular-looking youth who was guiding her around the edge of the hall. The others appeared to be drawn almost exclusively from the upper reaches of Ashford society, returned students from nearly all of the big Eastern universities. There wasn't a red flag in sight. Wilbur looked in vain for a picture of Lenin or Trotsky. The outlook filled him with ominous foreboding.

"Gosh," he mumbled, "oh, gosh!"

A MOMENT later his equilibrium became violently disturbed as the sound of a voice coming from under his feet reached him. It was a female voice and it sounded alarmingly familiar.

"Why, Wilbur Jones," inquired the voice, "whatever are you doing?"

He looked down and saw the most utterly irritating girl in town, Jane Newcombe. She had a bunch of daisies in her arms and she was looking up at him in wide-eyed amazement.

"Oh, nothing, nothing in particular," he murmured huskily. "I was just—"

But he got no further. The pile of boxes began to sway and the next moment they gave way with a crash. He fell in a messy heap at her feet. She helped him get up, laughing uncontrollably.

"Serves you right for peeping," she gurgled. "What did you think you were going to see?"

"Why—I thought there was to have been a radical meeting here or something like that"—his voice sounded hollow as he tried to brush clay from his clothes.

"Huh—so there was, but we decided it was too hot to get excited about social problems, and our New York speaker disappointed us and—well, I guess it sounds sort of foolish, but we turned on the phonograph and started dancing."

"Then—then there really isn't going to be any meeting at all or speeches or anything?"

"No, there isn't. We're going to have lunch afterward. I've been out gathering daisies for the table. What were you snooping around for, anyway?"

Wilbur looked at her helplessly.

"I don't know what I was afraid of," he murmured. "I was—well, what I mean is that I've got to—well, I mean I've got to go. I've got to call some people up on the telephone about something important and—"

He made a quick turn toward the roadway, but she seized him by the arm and drew him back.

"Oh, no, you don't," she said grimly. "You're going to come in and meet the gang."

He tried to wrench himself away and almost succeeded in getting free, but she dropped the daisies and caught hold of him with the other hand.

"Say," he panted, "you let go. I don't want to hurt a girl, but maybe I'll have to if you don't quit this foolishness."

She laughed mockingly.

"Go ahead, you caveman!" she shouted, "Strike me! I dare you!"

But he couldn't even had he dared. Her slim fingers clutched fiercely at his coat-sleeves. He tried backing away, dragging her with him, but he could not loosen her hold. He found himself suddenly feeling supremely ridiculous.

"Aw, say," he pleaded, "have a heart —please."

She ignored this and nodded to some one behind him.

"Oh, girls," she shouted, "I've got a convert. Help me bring him in!"

He turned and saw two other girls rounding the corner of the boat-house, attracted by the disturbance. They rushed to his tormentor's aid and presently he found himself struggling furiously against overwhelming odds. The world began to recede from him as he felt himself being dragged around to the front and up the steps leading to the entrance. The next moment he was inside.

None of the dancers stopped, but most of them eyed him curiously over their shoulders as they passed him. A few called out his name. He was trapped. He stood there in a frenzy of despair, trying to figure out some course of action Retreat was barred by his captors. They still retained a menacing grip on his arms.

"We'll introduce you later," said Miss Newcombe, slipping in front of him. "Come on and dance."

He felt that another struggle here would be too utterly humiliating to be borne. He let his arm slide around her and presently he was out on the floor, literally swept off his feet by the force of relentless circumstance. He passed Anne and the grin that she tossed at him aggravated his torture. The music stopped before she was more than ten feet away and she came running to him.

"Hello, old scout," she said sweetly. "When did you decide to join the reds?"

"I haven't joined anything," he floundered. "I didn't mean to—I—why, listen, you'd better get out of here quickly—I've got the car outside—you don't know what might happen—you——"

"What are you trying to do," she interrupted, "rescue me or something?"

"Listen, Anne," he went on hurriedly, "try to have some sense. This isn't any place for you—why, it's——"

Further utterance was choked off by the impact of a resounding slap on the back which jarred him fiercely. He turned to find Danny Fields, the town's most famous football celebrity, towering over him.

"Hello, Wilbur," boomed that husky gentleman. "I thought you were a red-hot conservative. What are you doin' here?"

"Why, why—nothing at all—I just thought I'd look things over—thought it might be interesting and so on."

He looked furtively at Anne, and something in the fleeting glimpse she had of his eyes called out to the suter in her.

"He's really very radical about some things, Danny," she said quickly, "very radical. He favors very drastic action sometimes—very drastic."

The touch of mockery was not lost on Wilbur, but he was secretly glad that she had saved the situation. Danny Fields backed away as the music began again. Jane Newcombe caught hold of him once more.

"The other was only half a dance," she said gaily. "Come on"

"Listen," he stumbled, "I've got to telephone—I've——"

BUT he was out on the floor again in the grip of unutterable woe. He could see Anne grinning. His chalice of misery overflowed, but he was destined to drink the dregs a few moments later. As he swung around the far end of the hall he saw the front door open, and the next instant he caught sight of the formidable figure of Superintendent of Police Michael J. Driscoll, flanked by half a dozen plain clothes men. He saw them line up and look at each other in bewildered amazement. He hung his head as he was about to pass them, but not before he had noticed the superintendent's relentless gaze boring him. Just then the phonograph stopped.

The dancers clustered about the intruders. Wilbur held back for a moment, looking vainly for another exit, but the exasperating Miss Newcombe dragged him forward to the front of the group

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

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The Red Peril

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

which was watching the embarrassment of Ashford's police chief. That official had taken off his gold-braided cap and was wiping his forehead with a handkerchief.

"Say, folks," he inquired, "what is this—just a dance?"

Anne, who stood near him, elected to reply for her companions.

"Of course," she said evenly. "What did you think it was?"

Superintendent Driscoll's lips twisted nervously and he looked from under his shaggy eyebrows at Wilbur. That young reformer's mouth went dry.

"Well," said Michael J. finally, "we had information that you were going to pull off something illegal here—something against the Government and all that, but I don't see any signs."

Several in the group laughed shrilly. Anne contented herself with a sweet smile.

"I'm sorry we weren't able to accommodate you, Superintendent," she said. "Better luck next time."

"There ain't goin' to be no next time, young lady," replied Michael J., turning to his subordinates, who were grinning sheepishly. "It's one on us, boys—just a bunch of kids. Go on with your doin's, folks—don't mind us. We'll be goin' in a minute after I've had a little chat with a friend of mine."

He again turned a malicious eye on Wilbur. Anne caught the direction of his glance and seemed, with a flash of intuition, to sense the true inwardness of the situation. She rushed to the phonograph and turned it on again, affording exactly the diversion that the miserable Wilbur had been secretly hoping for. The couples swung out on the floor again. Miss Newcombe had gathered in a new partner and Wilbur found himself alone. Superintendent Driscoll edged over to him.

"Outside," said the police chief succinctly, jerking his head backward.

HE FILED out with his subordinates, and Wilbur, feeling that he'd better get it all over with at once, managed to follow him without being observed. He found the superintendent standing by his big red car. Michael J. had never glared more ferociously.

"Say, young fellow," he said fiercely, "what's the idea? What were you tryin' to do—make a monkey out of the police force?"

"Why, no—I well, you see -that is, there—"

"I don't see nothin' except that you showed us up as a bunch of boneheads," interrupted the superintendent. "Why, for two copper cents I'd take you along with us and lock you up for givin' false information to the police."

"But it wasn't false," Wilbur faltered. "Their speaker disappointed them and they—"

"Don't pull that bunk," thundered Michael J. "And even supposin' there had been a speaker—why, that's just a crowd of kids. What we're after is furriners and so on. And you were dancin' with 'em, too."

"I can explain that also," stammered Wilbur. "You see I—"

"I don't give a —— about your explanations," growled the superintendent, clambering into his car, in which the detectives were already seated, and signaling the chauffeur to start. "You'd better wait until you cut your eye-teeth before you go buttin' into grown-up affairs again. If I ever catch you around City Hall I'll throw you in a cell."

THE hour which preceded dinner and the inevitable home-coming of Anne found a chastened and depressed young gentleman plunging furiously along the streets of Suffolk Park, apparently seeking to distract his thoughts by violent physical exertion. He seemed to be looking straight ahead, but his eyes were unseeing, and a collision with a portly figure moving in the opposite direction was averted by the narrowest of margins, the portly figure swerving quickly to one side.

"Why, it's young Mr. Jones, isn't it?" remarked the portly gentleman breathlessly.

Wilbur stopped short and turned around to face the president of the Lakeside Guarantee and Trust Company.

"Yes, it is," he replied with a touch of sharpness that rather puzzled Ashford's leading financier.

"Well -well," remarked Mr. Stanley Jackson in his most amiably ingratiating manner, "you seem to be in a great hurry, but that only proves it's just a symbolization of the new generation rushing past us old fellows. I've been anxious to see you ever since I got your letter the other day. We're having a special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce law and order committee to-night. We want to go deeper into this matter of radicalism. Wouldn't you like to attend?"

"No, I wouldn't."

"Well—well, I'm sorry. Perhaps—perhaps there is some message you would like me to bring to the committee from the—well, from the younger citizens. Is there?"

"Yes, there is," replied Wilbur. "You can tell 'em all to take a high dive in the lake."

Mr. Jackson found himself watching a retreating figure which was half-way down the block before he became vocal.

"Well—well—*well!*" he managed to ejaculate.

A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

At Quebec he left the *Renown*, boarding a special train which took him and his entourage of aids, railway officials, correspondents, telegraph-operators, personal attendants, and mechanics, numbering one hundred, across the Canadian Pacific to Vancouver and back to Montreal again, stopping at fifty towns on the way. At each stop the people to a man were lined up to receive him as he came and to bid him Godspeed as he went. From the far north country whole families trudged or rode or drove, getting to the nearest railroad-station the best way they could. He had let it be known that he would be glad to meet personally all citizens who wished to speak with him.

At Winnipeg he encountered a fervid crowd, which not only impeded his drive through the streets, but almost stampeded him. He shook hands with thousands, and before the day was over his right arm was in a sling. The next day the Deputy Minister of Public Works begged the people to be content with passing before him single file for a word or a smile, and thus "to spare His Royal Highness the physical torture of a continual handshaking."

There were those, however, for whom the Prince went out of his way for a friendly word and a shake of the hand—the men of the Canadian service who had fought overseas. His quite remarkable memory for names and faces often caused him to discern in vast crowds soldiers he had encountered in the hospitals or at the front, and he never failed to single them out for a special chat.

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A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

There is no race so difficult to placate as the North-American Indians, but his smile quickly won them as his friends; and at Banff he was greeted by Chief Young Thunder, with his tribe of Stony Indians, picturesque in their war-paint, who gave him welcome in their own tongue and also in their adopted English. They made him a member of their tribe, naming him Chief Morning Star, Chief Young Thunder addressing him.

WHAT His Royal Highness did not do and what he did not see in southern Canada remain to be discovered. The trip was a monument to his exhaustless energy. He rode the roughest mountain trails. He took long tramps, as fresh as a daisy at the end of them, while his weary suite could scarcely drag one foot after another. He toured agricultural districts, went down into mines, took five days for moose-hunting, visited hospitals, went over the Niagara rapids, and made innumerable speeches.

In the meantime on this side of the Canadian border we were clamoring for a visit from him. He had made many friends among our boys in France and Flanders and Italy, and his winsomeness had won the regard of many of our public men. On November 10th he crossed the border at Rouses Point, N. Y., for a flying trip to Washington and New York city.

His first act in the United States was typical of the qualities which have gained him his popularity. In the crowd which had gathered he recognized a boy who had been gassed at Vimy and with whom he had chatted in an overseas hospital. Immediately he wove through the crowd and shaking hands with his former comrade-in-arms.

Again at Baltimore, on November 11th, Armistice day, where the official train stopped for the two minutes' silence in memory of those who had fallen on the battle-fields, catching sight of a group of men in the uniform of the British army, he asked that the train be further delayed that he might have a few words with them.

It is not necessary to go into details of the Prince's first visit to us. We all know how he smiled himself right into our favor. Even those who were not heartily inclined toward England found themselves, in spite of their prejudices, acknowledging his charm.

Wherever he went he was the center of a cheering throng; wherever he went his gentle manner and democratic gestures made him a welcome guest.

His first official call in Washington was made upon our President, Woodrow Wilson, whose efforts for a lasting peace had rewarded him only with a lasting illness. Propped up in the bed which was later to be his death-bed, the President received the Prince, and with halting, painful speech told the boy that it was in that same room and in that same bed Abraham Lincoln had passed his nights during the trying years of the Civil War, and that here, too, King Edward had slept when he was Prince of Wales and had visited us incognito as Baron Renfrew.

IT WAS not much of a time, in point of fun, for one so young that the Prince was given, for his was an official visit, and his days were taken up in official calls and official sightseeing and his nights given over to official receptions. He was on parade most of the time—and being on parade is not exhilarating, especially when it is part of one's daily routine: but he at least appeared to enjoy it all, if a spontaneous and hearty smile and an enthusiastic manner are indications.

He did get the opportunity to dance with some of our prettiest girls—and there were many with whom he would have liked to dance, but he was in the hands of an official entertainment committee, which shows that being Prince of Wales by no means implies a free will and a free way.

He has said that his happiest days here on that visit were passed at White Sulphur Springs, where he played golf and rode through the pine-woods, gaining something of a respite to prepare him for the exertions of an overfull week in New York city, where he experienced a welcome that sent him aboard the *Renown* with a right arm which did not find itself until he was once home again.

I saw him as he was driven from the Battery, where he landed in New York, through the Wall Street section, on his way to the City Hall, where he was given formal greeting and the freedom of the city. On Armistice day alone have I seen such a demonstration as that with which the people of New York let him know that we were with him.

From the windows of the heaven-bent Broadway buildings, tier upon tier, business men and business women sent down whorl upon whorl of bright paper streamers, or showered down upon the bewildered but delighted boy a veritable rain of confetti until the streets were a gay carpet beneath the wheels of his motor-car. So it was all the brief days of his visit. And it was not entirely because he was the Prince of Wales, but more particularly because we liked him.

Graciousness and a genial smile can not be simulated. They are the natural expression of intrinsic human qualities —of appreciation, of kindliness, and of a will to please. Wistfulness, too—engaging as it is—is the outward sign of a deep, unspoken longing. And I think —some of us consciously, others unconsciously—we read the nature of the young Prince in his face and his bearing; and our hearts went out to him in sympathy and understanding for one given over to a tremendous task—a task which must be burdensome to his young years and his slender shoulders—the task of bringing about a truer friendliness not only among his own people but between them and the people of other lands.

THERE were times, I am sure, during his first visit to us that the attention paid him must have been sorely trying. For one of his nature to be continuously and constantly stared at, to be followed about by a curious, clamoring crowd, to have every gesture taken note of, and, above all, to have to make speeches when one is shy and oratory is not to one's special liking, is not a pleasant duty.

I have never seen any one more embarrassed than he was at the reception and dance given in his honor at the armory in New York, when thousands of people packed in line to stare at him on the platform where he sat surrounded by his suite and the official reception committee. He fingered his tie, smoothed his hair, and moved about in his chair, looking altogether uncomfortable. And who, in the same situation, would not be?

Whatever his feelings, however, he entered into the program with zest and showed only enthusiasm and appreciation for the popular favor bestowed upon him. He was given slight breathing-space and was rushed from ceremony to function without respite; but he did find time to call upon friends whom he had met at the front and in the canteens overseas.

His last act on that visit was also typical of him. He gets along beautifully with children, and the day before he sailed he gave a party on the *Renown* for a thousand little ones from the lower grades of New York's public schools. I do not suppose those boys and girls will ever again attend such a party. They were taken out to the ship, which lay in the stream, in launches and were received by the Prince himself. A merry-go-round and a switchback had been erected for their especial benefit, and the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

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A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

"real" part of every party to all "real" little girls and boys was indeed a feast to satisfy the greediest of little padies.

He left us with our cheers ringing out across the Hudson as the *Renown* swung to and steamed for the channel. Our guns boomed him Godspeed on his way.

We were sorry to see him go, for he had given us a glimpse of old romance which we have not in our practical latter-day world.

I asked some one who was with him at that time how "H. R. H." had taken our reception. The answer was: "He was delighted, of course—and bewildered. He could not see—and has never been able to see—what there was about him to make people like him as they do. He is quite modest, you know."

When I asked if the Prince did not sometimes feel the strain of such constant attention, I was told: "His sense of humor carries him through."

And it does. Over here, for the first time he had the amusing experience of being addressed as "Prince." At home when spoken to he is "Your Royal Highness," "Your Highness," or "Sir." But here he was almost generally called "Prince." As he said, he was "Princed" so much that he felt like barking.

Upon his return home he had a short vacation at Windsor, but he was not long allowed to remain inactive.

In the meantime Australia and New Zealand having read in the newspapers the record of his Canadian trip, eagerly besought the British Government to send him to them for a visit. In view of his popularity the Government thought it would be a good thing to do. The Prince himself liked the adventure of seas and lands that were new to him and he fell in readily with the idea. On March 16, just little more than three months after his home-coming from America, he set sail on the *Renown* for a trip through the Panama Canal, to the antipodes by way of southern California and Honolulu.

The trip was another page in the book of his popularity—and something more. An indispensable part of the training for a modern ruler is that he should know his people and his empire well. And they, in turn, must learn to know him well and to like him.

If a King and his kingdom are to persist there must be a mutual understanding—a mutual give and take between the governing powers and the people. And Britain, whom we have been apt to call slow, has been instead deliberate, and from her background of a thousand years, having brought this principle to bear, has persisted as has no other kingdom. Her King, to-day, has little direct power in Government. But if he have a wide knowledge of affairs and men, past and present, he may, in council, give wise suggestions which may not go unheeded. And it is this wide knowledge the Prince of Wales is gaining as he travels about from sea to sea.

THE first stop of the *Renown* on its southern trip was made at Barbados. But here his message had a deep note. It was at a time when rumor, begun by one of our own ebullient Senators, hinted that the British West Indies might be ceded to us as a war debt. Lest there be any doubt as to what might happen, the Prince gave it forthright contradiction in a speech made at the state dinner given in his honor. He said—and it was the first time he was spokesman for Britain upon so important a matter:

"I need hardly say that the King's subjects are not for sale to other Governments. Their destiny, as free men, is in their own hands. Your future is for you, yourselves, to shape, and I am sure Barbados will never waver in its loyalty, three centuries old, to the British Crown."

In New Zealand he went from one end of both North and South Islands to the other, taking in all of the larger towns as he went, making speeches, reviewing troops, receiving ex-soldiers, inspecting Girl Guides and Boy Scouts, public schools and school-children, unveiling monuments, and attending official receptions. Long journeys over rugged roads, sometimes by rail or motor, and sometimes by the old-fashioned stagecoach, took him into the far farming countries and grazing- and timber-lands. He went through hydroelectric plants, railroad-shops, and woolen-mills.

HE TALKED with the men of New Zealand, great and small, and with representatives of all the races which have made and settled it—the Maoris, the English, the Scotch, the Welsh, and the East-Indians. He had plenty of play, too—for the world knows that this royal young man likes to dance and to have a good time, and his hosts saw that he was well entertained. But work—hard work—for a continuous daily program such as his is hard work indeed—filled the greater part of his days. He did good work, too, for he left behind him, wherever he went, a great friendliness, and he gave the people a true impression of what he is. An editor of a New Zealand newspaper whom I met in London told me something of this. He said, speaking from personal knowledge gained when he went about with the Prince's entourage in both New Zealand and Australia:

"We liked the lad, by reputation, before he came to us. The women all liked him because he was good-looking and he did nice things in a social way. The men liked him for his war record and his sportsmanship. But we all thought of him, more or less, as what you Americans might call a modern boy-flapper. After I had talked with him my opinion changed. So did that of many of our public men. We were astonished at his fund of real knowledge of things. He knew a great deal about our resources, our enterprises, our people, our customs, and our ways of thought. What he did not know he asked about. He took a deep interest in everything and discussed intelligently many of our reforms. And he had tact, too—which one needs in going about a country as new and as crude in spots as ours is."

It was in Australia, I would say, that he accomplished the best purpose of his visit. The Australian Government is strongly a labor one. There were those in his suite and those in the conservative ranks of the Island Government who were a bit nervous about the reception royalty would receive there. No sooner had the Prince reached Melbourne than their doubt was dispelled. A cheering mob went mad at sight of him, blocking the streets so that his car could scarcely move through them. Men crawled under the wheels, jumped upon the running-board of his car, and the women and children pelted him with flowers as he stood up to doff his hat. Dyed-in-the-wool anarchists found themselves shouting a lusty welcome at him. One rampant radical, a member from New South Wales, said:

"The boy got to us. He was real. Before he came I wasn't looking forward to him much. I thought being a Prince he'd be haughty and stand away from us. Some one said we'd have to wear top-hats and long-tailed coats. Some of us said we wouldn't do that for any one. Every-day clothes were good enough. The boy soon showed us that we were the ones who were acting superior. He wore his every-day clothes and went about with every one, friendly and smiling: you'd never have known he was a Prince—not an air about him. I'm not so keen for Kings—but I like that boy."

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A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

Everywhere the Prince went his reception was of the same enthusiasm. Everywhere he went he worked overtime. Into the heart of Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, Tasmania he went—to the wheat-lands, the cattle country, the timber stretches, the gold districts, and even to the "bush"—getting there as best he could. Often he was hailed as "Digger," which in Australia is the same as "Yank" with us.

He took so heartily to his program that finally in Tasmania, the first week of July, his weariness told upon him. His right arm gave out. Next his left arm became useless. And then laryngitis reduced his voice to a whisper. His aids had long since given out, so that they had to take turn and turn about in accompanying him. But he insisted upon carrying out his program, and gave himself no rest until he boarded ship for the return to Sydney.

In New South Wales he took what he calls a rest—a seven-hundred-mile trip by train to Brisbane, where he went through a stiff two-days' program. Then by train and by team he traveled into the wilds of Queensland and over the Blue Mountains into New South Wales, where he spent several days in the cattle-lands. Here he rode fifty miles or more a day, rounding up cattle and going on kangaroo hunts. He mixed with the cattlemen, bushmen, with every one whose way he came, drinking "billy-tea" and eating "damper" and grilled mutton—at ease in the crude ranch-houses as he was back home in Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle.

ON AUGUST 19, 1920, he sailed from Sydney harbor for home. In our terms he had made a "big business." He had "sold" the British Empire to the hardest bargainer among its constituents. And he had done it not by conscious superiority, nor by high learning, nor by self-righteous deeds, but by his smiling youth and his earnestness and his desire to do a hard task well.

It was late October when the *Renown* arrived at Portsmouth, England. It was well for the Prince that the return voyage had been a long one, for at home he found plenty of work needing his attention and he had no time for a rest.

"Obligation Week"—a week set aside for a concentrated campaign in behalf of the wounded—followed quickly upon his home-coming. He made it off with a public speech in which he made a plea for the helpless ones who had given so much and received so little by comparison.

"Could not every one who has the means ask himself during this week the simple question, 'What can I do to help the ex-service men?' and make sure that each finds an answer?" With real passion he asked this question of the people, and it became a slogan which found a ready answer. England has taken and is taking them of her wounded, and I was told—not by those who are of his household and who would therefore speak gently of him, but by men and women in the English street who do not mind to speak out—that the Prince of Wales has done his big part, by personal interest, private subscription, and public pleading, to bring ease and sunlight into those lives so sadly darkened and discomforted by guns and poison gas.

There were other things besides the care of the veterans seeking his direction. The Duchy of Cornwall, a valuable property scattered through various parts of England, set aside by Edward III. for the Black Prince, is the special holding of the Prince of Wales. He may improve it, but he can not dispose of it, for in the event of his becoming King it passes on to the next in line. The present holder of the title has always been interested in the housing problem—one which has become, in England as elsewhere, a moot political question.

A part of the duchy is the Kennington Estates in South London, a group of two thousand dwellings or more where the poor make their homes. Before the War His Royal Highness had approved the plans for improving these houses, but they were abandoned temporarily because of war conditions. But now he set to work to see that they were carried out. Street after street of these houses were torn down and model homes built to replace them. All of this was done under his personal supervision.

Close by, and belonging to the estate, is a public park. At different times the Prince has been advised to build homes upon it. Advantageous as this would be to him financially, he has persistently refused to do so, and, as the new homes went up, the park also was improved, and the children of the neighborhood now have as fine a playground as there is to be found in London.

In Cornwall, at Stoke Climsland, also a part of the duchy, he has a model farm which gives over to the breeding of blooded stock—shorthorns and Dartmoor sheep.

The demand for supplies for the troops overseas had fairly depleted the stock on this farm as on all others in the kingdom. The Prince took the matter to mind, replenished the stock, and by this encouraged other farmers throughout England to do likewise. His lands in Devon, Somerset, Wiltshire, Berkshire, and the Scilly Isles also claimed his time and attention, for, altho the Duchy of Cornwall is managed by a council of experienced men, the Prince allows nothing to be done without his knowledge and approval. During the year which followed his southern trip he inspected these properties, making plans for their betterment. And he had other duties, such as visiting the provinces, attending industrial and agricultural conventions, and officiating at public functions.

In the Fall of 1921 the Government decided it had more urgent need for his services elsewhere. An undercurrent of revolt was spreading in certain districts of India. The propaganda of Mahatma Gandhi was taking root with alarming rapidity. Riots, tho sporadic, were becoming frequent. More and more the seed of discontent was springing above ground. The success of the Prince's visit to New Zealand and Australia had proved to the British authorities that he was a trump-card to be played when the game of empire looked dark. And so once again he was to be an apostle of good intentions.

ON OCTOBER 26, 1921, he sailed from Portsmouth on the *Renown*, bound for India by way of the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal.

At Malta, where he spent two days, he was welcomed by the Mediterranean fleet. Landing at Valetta, he passed through streets where the cheers rang out even from the wounded who had performed the important official duty of inaugurating the new Constitution. In the Hall of St. Michael and St. George he met the members of the new Senate and the lower house, and after Lord Plummer had read the King's commission, the Prince in a short speech declared Parliament open. It was a great day for the people of Malta, for it was a new step in their political life, and they greeted the Prince as if he alone were to be thanked for it.

The welcome prepared for him in India, and the entertainment, surpassed in beauty and magnificence the fabulous pageantry of the ancient East when Kings ruled with a godlike despotism and to them alone were accorded power and honor and glory. Wherever he went—and his tour of India was complete—from Bombay to Puna, to Burma, to Udaipur,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

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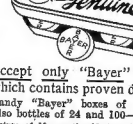

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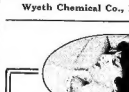

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A King in the Making

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

to Nepal, to Kashmir, to Patna, to Lahore, to Calcutta, to Mandalay and Rangoon, to Madras and Karachi, the palaces and possessions of Princes and Maharajas revealed to him a splendid hospitality.

Gifts were lavished upon him. He was extolled by ceremony. But beneath it all, among those who had given good ear to the non-cooperationists, there was an undercurrent of discontent. It was kept from the eyes and the ears of the Prince of Wales, but one so sensitive must have felt it in his heart, even tho his fine sportsmanship bade him go smiling through it without a sign of his inward knowledge.

And his smile did make its conquests. At Bombay, the day of his arrival, there was rioting in the bazaars of the Indian quarters. Not a word of it got to the outer world of the loyal city. Public acclaim followed him through the streets and into the halls of palace and government house alike. With the crowd his youth and his charm had their way even with those who held political reservations toward English rule.

PUNA, where his itinerary next took him, was a hotbed of discontent. Yet here, too, the spectacle of the people's welcome gave no hint of it. But the authorities were doubtful of eventualities and they threw an encompassing guard about the boy, and the glitter of uniformed police and soldiery was everywhere in the crowd.

Fear is not in the heart of this Prince, and he does not like to be shut away from the people. And here, one day at the races, he gave official hosts a the hour when he insisted upon varying their program and went down from the platform, where he was viewing the races, to walk among the crowd. If danger lurked in it, he did not see it; or, seeing it, ignored it. With a fine smile he shook the hands of those who gathered about him. Unconsciously he had played their game and won. They liked his courage and his graciousness and his good-will, which were the principles of their own doctrine of non-resistance.

He made friends of those who had, by inheritance, been his foes. And this he did in many places and in many instances. There were cities and villages where, at his coming, only Government employees and soldiers turned out to greet him and where he rode between lines of shops and houses where every door was closed, every blind drawn to. But from behind those doors and blinds the curious looked out, and that intangible power of his which no one has yet accounted for had its way. Group by group, the people opened their doors and drew back their blinds and came out, first to stare and then to give him impulsive welcome.

THE strain on him might have been overwhelming had it not been for the absorbing character of the entertainment given him. India exhausted its historic fair for Princes and splendid hospitality. He saw the beauty and the color of life in dance, in spectacle, and in panorama as it has never been seen before.

He took part in sports which delighted the heart of him. The vast jungles of India were his hunting-ground. He brought down tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses, and wild boars. He played polo, and at Jodhpur he went pig-sticking.

There was work for him to do, too. He made speeches by the dozen, and officiated at innumerable public ceremonies and functions. He met the people—of all their sorts and conditions—and he made them his friends and the friends of the empire. It was a colossal undertaking that had been imposed upon him, and he went through with it. But it left its mark upon him. He went into it with the spirit of youth; he came out of it with a sophistication born of strain and overmuch responsibility.

On the afternoon of March 17, 1922, the *Renown* said good-by to India at Karachi for visits to Ceylon, Singapore, Hongkong, Japan, Manila, and Borneo.

His reception in these Far Eastern lands was overwhelming. The hospitality of both potentates and people urged him graciously and generously to enjoy himself. And he did, gaining as well lore of distant political ways which would broaden his perception of governments and kingship.

LATE in the evening of June 11th he left for Port Said, joining the *Renown*, which now found a straight sailing without port of call, except for a few hours at Gibraltar, until she steamed into Plymouth on the afternoon of June 20, 1922.

A few days with the King and Queen and his brothers at Windsor and he was established again at York House, St. James's Palace, London, where he took up the thread of his activities—activities which grow from day to day and make of his life a busy and sometimes, without doubt, a burdensome one.

In America, where we speak in the plain, practical terms of "earning a living," we do not realize how absorbing and exacting are the duties of the Prince of Wales. His days to most of us seem filled with the glamour and the pleasantries of life. This is far from true. No young man works harder for his living than Edward of Windsor, Prince of Wales and heir apparent to the British throne.

As the property of the people, his time is always at their disposal. And the disposition they make of it must sometimes weary him, even tho he takes the wearing of it with a smile. Every day of his life is run according to schedule—almost every hour is marked off, to be accounted for by special duty. Those hours which are not marked off are topics of speculation and gossip—if not in England, in the columns of the American newspapers.

THE price he has paid for being born into so high a position, with its acclaim and its wealth and its material ease, is far beyond human calculation. Before he was born destiny had deprived him of the freedom of the spirit—the key to the kingdom of heaven on earth. It is no wonder that he has clung—that within the last year or two, at times he appears bored and is given to moods of recklessness. We must all have our modes of escape from reality. The contented alone may seek and find them in solitude. He whose mind is pressed always with great responsibilities must play hard to survive. If this young man sometimes overrides the conventions of an effete and waning day, it is only the effete and waning who will blame him.

Public men here in America are known frequently to give out at the end of their periodical political campaigns. Some of them suffer complete or temporary breakdowns. Nearly all of them must resort to weeks of rest after their effort. The life of the Prince of Wales is one long political campaign—and it will be so until his days are done. He has not even the satisfaction of the political aspirant —he can not air his opinions in public— or in private, either. The gift of self-expression is denied him. His task is to please the people and the Government, which means that whatever his own thoughts may be, his words must be measured to fit the thoughts of those whom he serves. Let those who think the Prince has an easy life look into it as it goes by, day after day.

When he is domiciled at York House, London, which he is for the greater part of his time, he is up at dawn—and sometimes before that. To keep himself fit he exercises always before breakfast. Sometimes he goes for a canter in Hyde Park, or has an hour at the gymnasium of the Bath Club, or takes a brisk walk about London. By nine o'clock he is in conference with his staff. There are programs to be made up, speeches to be discussed, letters to be answered, and other matters, innumerable, to be taken up. And there are always visitors to be seen. Scarcely a week passes that he does not have to make several speeches, and he has made, when touring the provinces, as many as eight a day. It has been said that the Prince does not write his own speeches. I do not suppose he does. Neither do many of our public men. I have seen some of the latter's wisest utterings prepared in newspaper or publicity offices. I have had a hand in a few myself.

The Prince of Wales has on his staff as private secretary a very brilliant young man, Sir Godfrey Thomas, who, no doubt, is of aid in preparing the speeches. But the Prince never permits a speech to be written for him until after he has discussed the subject-matter; and he will not voice a thought which does not come within his knowledge of the subject at hand or use a phrase which does not sound like him. Often, too, he speaks extemporaneously, or when reading a speech interpolates extemporaneous ideas and opinions.

IF there is a scientific or an industrial or agricultural or commercial convention taking place the Prince must be there to give the opening address. He is supposed to know something about all things, from the discovery of life upon Mars to the latest patent to prevent shoe-buttons from falling off—and he must be interested in them, too.

When there are no conventions there are meetings of associations and organizations, as he is president of numerous societies dedicated to philanthropy, art, science, sports, and what-not, and he is expected, when not impossible, to be present at these meetings. There are official and court functions requiring his attendance. The hospitals, also, call upon him frequently—and rarely does he ever refuses. No matter how pressing his program, no week goes by in which he has not given both his time and money not only to the cause of the ex-service men but to that of the destitute and the crippled and the blind, old and young.

His personal business also has to be looked after. It is said that through investment he has increased the value of the private fortune left him by Queen Victoria and King Edward. The Cornwall properties have improved greatly under his régime. An American who has a responsible financial position in London told me: "The Prince has a fine business head. He could go into business any day if he had to, and do well."

TRULY he has all the qualities of good salesmanship — energy and open-mindedness and tact and a sense of humor and a winsome way and—most engaging and valuable, perhaps—the gift of mingling freely with all kinds of people. This is one of the things he does best—and it is a great item in his popularity, if England did but know it. She does, to a certain extent, but there are in some places of power men of the old school who cling to the rules of an old aristocracy, and they do not like to see the heir to the throne dining in public restaurants, or in Soho, dining in public in the mood, or dancing at night clubs, sometimes with partners pretty and charming and interesting, but not of noble blood.

These "die-hards" do not like to see him chosing "commoners" for pals. And sometimes their criticism makes it

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A King in the Making

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unpleasant for this Prince of the people. Altho their attitude chafes him he takes it with a grain of humor, as one fine old gentleman discovered. I have heard, when one day he took it upon himself to take His Royal Highness to task. "You should be like Harry," said this scion of an ancient and very noble house to the Prince, speaking of Viscount Lascelles. "See how finely he is occupying his new position."

"Yes," replied His Royal Highness, in a swift sally, "every day he gets royaler and royaler, and every day I get commoner and commoner."

The question of his marriage is one that has been made irksome to him, too. It would seem as if it should be the one matter in which he is entitled to a free will and a free choice. It appears it is not. Ever since he was twenty-one, in public and in private his marriage has been speculated upon. If he pays attention to a pretty girl she is placed in an embarrassing light by discussion, in and out of print, as to whether she is to be Britain's future Queen. If he chooses an attractive young matron for a dancing partner, immediately gossip makes of her a wanton, of her husband a fool, and of the Prince himself a roué—which he is not.

In England, nowadays, idle conjecture as to his marriage has ceased. The people realize that, consecrated as he is to their service, he intends, however, to maintain his own point of view upon this one subject. It is said, too, that his family does not urge him further about it. But the newspapers outside of England still keep at him—announcing his engagement to every girl to whom he is in the least attentive and to some whom he scarcely knows.

When I was in London last Spring, the occasion of Queen Marie of Roumania's visit was also the occasion for an announcement in a New York paper of his engagement to Princess Ileana. I showed the clipping to a member of the Prince's household. He smiled as he read it and said to me: "It's odd that just this morning H. R. H. remarked that now Queen Marie was coming over he supposed the American newspapers would engage him to Ileana. There's nothing in it. No doubt he has said she

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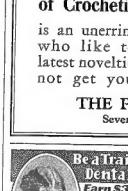
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A King in the Making

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was a jolly kid, as is reported; but it must have been a long time ago. He hasn't seen her since she was nine years old."

To one so naturally courteous and considerate as this Edward, the constant gossip about his marriage is trying. It places him in a position where his attentions are embarrassing. An American girl who goes about in London society and who has danced often with the Prince of Wales told me that once, at a dance, he said to her, in wistful apology: "I hope my dancing with you so much is not embarrassing you by attracting too much attention."

But even in this his sense of humor holds him up, as a story I was told proves. An elderly member of one of the Cabinets, a nobleman who has been almost like one of the royal family for many years and to whom the Prince is more or less a relative, was twitting him one day about his not having married. The Prince listened respectfully for a while, as he would, because he is always respectful to old age, but he was finally driven to twinkle:

"You've heard of Elizabeth, the virgin Queen, haven't you?"

It is my belief that no one knows, except the Prince of Wales himself, when and whom he will marry, or whether he will ever marry. The English are not given to confidences about their personal affairs. If he has discussed it with his aids they would never dream of divulging his ideas. But from the sort of person he is, he will marry only for love and he will love, not necessarily a girl of high birth, but one whose education and manner and appearance will be worthy of his position and acceptable to the people.

He can marry without the King's consent only if Parliament votes in his favor. But such an eventuality is ill-considered, for those who know declare that both the King and Queen were won to ways of democracy and that they would welcome any daughter-in-law of whom the people approved. And, after all, his marriage is his own affair. So why not let him alone?

If the Prince of Wales is bored with the exigencies of his position, it is not so much its exactions as its exasperations which vex him.

The monotony, for one of alert and versatile mind, of his daily routine may wear upon him, but it is the constant curiosity and clamor of the crowd which tell upon his endurance.

Some one in speaking with him asked, if he were to be granted a great desire, what that desire would be?

His answer came like a flash: "To be let alone—if only for an hour." That can never be. His own talents have created for him a popularity that denies it.

UNCONSCIOUSLY he does so many fine little things that more and more he is idolized, until every slight act of his becomes of interest to the world at large. When he was in Montreal last year, not as Prince of Wales, but as Lord Renfrew, he begged to be released from publicity. His winsomeness defeated him—it had to be told about. An example of this is an incident which occurred one day when he was returning from a fox-hunt, looking every inch a prince of old romance in his pink coat, white breeches, and shining black boots.

As he was riding slowly through a forest he came to a clearing where a little schoolhouse stood back from the road. The children had heard the tooting of the horns in the distance and were gazing through the windows. When he saw them he dismounted and went in to see them. He asked them how they would like him to ask for a holiday for them. They were, of course, delighted. So he said to the teacher: "Please don't grant it to-day for it's half gone. They want a whole day."

However, it must not be thought that this very human young man has all the virtues of humanity and none of its faults. He has those, too. Even his kindness does not always govern a temper easily aroused. It runs high at times, and I have heard that when it does he makes things fly.

A young photographer in London told me of an experience he had one day when taking pictures at Hurlingham. His Royal Highness was walking at the back of the club-house with some friends, and the boy followed them to take a picture. The Prince caught him at it and roundly boxed his ears and told him in no measured tones: "You can take my pictures in public, but you can not follow me around and spy upon me and snap me when I am with my friends in private."

I asked the boy how he felt about it. "His Highness was right," he said. "I had no business there."

"But weren't you furious?" I asked.

"No," was the reply. "I like his spirit. He's going to be my King, and who wants a King that doesn't know when to fight?"

Impatience besets this Prince of the blood as it does any one else, and he does not always hide it. One afternoon at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, he gave a pretty fair glimpse of what he can be like when displeased. Day after day, as its president, he had officiated at conventions and conferences, making speeches, doing whatever he could toward its success.

This day he went out incognito, with some friends, to have a good time. But the crowd recognized him, and wherever he went his efforts to enjoy himself were frustrated. In the amusement places he was jostled and stared at, until it was plain to see his patience was exhausted. Finally he gave up and went to a restaurant for tea. There, too, the crowd followed him. And he was in a state. He stalked through the crowd to the end of the tea-room and, turning his back, flung himself into a seat. His face was scarlet and his lips were quivering, as he evidently held forth to his friends about it all.

A member of Pratt's, a smart, informal club in London, told me that one evening His Royal Highness came in, looking worn beyond endurance. Around a table were some young men he knew and he joined them. One of the group whose fortune had not survived the War was complaining of being hard up.

The Prince looked at him intently, remarking with a tinge of bitterness in his smile: "You don't know when you're well off. Suppose you were in my boots?"

"If I had your money—" the young man got no further.

The Prince interrupted him: "Money? I'd give it all away, if I could, for a little freedom. How would you like to be stared at from morning till night, to be followed about, to be guarded, to have everything you do made public property of? Being Prince of Wales isn't all that you think it is."

THERE are some who say that for a future King the Prince flits too much, that he dances until all hours of the morning, that his gaiety is sometimes too gay, and that, for this reason, he has come into the bad graces of his parents, the King and Queen.

What if he does dance until dawn? I know men of dignified professions and of standing, men close to fifty and beyond it, who do the same if opportunity permits. The private lives of many public men, if put to meticulous inspection, would not, I am sure, place them in the good graces of the very reformers whose subscription lists their names enhance.

As for his relation with his father and mother, I do not see how any one would know about that. Those close to him would scarcely discuss it. And he would not talk about it himself. I have seen the King of England, with three of his sons, riding in Hyde Park and officiating in public, and they are a good-natured, happy lot. The Prince is of his time, and he can not go back of it nor beyond it, and there are few young people of to-day who are not taken to task for doing what "we would never have dared to do at your age."

King Edward flitted about with both facility and versatility when he was Prince of Wales, and many of us believe that he will go down in history as the greatest ruler of his age—greatest in his wisdom, greatest in his understanding, and greatest in his conduct of his empire's affairs.

This Prince of Wales has a harder task to perform than any of his predecessors. He comes to it at a time when the whole world is moving through a rapid and confusing process of evolution. His mission is not only to please his own people, but, as a messenger of good-will between them and the people of other lands, he must please all people. And the very qualities in him at which the reactionaries cavil are those which have endeared him to the world outside of England as well as in it.

He came to see us this year—to spend his vacation. We were delighted to have him do so. We liked him from what we had learned of him during his first visit. We liked him even better from what we saw this time, I think, but his visit was not a period of unalloyed gaiety. Our welcome was tainted, much to the chagrin of those who wanted him to enjoy himself in his own way, by a supercuriosity which must have amazed and annoyed him. He was pursued by a mob which he tried in vain to evade. Every act of his was given, in some instances, pitiless and spurious publicity. When he was gracious enough to accord general interviews to the reporters, some of them asked him questions for which other men would have knocked them down.

He wanted to be just an Englishman here on a visit with friends. Instead of which he was treated as public property. The State Department, as it had to do, because of the serious situation which would have arisen if any accident had befallen him, threw a guard about him. State troopers and secret service men were on his trail every minute. Added to these were the corps of reporters who camped in the woods of Long Island, outside the estate where he was entertained at Syosset.

FROM the accounts they gave of his going and coming, of what he ate and what he wore, they must have sat on the tree-tops with a telescope perpetually trained on him.

He went through it all with grace and good nature, his popularity thereby increasing a hundredfold.

Time will mellow the impulses of this young Prince, who must now be gay because life rides him hard, and he must, therefore, play hard, too, to escape disillusionment. He has a fair mind and a kind heart, integrity and the will to do what he must. Also he has charm—a magical gift by which he who has it may bring the world to his feet. These are his eternal talents. And whatever the days of Kings may be there will come a time in the long years when we will look back upon him in the heyday of his youth as the last romantic figure in a world grown colorless because men, thinking too hard of many things, have laid the imagery of life and its romance in a sepulcher.

THE END

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